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POST

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1 SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 5 • 1963 20c

Inside Communist Cuba

By a visiting American "student"

Football Spectacle

The stomp and pageantry in color

el by **RUMER GODDEN** / *Liza Minnelli* **JUDY GARLAND'S DAUGHTER**

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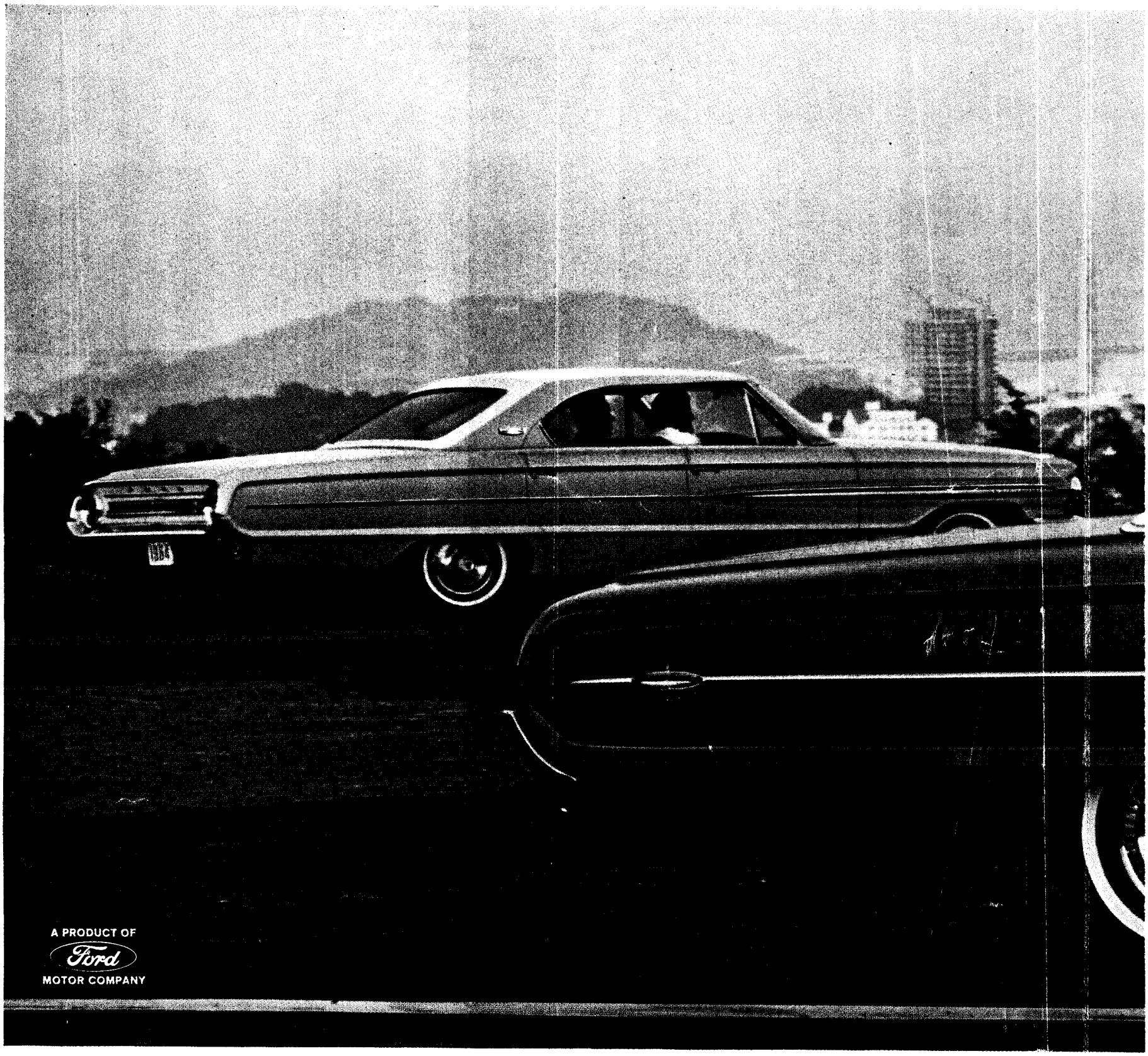

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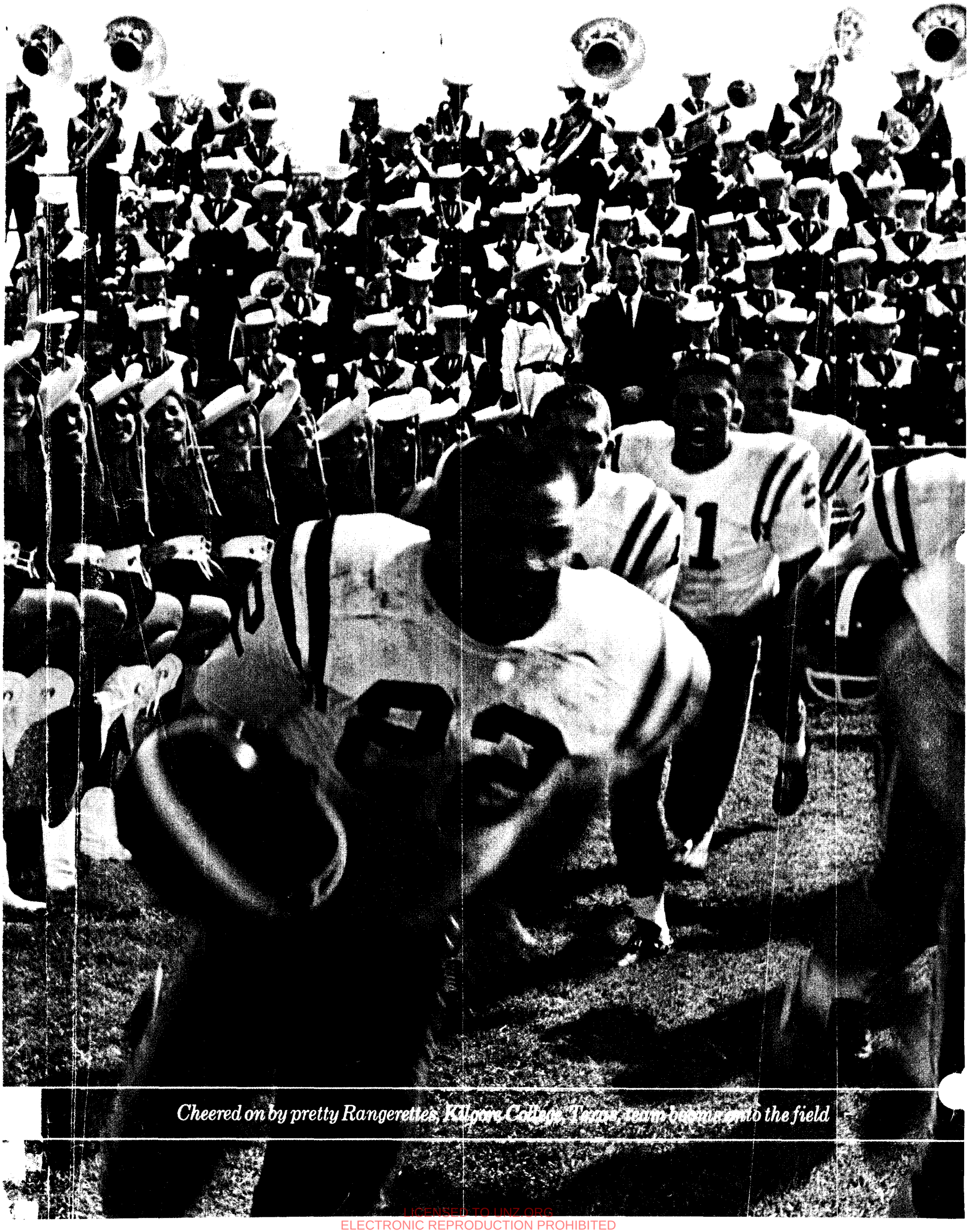

Cheered on by pretty Rangerettes, Kilgore College, Texas, team bounces onto the field

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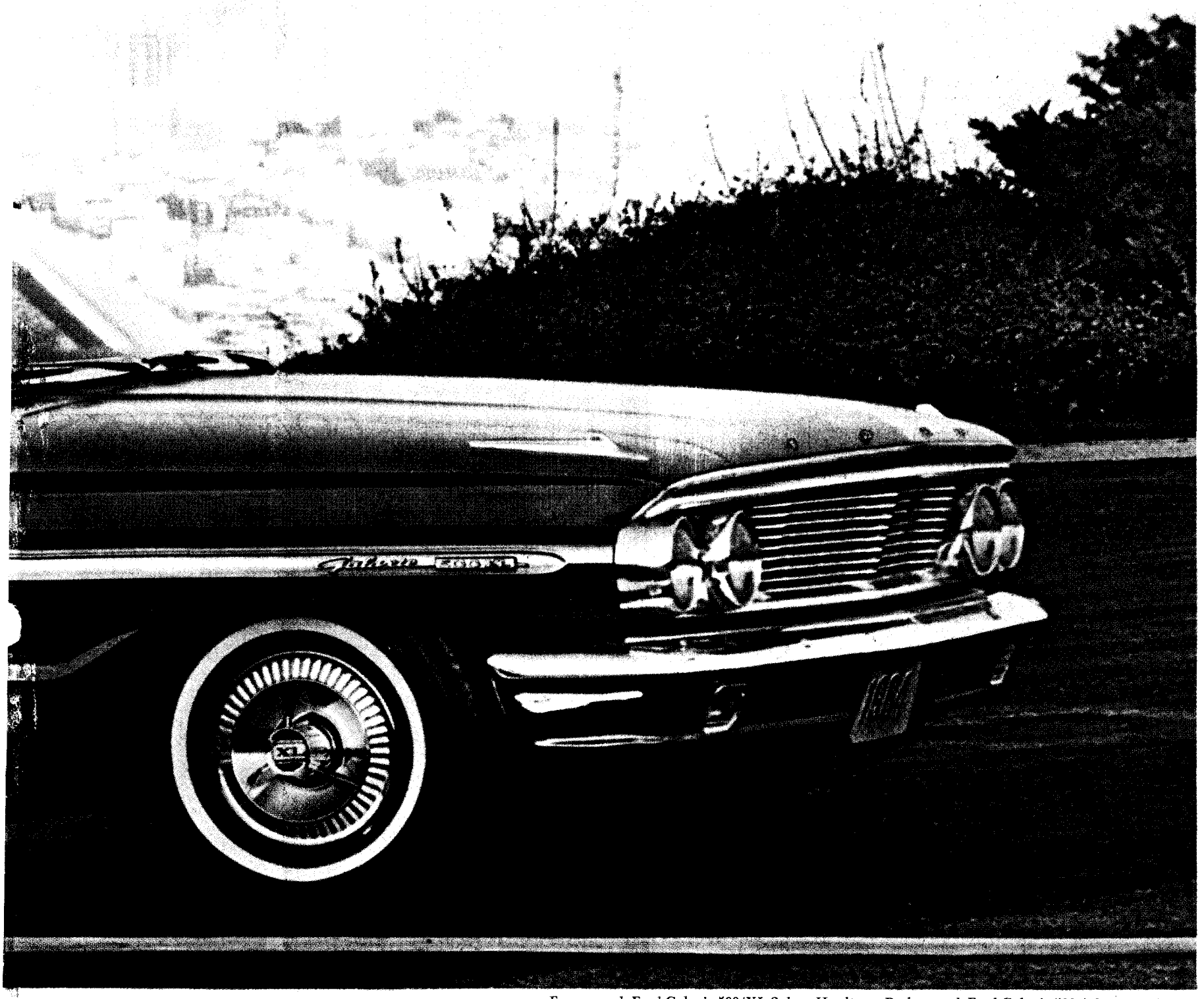

Foreground: Ford Galaxie 500/XL 2-door Hardtop Background: Ford Galaxie 500 4-door Hardtop

Here's why Ford declares 1964 The Year of the Test Drive!

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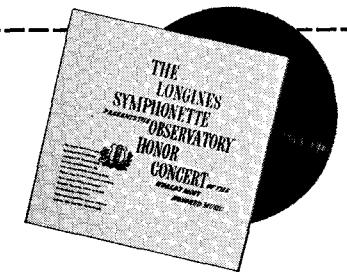

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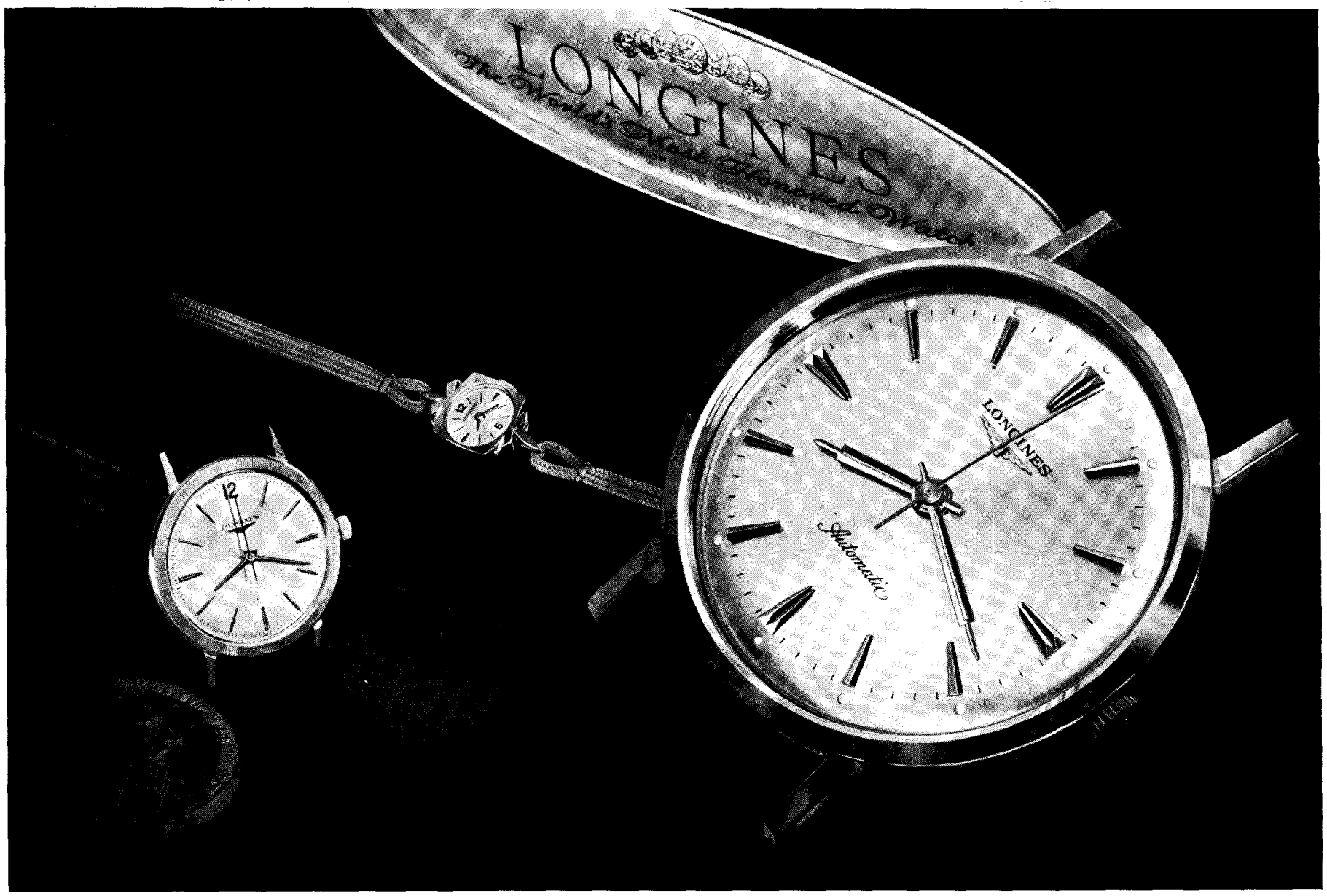

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POST

OCTOBER 5, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 34

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Red junket to Cuba . . . . . *by Barry Hoffman with Roul Tunley* 25

Self-appointed undercover man Barry Hoffman was one of 59 young Americans who journeyed to Cuba last summer in open defiance of a State Department travel ban. Assuming the role of a fellow traveler, both literally and figuratively, he was able to learn just how effective our embargo on the island's tourist trade has been—and the lengths to which the Communists will go to break it. In an exclusive, timely story, written with the Post's Roul Tunley, Hoffman reports on his bizarre trip and the hardships and the oppression under Fidel Castro.

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The authors. **Normand Poirier,** a New York *Post* staffer, writes about the Broadway, television and recording successes of a young songstress who is fast gaining critics' respect as more than just "Judy Garland's daughter."... A career diplomat for more than 30 years and a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian, **George F. Kennan** is one of the world's foremost specialists in the international relations of Soviet-bloc countries. . . . Another Pulitzer winner, renowned playwright and novelist **William Saroyan,** wryly reminisces on the failure of his marriage—twice. . . . Memories of the Korean War as an infantryman were grimly recalled by veteran Baltimore newspaperman **Robert Liston** when he visited the battle-torn town of Cambridge, Md.... Armed with a tape recorder, free-lancer **Howard M. Greenwald** talked with scores of law-enforcement officials as well as the many prominent supporters of Charles Bernstein's cause in the course of his research.... Free-lance writer **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** who takes an extended tour of today's Tin Pan Alley, occasionally doubles as a songwriter himself.

The cover photograph, taken in the 104-degree heat of a Texas afternoon by contributing photographer **Lawrence Schiller,** coolly captures the jubilant spirit of Kilgore College football. The lovely Rangerettes—a crack corps of 66 girls—were so conscientious about their work that they began fall practice a full week before the school's winning team.

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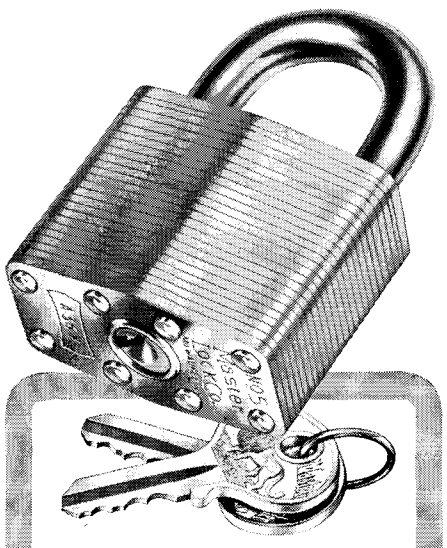

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LETTERS

The race for equality

It was with shame and sadness I read of the prejudice of my fellow whites [WHAT THE NORTH THINKS ABOUT NEGROES by Stewart Alsop and Oliver Quayle, Sept. 7]. What colossal, nauseating presumptuousness on the part of racists to feel that Negroes want to work and live alongside them merely because they are white!

STANLEY S. ROWSEY
Hollywood, Calif.

• The antagonism of the white race toward the black is merely part of the personal antagonism insecure individuals feel toward anyone who is different, more successful or in competition with them for social and economic rewards.

MRS. JOANNE YATVIN
Madison, Wis.

• I cannot condone the actions of the modern Negro leaders. They incite their people to flout local laws and customs. They browbeat Congress, state and local officials, trying to make them knuckle under to their discriminatory demands. They threaten them with bloody racial strife. They are wrecking the Friendship Train which has been carrying them to their destination of first-class citizenship.

ROBERT E. FLEMING
Alhambra, Calif.

• Your survey has failed to investigate the attitude of the younger generation. Here are the leaders of the future. Each new generation has acquired an increasingly liberal attitude towards matters of race.

GAIL F. MALINOFF
St. Louis, Mo.

• I wonder, in light of your statement that more than a third of the northern whites interviewed had no idea what the civil-rights program is about, just which race is uneducated.

RICHARD D. DAVIDSON
Owings Mills, Md.

• Albert Camus wrote that "the evil that is in the world always comes of ignorance." The Negro's basic problem in removing the evils of segregation and discrimination is the eradication of the stubborn ignorance which perpetuates them. And judging from the statements quoted in the Alsop-Quayle article, the Negro is up against a formidable barrier indeed.

SMITH R. HAYNES
Detroit, Mich.

• Editor Alsop's definition of "yes-butters" includes people who are in favor of integration and also happen to think the integrationists are going at it all wrong. Yet, James Meredith once said that the movement had "very low-quality leadership." Does that make him unready to accept "real racial equality"?

JOHN S. DORST
Nashua, N.H.

• It is ironic that people will tolerate millionaire (white) gangsters in neighborhoods where a decent Negro family will presumably lower property values.

MRS. JOAN GREGG
New York, N.Y.

Bomb the ban

Americans owe a debt of gratitude to Rep. Craig Hosmer for his article BEWARE THE TEST BAN! [Sept. 7]. It has been proved that any time the Russians agree to anything they expect to gain at our expense. The Soviets will "bury" us, but they will wait for us to dig the grave.

RALPH H. MORGAN
Bradenton, Fla.

• How can the U. S. continue to police the world against Russian aggression and then be duped into signing a test-ban treaty when Russia has already broken so many treaties?

MRS. FRANK J. SAFFELL
North Georgetown, Ohio

• What Rep. Hosmer apparently favors is for the world to remain an armed camp, with the United States and Russia glowering at each other and each continuing to devote a major portion of its resources to assure superiority in weapons and power over the other. In other words, he prefers to live with the risks of annihilation rather than to make any serious attempt to look objectively for a possible solution to the world's most pressing problem.

ROBERT T. STEWART
Falls Church, Va.

• Congressman Hosmer's forthright and incisive analysis articulates the apprehensions of more and more Americans to the partial test-ban treaty. Every thoughtful person certainly favors reduced tensions and peace. But these are not one-way streets. Let us see some genuine step on Khrushchev's part toward a reduction of tension.

EDWARD E. SMITH
Palo Alto, Calif.

• Little has been said about the treaty's preamble, which commits our government to the principle of general and complete disarmament under international control. This would mean control by the U.N. and would result in the destruction of freedom as we have known it.

MRS. J. SHELBY DANIEL
Phoenix, Ariz.

• As an engineer I am offended by Rep. Hosmer's bad engineering; and as a Quaker, I am sorrowed by the fluency of his paranoia. But he has not mentioned the greatest real risk of all in the limited test ban: that we might be too pleased with its success and falter in our purpose to bring this world under the control of reason.

JOSEPH WHITEHILL
Mardela Springs, Md.

• I think it is time for the American people to wake up and brand Russia for the double-crosser she really is and to take to task the present leaders who advocate a weakening attitude in standing up to her.

BRUCE PARISELLA
Coudersport, Pa.

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How to tell a broker from a tipster

(Here are five things that give the tipster away)

When you invest, it's hard to think of anything more important than a good broker.

Or of anything more dangerous than a mere tipster, who may be anyone from a well-meaning friend to a stranger on the telephone trying to high-pressure you into buying.

After all, it's your hard-won money. You would like to have it bring you an income from dividends on stock. Or interest on bonds. Or to have a good prospect of increasing in value over the years.

So you'll need to recognize a tipster when you see one. Here are five tell-tale signs:

Tipster: "Boy, have I got a hot one!"

Broker: A broker in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, can tell you how badly people can get burned by a tip. And how important it is to have facts. On earnings. On dividends. On the company's financial position. Armed with knowledge, you're in a better position to exercise careful judgment when you invest. Companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange are required to make this kind of information public.

Tipster: "Hurry. There's only a limited amount of that stock around."

Broker: He knows that people who rush you often have something else in mind than your welfare. Care is important—and it's wise to take the time to be careful.

Tipster: "It's a chance in a million to make a killing."

Broker: He meets people who have rashly shot for the moon and missed. And people who have, instead, set long-term goals to fit their circumstances and have gone a long way toward achieving them.

To help you achieve your goals, he's glad to share his knowledge with you—so that you can base your judgment on facts, not rumors.

Tipster: "You can't lose with this."

Broker: He's aware that the price of any stock or bond goes down as well as up. That a company may lose ground, may not continue to pay dividends or interest.

Tipster: "You'll be wise to put as much as you can lay hands on into this."

Broker: He believes first things come first. And first come your living expenses. Then provision for emergencies. After that, you may want to invest for income or growth of your capital.

Nearby you'll probably find a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. They have no magic key to the future. No one has. And each Member Firm has its own distinctive characteristics. But all are subject to the many regulations of the Exchange. And their Registered Representatives had to meet Exchange qualifications for knowledge of their business when they became brokers in a Member Firm.

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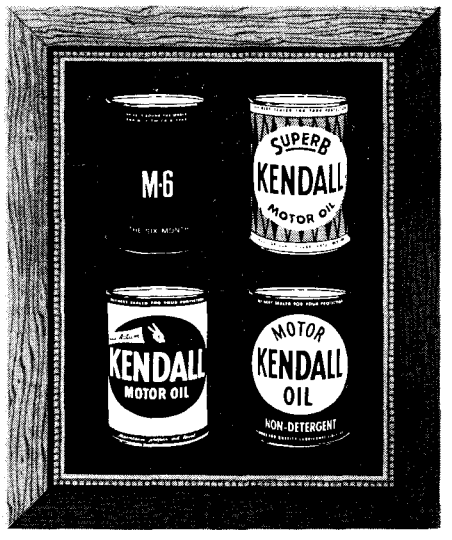

LETTERS

Twinkle, twinkle

I found THE FAIR YOUNG HOLLYWOOD GIRLS [by Richard Warren Lewis, Sept. 7] a sad symbol of our decadence. What a mighty high price worldly fame and fortune! To become a star, it seems, a girl must first work her way up through the animal ranks; she must anesthetize her self-respect and desecrate her human dignity.

REV. EUGENE DEWIG
Evansville, Ind.

• I felt quite relieved that you referred to these females as "young girls" and not "young women." Certainly no one who struts about mocking the institution of marriage is deserving of the title "woman."

DANIEL A. DURKIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Hollywood operates on the law of the jungle, where only the fit survive. If you are an able actress, the industry will take you on your terms. If not, then you will have to play the game on theirs.

RALPH SHAW JR.
Beverly, N.J.

League leader

In recent months I have read many, many articles on the need to find a formula to revitalize our national pastime. But since reading Bill Veeck's HOW I DIDN'T BUY A BALL CLUB [with Edward Linn, Sept. 7], I have become convinced that the only thing baseball needs is Bill Veeck.

G. ALLEN SMITH
South Bend, Ind

• As one of thousands of long-suffering Washington Senator fans, I appeal to Bill Veeck to keep trying to buy the team. We have learned that generals and bankers as baseball club owners make very good generals and bankers.

JAY BARAFF
Washington, D.C.

• Maybe once in 50 years a Bill Veeck comes along. The fans and the league alike should welcome him home with open arms. His return would revitalize a rather dreary American League.

ALAN RUDOFSKY
New York, N.Y.

Le petit pique-nique

So a certain lady rebels against the standard outdoor meal [GOURMET PICNIC by Esther Riva Solomon, Sept. 7]. But just try and sell any American kid this eggplant and zucchini deal and see what happens. And Cornish hens just won't stand up to a scorched hot dog.

MRS. MARIE MASON
New Lisbon, Wis.

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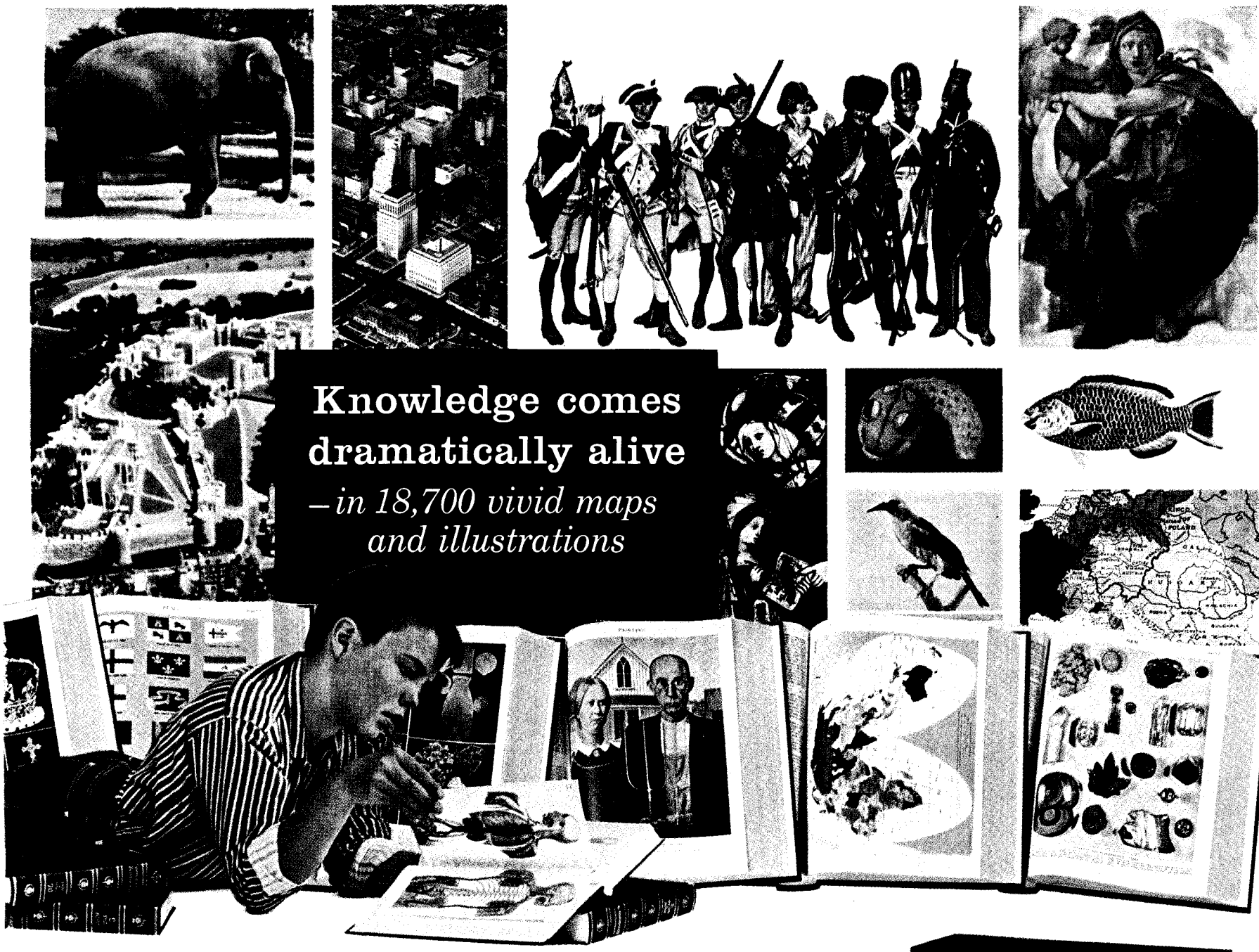

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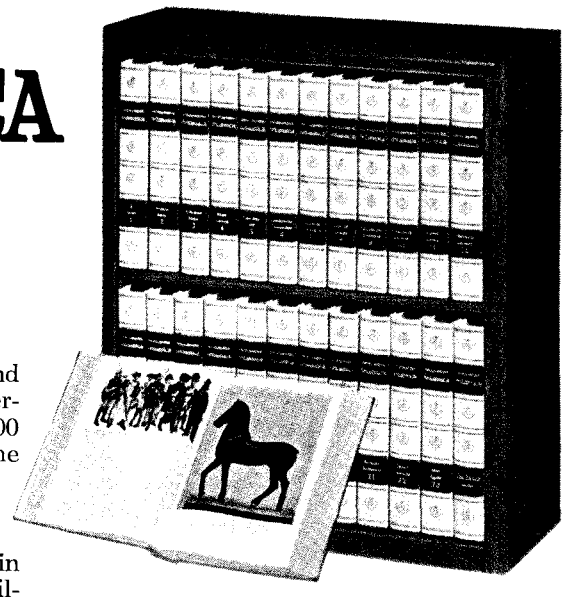

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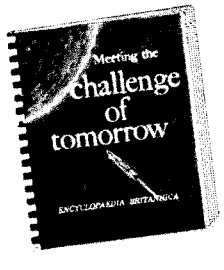

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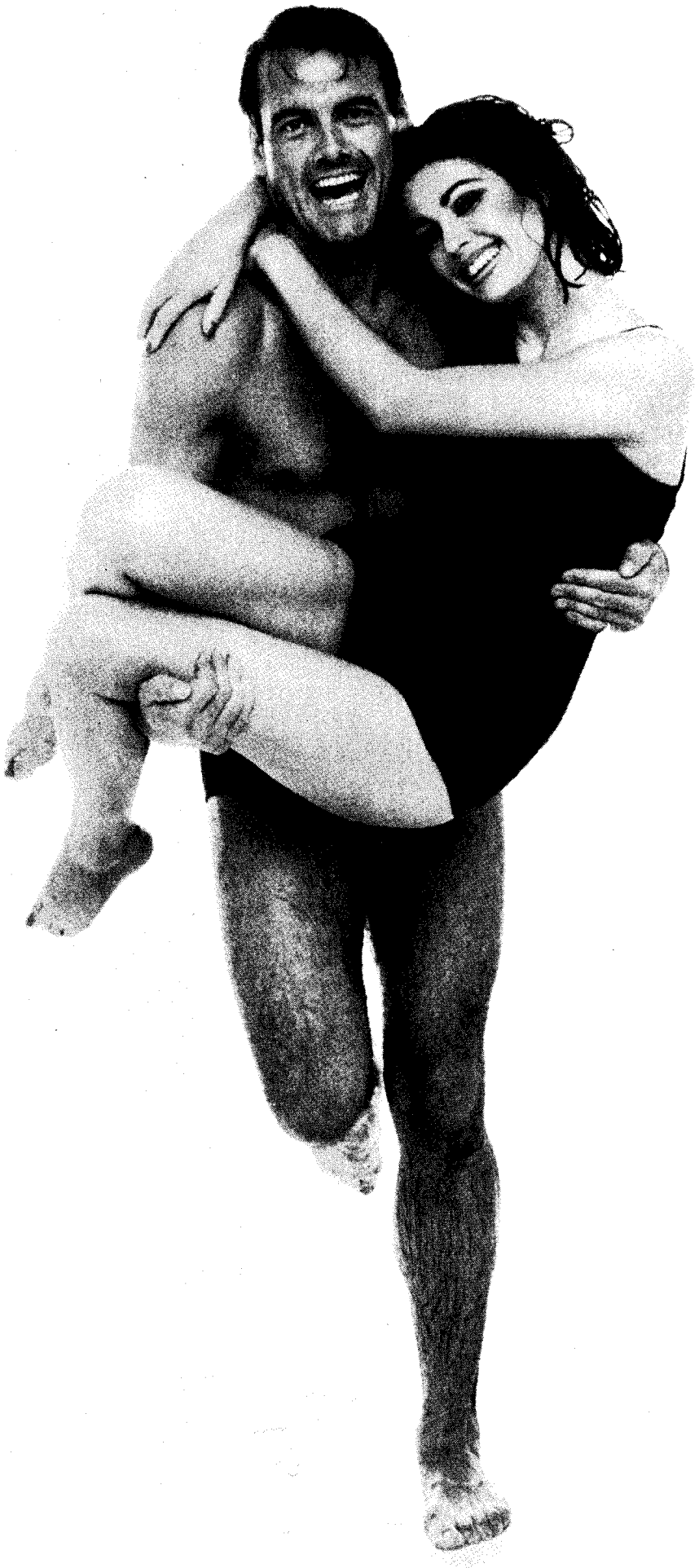

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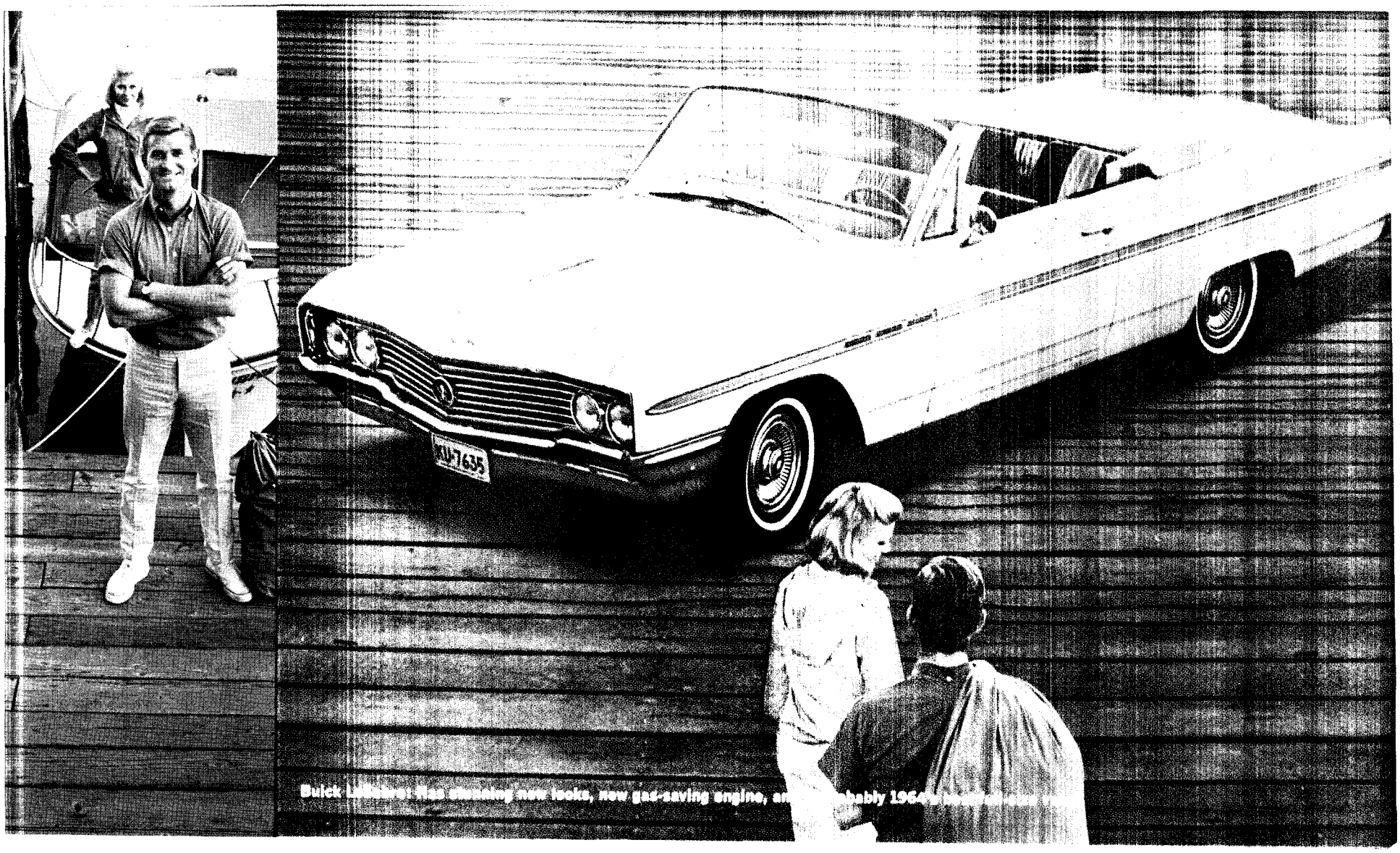

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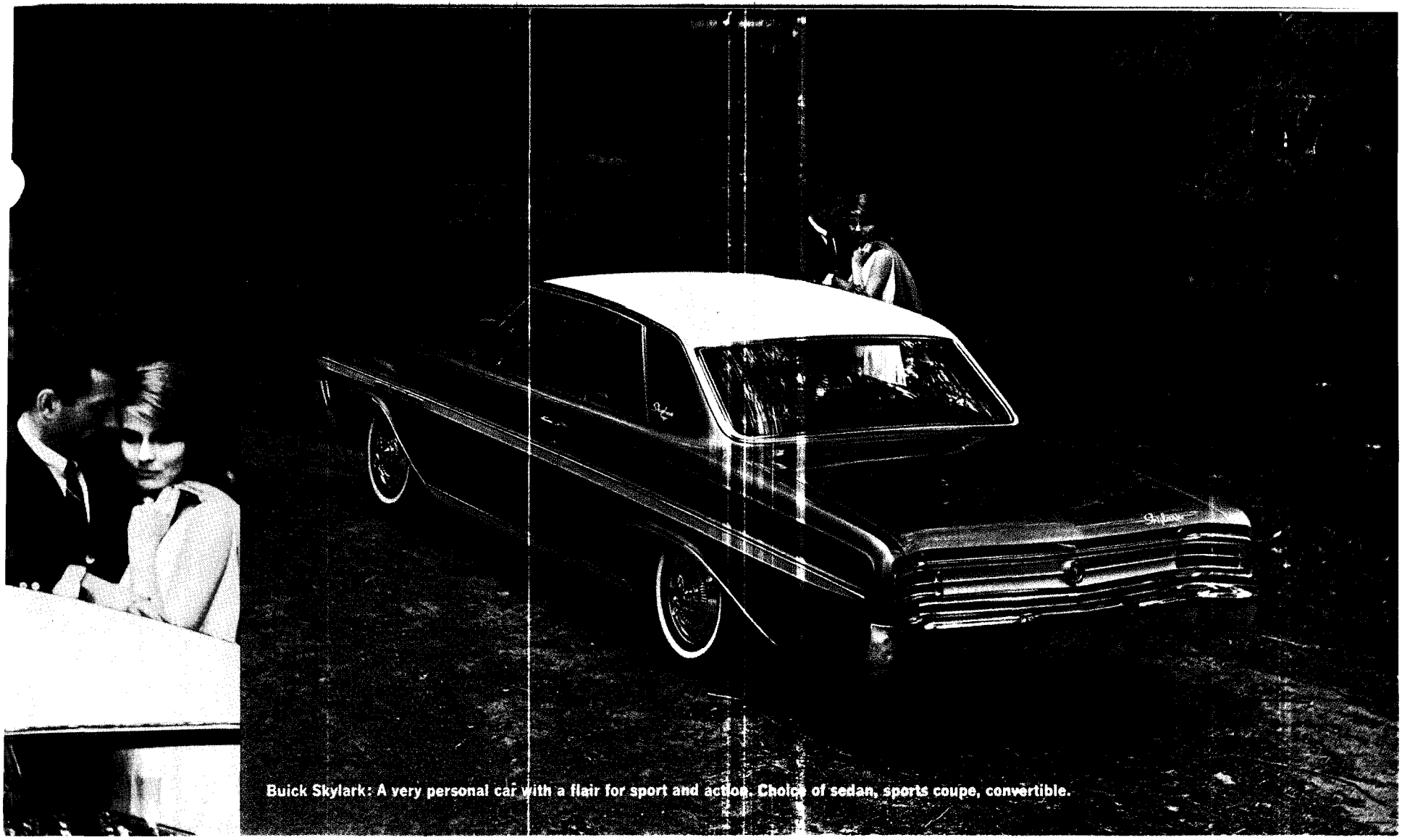

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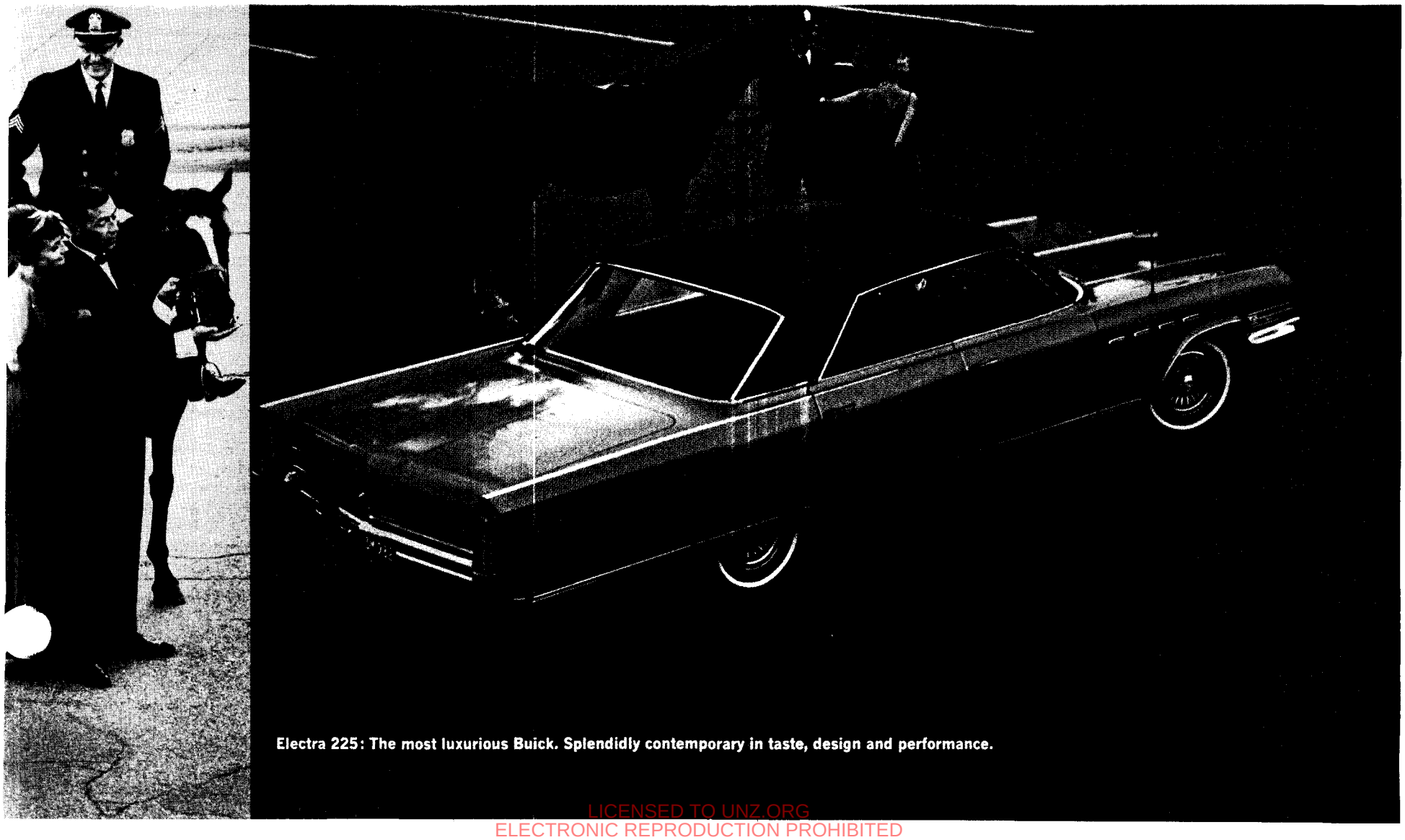

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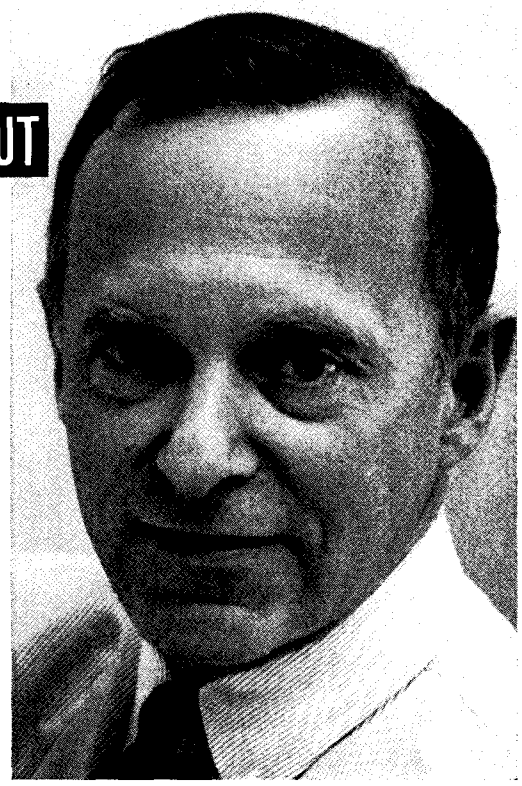

Peter Blake, the managing editor of Architectural Forum, has written and lectured on modern architecture for many years. This report is adapted from his forthcoming book, GOD'S OWN JUNKYARD, *to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston in November.*

THE SUBURBS ARE A MESS

By Peter Blake

Stupid, selfish use of land has made our suburbs ugly and unlivable, says a noted architectural critic. Here he offers a more coherent way to build our communities.

Thanks to the foolish idea that every family ought to have its own little house on its own little plot of land, the suburbs surrounding our major cities are in chaos. Housing developments are eating up land at a voracious rate, and the suburbs have lost the very qualities that people left the cities to find—privacy and free and open out-door space. Life in many suburbs, in fact, has become only a little less intolerable than life on congested tenement streets.

Many people complain about the morals and mores of suburbs, but few critics pay attention to the basic problem of how these towns are designed and built.

The most common residential unit in the suburbs today is a single house set back 25 feet from the sidewalk on a 60-by-120-foot lot. The owner plants and cultivates only his front yard, because the front is open to public view. Because it is so public, however, the front yard is completely unsuitable for outdoor living. The rear yard, on the other hand, is too small for growing children to play in, or for adults to entertain in, and frequently becomes nothing more than a place for hiding the garbage and hanging out the laundry. So the children play in the street, and the parents spend most of their time maintaining a front lawn they can't use.

Apart from being ugly and impractical, the distribution of families on a grid of individual plots has also resulted in fierce tax burdens for suburbanites. Communities which have sprawled into formless monstrosities must maintain mile after mile of new roads and utility lines.

The assumption that produced the massive expense and monotonous ugliness of suburbia was nurtured years ago by those architects and planners who advocated a kind of garden-city development. One of the leading advocates was Frank Lloyd Wright, whose Broadacre City concept envisaged one-acre plots for each family. His proposals hardly faced the problems created by recent population growth in this country (an increase of 350 percent in Wright's lifetime alone). And as a result, Broadacre City, with one family per acre, was to become suburbia with about five families per acre. Yet despite this basic change in density, those who proceeded to practice what they thought Wright had preached made no changes in the concept; so that suburbia today is what Wright himself called, in his later years, "a series of anonymous boxes . . . row on row upon row."

Thoughtful suburban planning has been discouraged for three reasons: First, the developers who have built suburbia are fundamentally no different from manufacturers of any other mass-produced product. They standardize the product, package it, arrange for rapid distribution and easy financing, and sell it off the shelf as fast as they can.

Second, the Federal Government, through the Federal Housing Administration and other agencies set up to cope with the serious housing shortage after World War II, has imposed a bureaucratic straitjacket on suburbia. Because it provides so much household financing, the FHA enjoys an inordinate influence over the design of most new houses, the placement of these houses on individual lots, the landscaping, the street planning and just about everything else that gives suburbia its "wasteland" appearance. We have empowered the FHA to specify the width and length of every single suburban street and sidewalk, as well as their straightness or curvature, surface and presence or absence of trees and telephone poles. We have come very close to empowering the FHA to determine the size and shape of our houses and even our rooms.

Third, there have been enormous pressures from land speculators. These people have a vested interest in making usable land scarce, and thus increasingly valuable. Under the present system of suburban development land speculators are making phenomenal profits.

What are the alternatives to suburban sprawl? One clear answer is to get rid of the obsession that every house must be a complete and self-sustaining entity. Instead, we could arrange houses in clusters next to spacious areas of grass and trees. It is entirely possible, for example, to build the average-sized house on a lot that measures only 20 feet wide by 60 feet deep, instead of the present average size of 60 by 120. Such houses could have two stories. They could be attached to one another, yet they could be arranged so that each would have a completely private patio of its own, big enough for large outdoor parties and small enough for any family to maintain without trouble. The "surplus land" thus saved—something like 6,000 square feet per family—could then be pooled to create several large communal parks and playgrounds, each maintained by a small annual contribution from member families. It is much cheaper to maintain a single large park than hundreds of small gardens; and it is much cheaper for a builder to bypass a hilly and wooded site than to flatten it with bulldozers and to cut down all its trees.

This sort of plan would not only preserve much of the natural beauty of the areas that surround our cities, it would also reduce the number of roads and utilities and therefore reduce suburban taxes. Under the present housing pattern those taxes are getting higher every week. Last year a study by the Urban Land Institute showed that in one typical Philadelphia suburb, land developed for individual houses had an average market value of $40,000 per acre, while land on which high-rise (multistoried) apartments had been built was valued at an average of more than $200,000 per acre. This finding suggests a second remedy for suburban sprawl: a sprinkling of apartment buildings. The step would actually benefit the owners of one-family houses. In Stamford, Conn., a study showed that the tenants of the average apartment gave $35 more in taxes to the public schools than they received in school services. The reason is obvious: Apartments tend to attract young families without children, older families whose children have grown up and people living alone. Single-family houses, on the other hand, tend to produce four times as many public-school children as do apartment units.

Apartment houses meet another of suburbia's serious social problems—its tendency to become a new sort of ghetto. Most suburbs are composed almost exclusively of families of just about the same age and income brackets, with just about the same number of children. There are very few single adults and very few older couples. An occasional apartment house in the midst of a community of split-level houses would introduce some variety into the population.

In short, it makes eminently good sense for suburbia to encourage a mixture of various types of buildings. Obviously, it makes just as good economic sense to encourage the concentration of buildings on the one hand, and of open park land on the other, to reduce the length of roads and utilities and the cost of policing and maintaining them. None of this is theory. It has been practiced for years in every western country—including, occasionally, the United States. Baldwin Hills in Los Angeles was built 20 years ago along the lines described above; it is today the most livable middle-income community in southern California.

Beyond the problem of making suburbia function better is the problem o making suburbia more attractive. It is almost impossible, given today's pressures and controls, to create a beautiful suburban community. However, it is not

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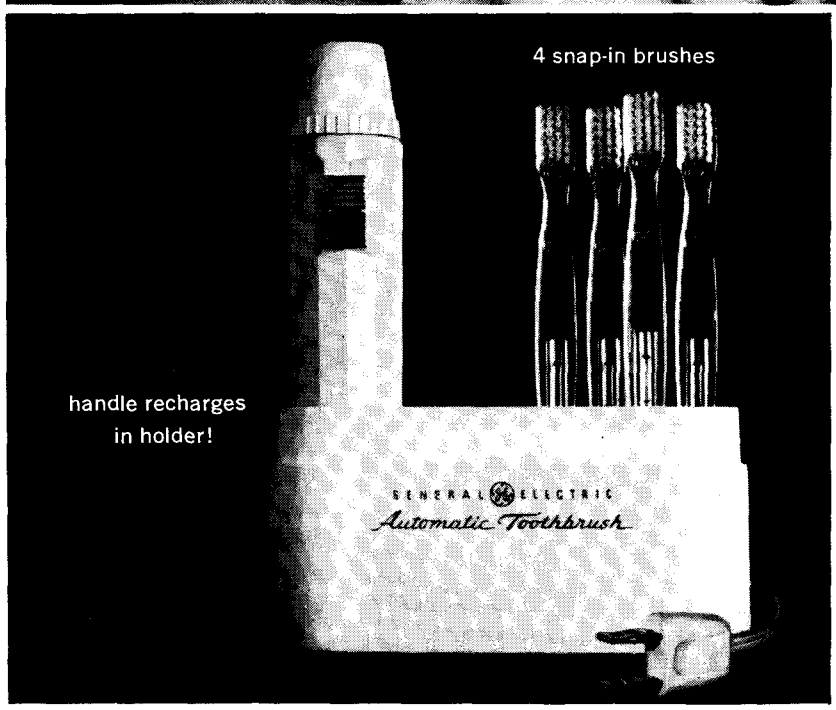

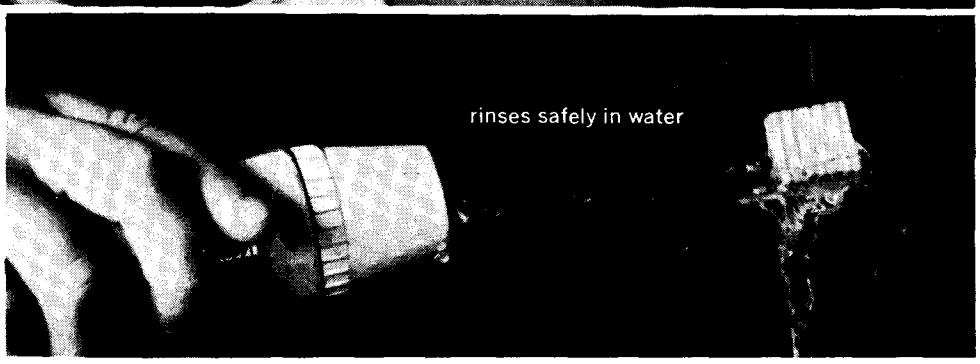

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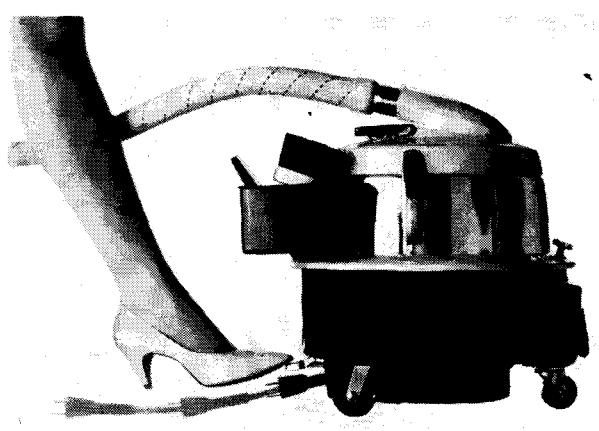

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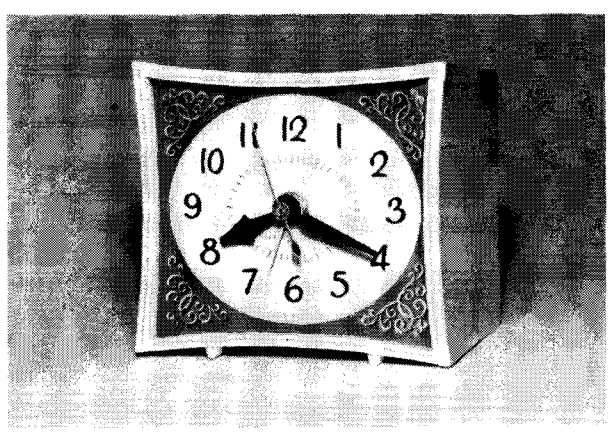

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only possible but relatively easy to create handsome suburbs if we substitute a rational approach for the present harebrained system developed by bureaucrats and mortgage bankers.

In architectural terms, good communities throughout the history of western civilization have been made up of three elements: utilitarian buildings (places where people live and work), which may be entirely plain and unpretentious in character; symbolic buildings (churches, municipal buildings and other structures that form focal points in a community); and finally, outdoor spaces of pleasant size and character.

In today's suburbia it is virtually impossible to create outdoor spaces of real character. Individual little houses plonked down on individual little lots form, at best, a "ragged fence," full of gaps. They face each other across streets and front yards, so that the distances between them are likely to measure at least 100 feet. Because our little houses are both separated and generally low-slung, they provide nothing in the way of definable outdoor space. Suburbia's "outdoor rooms" are streets and lawns 100 feet wide, lined (if you look closely) with ragged walls of houses that may be only 10 feet high, and completed at each end by an intersection or, possibly, a fire hydrant. No city builder of the Renaissance would have dared to propose anything so ridiculous.

As for symbolic buildings, what do we see in suburbia? Probably a few churches along the nearest highway. But while the churches of our early New England towns and villages were tall enough and central enough to be visible from almost everywhere, the sprawl of today's suburbia is so great that almost nobody can see the often flat-roofed churches. The Howard Johnson spire is often more visible than that of the local church. This may, of course, be an accurate reflection of today's relative values, but it is also a reflection of the formlessness of modern suburbia. One of the important functions of a tall building in any community is to serve as a point of focus, to help people feel that they live in a place with a center and with outer limits, not in an endless smear.

Another of suburbia's "symbolic" buildings is, of course, the shopping center—which is certainly symbolic of something. Then there are schools, police stations, fire houses—and somewhere there may even be a town hall. But in suburbia the occasional symbolic municipal building gets lost among the forests of telephone poles. Few of our 50 million suburbanites are exposed to strong physical symbols of local government. This is obviously one reason why suburbanites, on the whole, are totally disinterested in local government, refuse to participate in it and frequently don't even know what community they belong to.

From the aesthetic as well as functional points of view, what sort of suburbia could be created if intelligence and art were used?

The first thing that would happen, if we concentrated our houses in one place and our outdoor spaces in another, is that our houses would become "walls," just as the houses along the cobblestone streets of Boston's Beacon Hill form "walls." In other words, it would become possible to create outdoor spaces of many different shapes and sizes. There would be courts between groups of houses, accessible to pedestrians only, where children could play in safety. There would be streets that are really streets, not meandering roads used indiscriminately as auto routes, pedestrian walks and baseball diamonds.

The concentration of houses in clusters could also open up parks and playgrounds next to each cluster—parks and playgrounds large enough to be useful; to provide a strong, visual contrast to the buildings; and to permit the preservation of existing trees and hillsides.

The larger, communal, outdoor spaces could also serve as settings for symbolic structures such as churches and civic centers.

Such a suburbia might actually become sufficiently attractive and lively to generate its own industry or business, and to cease being merely a "dormitory" for some nearby metropolis. If this were to happen, the suburb would gain immeasurably in variety and color, and the region would gain immeasurably in its transportation and tax structure.

Can we break the trend?

These are difficult changes to bring about. Nothing is so immovable as a government agency stuck in a rut. It is so much easier for FHA appraisers to "follow the book" and rate a "split-level ranch" (on a 60-by-120-foot "range") than to appraise more intangible values such as beauty or architectural coherence. It is so much easier for a mortgage banker to process a standard mortgage for a clearly delineated property than to figure out a mortgage for a community, parts of which may be cooperatively owned. It is so much easier and faster for a builder to take a standard plan, copy it 300 times, do a routine selling job, and move on to the next town—so much easier than to get a good architect, fight with FHA appraisers, mortgage bankers, local authorities, salesmen and everybody else to produce something that is just a little, or a lot, better than the usual.

It is all so much easier not to "buck the trend," especially when the trend, as the critic Anthony West put it, "is up." The only trouble, of course, is that the trend is down. Within 20 years the present suburban population of 50 million will double. The kind of society formed by this population must, in the end, draw its character from the communities and buildings it lives in—and those communities today are in a state of chaos. THE END

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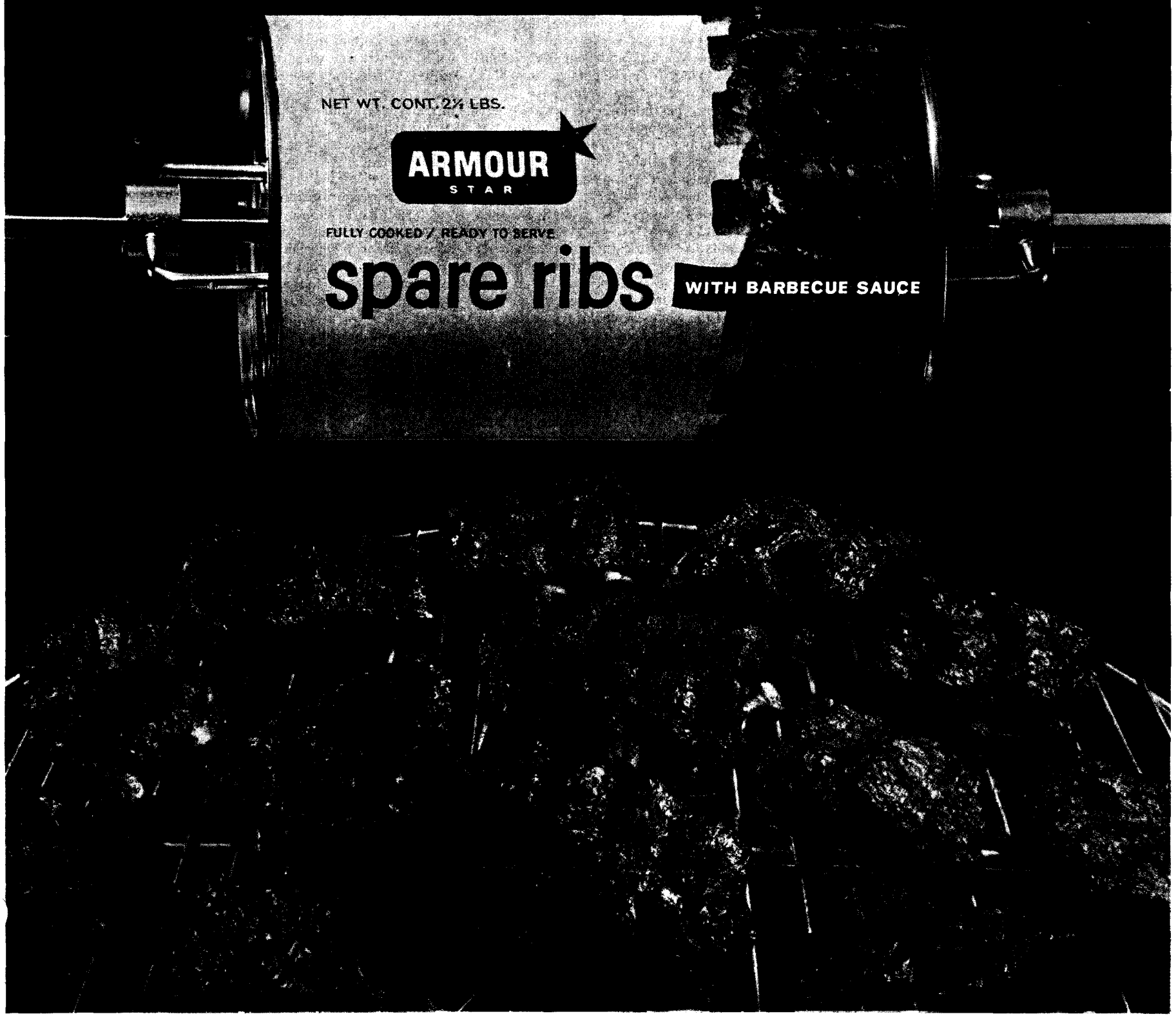

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They hate Kennedy

"YEAH, I voted for the Kennedys, gotta admit it." The old man gave a high squeal of laughter, and slapped a thigh. He was sitting in his undershirt on the porch of a rickety frame house in Rome, Georgia.

How would he describe the job the President was doing? "Rotten. Just plain rotten."

And the Attorney General? "Rottener." Another squeal.

How would he vote, if he had to choose between Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller? "Sit right here on my porch."

And between Kennedy and Sen. Barry Goldwater? "Never voted for no Republican in my life, but by God I'd vote for that Goldwater."

What was his general opinion on the civil-rights problem? "Look, mister, I don't know where you come from. But here in Georgia we know how to handle the Nigra. A Nigra's all right in his place, but you gotta keep him in his place." A pause, and then another squeal of laughter. "Hell, mister, the Nigra's just plain dumb. Find a smart one, he's got white blood in him."

This sounds like a caricature of a Southerner talking about Negroes. It is not a caricature. Some Romans are less outspoken, but in their essentials, the old man's views reflect the views of a majority of the white citizens of Rome, Ga.

Rome is an industrial town of about 32,000 in the rolling Appalachian foothills. I went to Rome because Rome is in Georgia, and Georgia is the only state which has supported the national Democratic ticket ever since the Civil War. Rome voted for Kennedy in 1960 by a margin of 54 percent, as against 51 percent in the South as a whole. Thus, if Kennedy could lose Rome, he could lose Georgia; and if he could lose Georgia, he could lose the whole South.

Bar some basic change in attitude, Kennedy *will* lose Rome, by a huge margin, especially if Sen. Barry Goldwater is the Republican candidate. Two lady pollsters and I spent a couple of days interviewing Romans. A couple of days in Rome is not a statistical survey of the whole South; it is only a smell of white sentiment in the South. But the smell in Rome is as easy to follow as any I've encountered in a good many years of sniffing along political trails. It does not take much courage to predict that Kennedy will lose Rome when you find the Romans favoring Goldwater by an amazing four-to-one margin.

But what really amazes the visiting Yankee in Rome is not the discovery that Goldwater is liked. It is the discovery that Kennedy—or, very often, "the Kennedys"—is hated.

A couple of doors up the street from the old man on the porch, a slatternly looking young woman with odd, Oriental eyes (Indian blood?) opened the door. How would she vote in 1964? "Anybody, just so it ain't the Kennedys." The proper name was spat out, as a snake spits venom.

A pleasant-faced elderly woman answered the doorbell of an unpainted wooden house opposite, and two little girls with lovely Pre-Raphaelite faces pressed their noses against the screens. "Oh, nobody around here will ever vote for those terrible Kennedys again," she volunteered, in a soft southern voice. Then she began to talk about the "niggers," and the softness left her voice.

"They snuck into the school yard," she said, pointing to a somber public school a few hundred feet down the street. "They come in to play ball, just to see what they could get away with. 'You keep outta there, you black apes,' I shouts at 'em. 'That's a white school, and you know it. You git or I call the cops.' They git all right." As her voice rose, the two little girls peered up at the visitor, their lovely blue eyes round as saucers.

There are variations of course. In the better-class neighborhoods most people say "Nigra" and even sometimes "Negro," rather than "nigger." Some speak of the Negro with pity ("They do have a hard life"), some with fear ("No sir, I ain't gonna say nothin' to no stranger—I don't wanta wake up with my throat slit"), and some with guilt ("We brought them here from Africa as slaves, and we owe it to them to see that they are properly taken care of"). But below such surface variations there is a fierce, almost monolithic opposition to anything at all that smacks of integration or equality.

Even in Rome, as everywhere in this varied land, there are surprises. In Rome the big surprise was Mrs. Albert Dempsey. Mrs. Dempsey lives in a small frame house just like her neighbors' houses, and with her plain, pleasant face she is in no visible way different from her neighbors. She was "born and bred in the South," she said, but in the South "we must do what's right, as Christians." Then, in a small voice, with her hands clasped in front of her, she went on to say "yes" to all Negro aspirations for full citizenship—in education, in employment, even in housing.

Did she think there was a basic difference between whites and Negroes? For the first time Mrs. Dempsey's voice rose in irritation. "No, I do not. It's all hogwash that their brains are not as good. Why, that sounds like Mr. Hitler." With those few words, Mrs. Dempsey demolished the southern case for white supremacy. For if Negroes are not innately inferior, as most of Mrs. Dempsey's neighbors devoutly believe, white supremacy is innately immoral.

How had she come by her unusual views? Her son, a Marine, had brought home a friend—a Negro. "My son's way of thinking confirmed my own. If we are going to call ourselves Christians, we must look into our hearts and do what's right."

Mrs. Dempsey's son, because he represents the future, also represents the best hope, not for a solution of the South's race problem (there is none) but for an eventual accommodation between the races. But it is a small and distant hope. For the present, the old man on the porch represents a crushing majority, and Mrs. Dempsey and her son an insignificant minority.

This in turn confronts the Republicans with a dilemma, especially if Goldwater is the candidate, the Republicans unquestionably have, for the first time since the Civil War, a serious chance of sweeping the entire South. But the North won't take an unabashed white supremacist. The old man on the porch won't take anything else. No Republican candidate can fully satisfy both the Northern white moderates and the old man on the porch. In the end, this dilemma may shorten the odds against Kennedy in the South. But for the moment, the lesson of Rome is clear. The South hates Kennedy. THE END

Mrs. Albert Dempsey: "We all must do what's right as Christians."

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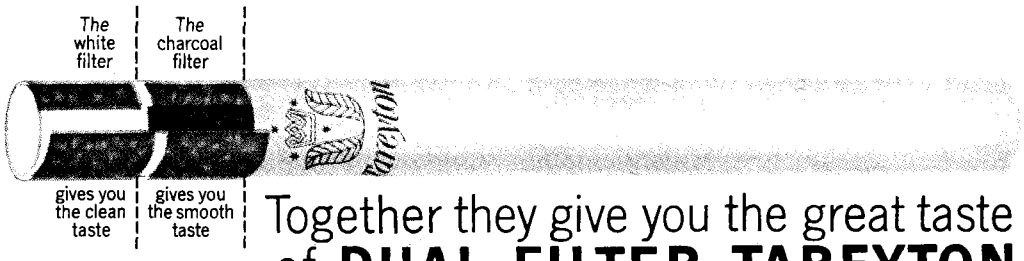
"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

Join the Unswitchables and enjoy the great taste that inspires their aggressive loyalty.

Tareyton, of course, is famous for fine tobacco. Now see how the Activated Charcoal filter works with the white filter to actually improve the fine tobacco taste:



Together they give you the great taste of **DUAL FILTER TAREYTON**

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

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Ninety-Eight Holiday Sports Sedan highlighted by the custom look of low-profile rear fender openings.

Presenting Oldsmobile's finest for 1964 ...magnificent new NINETY-EIGHT!

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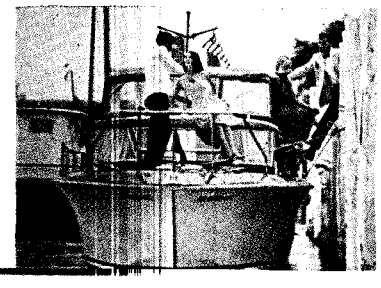
Lines that say "look." Fabrics that say "feel." Appointments that tell the world: Here is one of America's most luxurious automobiles. The 1964 Ninety-Eight offers all the lavish touches you would expect of Oldsmobile's finest—and a great deal more besides. Brilliant performance. Ultra-smooth ride. Near-effortless handling. And a full complement of power accessories for the ultimate in convenience. Many people already consider the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight the finest car built today. The 1964 edition is designed to enhance this growing reputation.



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • QUALITY BUILDERS OF NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE, SUPER 88, DYNAMIC 88, JETSTAR I, JETSTAR 88, F-85

'64 OLDS...WHERE THE ACTION IS!

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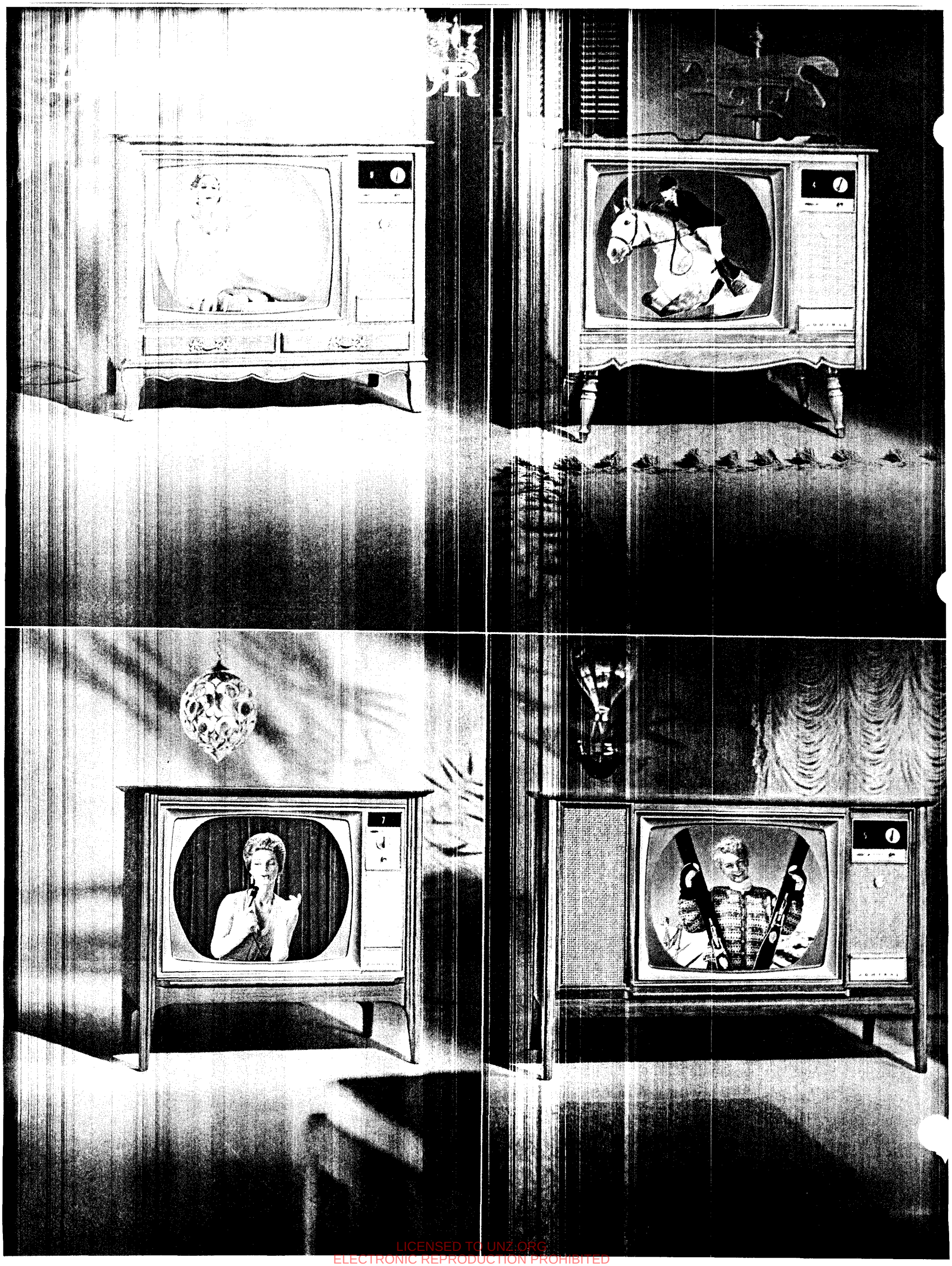

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FROM 10 YEARS OF COLOR TV EXPERIENCE

Admiral brings three new major improvements to col r television

NEW greater dependability—with Gold Precision Wiring
NEW more natural color—with Electronic Color Balancer
NEW easier tuning—with a new Color TV Contrast Control

Now, the three improvements you've wanted most in color tv are at your Admiral dealer. Only 1964 Admiral Color tv has them—the crowning achievements of ten years of Admiral quality color experience!

Greater Dependability

Precious 24-karat gold now gives color tv far greater dependability. And only Admiral has it! Using electro-deposition, Admiral applies 5 micro-inches of pure 24-karat gold to precision wiring in the most vital areas of a color tv set.

This quality Admiral advance—like the precision jewels in a fine watch—assures long, trouble-free life.

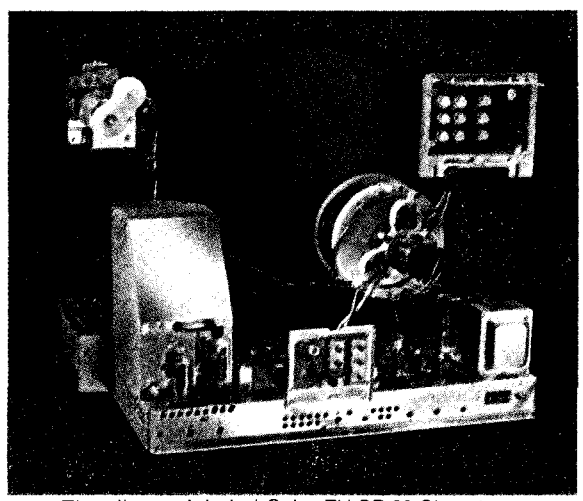
The all-new, precision-crafted Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis is transformer powered...mounted horizontally for cooler operation...and produces 26,000 volts of picture power. You enjoy breathtaking color realism plus brighter, sharper black and white pictures, too!

More Natural Color

Enjoy the same natural color the camera sees! The new Admiral Electronic Color Balancer brings you true-to-life beauty—and does it for you automatically! Unlike other color tv, new Admiral precision circuitry actually increases the power of *each* color signal *individually*...and balances them for more natural color reproduction.

New Easier Tuning

No other color tv can be tuned as simply and as easily! Admiral ends unnecessary fumbling with controls. The new Color TV Contrast Control automatically maintains eye-pleasing brightness as you adjust for proper contrast. It's an Admiral "exclusive"! Makes tuning simple and easy. No other color tv has it!



The all-new Admiral Color TV SP-26 Chassis... precision-crafted, 26,000 volts...24-hour life-tested for unmatched dependability

Other Admiral quality color advances include...new ultra-sensitive Long-Range Tuner...automatic Pre-Set Fine Tuning—just set it and forget it...and rich High Fidelity FM sound.

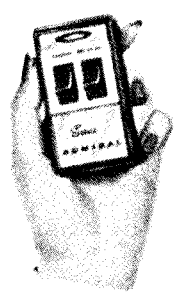
Handcrafted Wood Cabinetry

See Admiral Color tv consoles handcrafted from selected woods—genuine hardwood solids and veneers—for natural beauty unmatched in color tv. No wood substitutes. No wood imitations.

Your choice of Walnut, Cherrywood, Mahogany, Maple or Blonde Oak...in Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, French Provincial. See the difference ten years of color experience makes in 1964 Admiral Color tv...at your quality Admiral Dealer now.

Now...Remote Control Color!

Enjoy easy-chair tuning with great savings! Admiral *Sonar* full-function, wireless remote control turns tv on ...changes channels...adjusts and mutes sound... turns tv completely off. Now available for just $30.00.*



ADMIRAL COL R

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Models shown—top left: The Chanceford, Model L1629; top right: The Quincy, Model L1515; lower left: The Courtney, Model L1311; lower right: The Mountcrest, Model L1711.
Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ont. *Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF available, optional extra.

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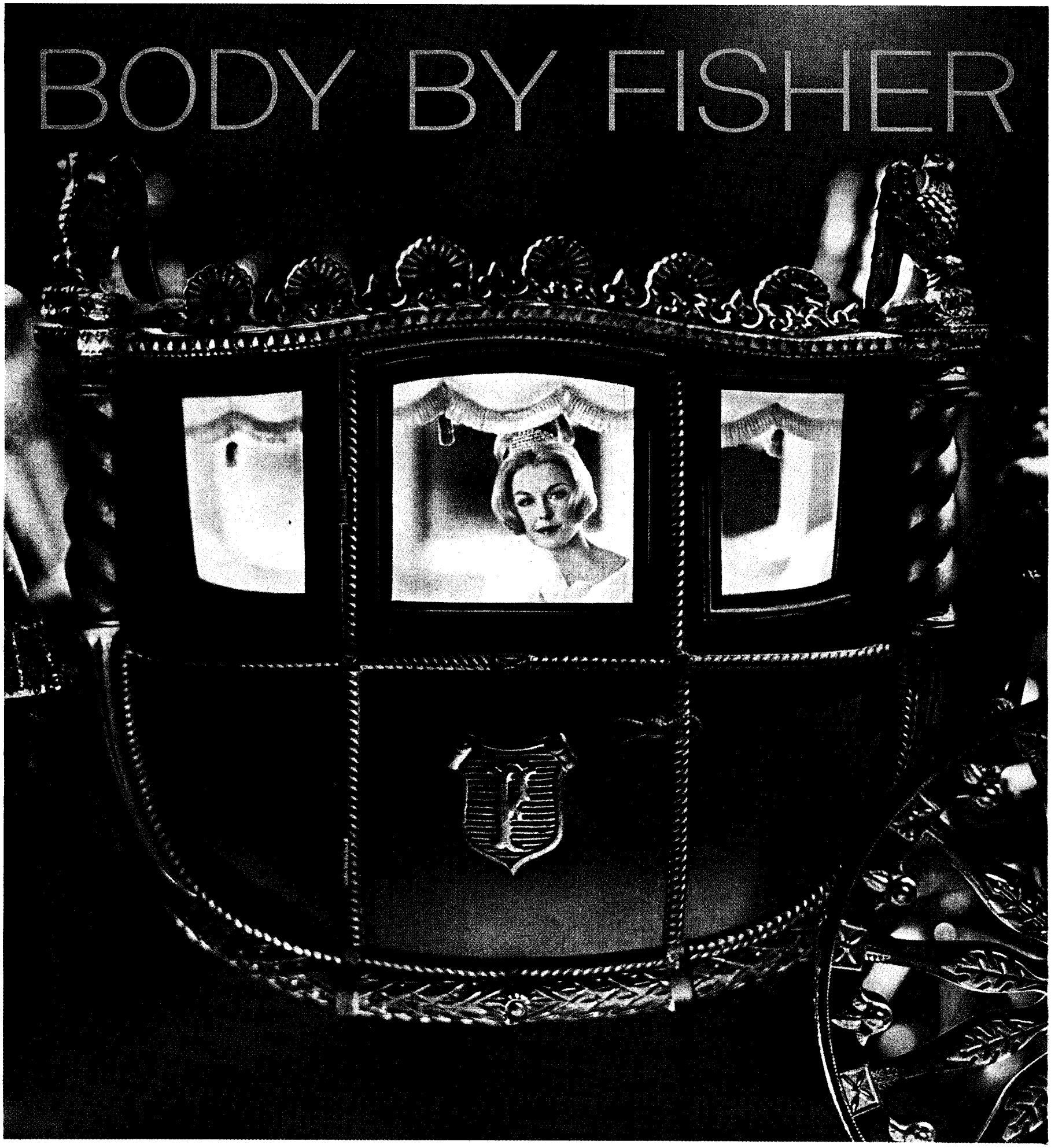

Cinderella was never so lucky!

Poor girl. She got the prince, but her coach couldn't compare with a 1964 GM car with Body by Fisher. The most carefully crafted. The longest lasting. The most solidly built. If you're looking for a 1964 car that will let you drive "happily ever after," remember this: So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes a GM car a better buy: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

RED JUNKET TO CUBA

Jammed in dilapidated Russian truck, Americans ride to visit a remote Cuban school in the Sierra Maestra.

An exclusive report by an American "student" on a Communist-sponsored tour of Castroland.

By BARRY HOFFMAN with ROUL TUNLEY

On June 30, 59 young Americans who defied their government to go on a Communist-sponsored "student tour" of Cuba reached Havana. Today, back in the United States, most of these tourists are in deep trouble. The State Department has served them notice that their passports have been withdrawn, the Justice Department is investigating them, and some of the leaders have been subpoenaed to appear before congressional committees. One of the group, however, went to Cuba with the blessing of United States Government officials. This is his story of what happened.

The worst moment of the whole trip came during a movie. We'd been invited by the South Vietnam National Liberation Front to watch a special showing of a film about Vietnam's struggle against the "American imperialists." Throughout the picture, the Viet Cong (Communist) fighters were shown as the good guys. The Americans were the villains. At one point an American pilot was shot down in flames. Suddenly I heard the other members of our group applauding. Some cheered. If I'd had any lingering doubt as to what kind of company I was traveling with, it would have vanished at that moment.

For two eye-opening months I played fellow traveler—both literally and figuratively. I was a guest of the Castro government, part of a touring group of American students, for whom the gates of the country were wide open and from whom nothing, I was assured, was hidden. I sang the *Internationale* until my lungs were hoarse. I acted the revolutionary at so many rallies that both my faces ached. I endured dreary food, indifferent service and medieval plumbing, and lost 15 pounds in the process. But this was the price of finding out how a group, passing itself off as "typical American students," operates.

We were billed as "heroes." Everybody knew we'd come to Cuba against the wishes of our government, which had warned us that we might be punished by loss of passports, a fine of $5,000 or even five years in jail. Everywhere we went we were met by reporters and photographers. Touring the provinces, our buses and limousines were given motorcycle escorts. Fidel Castro himself played Ping-Pong with us, and even took several of us skin diving. We stayed at the best hotels, and there were many receptions and celebrations.

At the biggest gala of them all—the July 26th ceremony in the Plaza de la Revolución—we

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Author Hoffman who played fellow traveler.

"Any doubts about the kind of company I was in disappeared."

RED JUNKET TO CUBA

were the guests of honor. Before more than a million Cubans, Castro welcomed us as "typical American students."

"In every American, we see a victim of their system," he declared. "That is why we welcome these students with open arms." My colleagues yelled approval even before the translation came through.

How did I get into such a situation?

Almost a year ago I saw a small announcement in a paper in Boston, my hometown. It said a group of students was planning to visit Cuba at Christmas under the sponsorship of the Permanent Student Committee for Travel to Cuba, and that students could apply. The name of the committee intrigued me. Although I regularly make my living as a real-estate man, I've recently become interested in the activities of extremist groups on both the Left and Right. This was the result of a meeting with Gordon Hall, a well-known fighter against hate groups [See *The Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 8, 1962, BATTLER AGAINST BIGOTRY]. Ever since, I've devoted my spare time to helping him. The Committee for Travel to Cuba sounded to both of us like something worth investigating. I was curious not only about the students' going to Cuba but about how they'd react to it.

The Christmas trip was canceled after Canadian authorities blocked plans for a Cuban plane to pick us up in Canada, but the committee told me a trip would take place in July, and the cost would be only $100. The Cubans would pay the rest—about $2,000 per person. The committee warned me, however, that the State Department would not approve travel to Cuba and that our group was liable to prosecution when we got back.

The real purpose of the trip, obviously, was to break the ban on travel to Cuba. If a bunch of students could go there and get away with it, others might follow. This would shatter the U.S. isolation of Cuba. Another purpose of the trip was its propaganda value. The students were expected to denounce U.S. sanctions against Cuba and to bring home a glowing account of Castro's achievements.

Gordon Hall and I consulted the State Department and the leading security agencies of the Government. One of them was against my taking the trip. "Too risky," I was told. But the others said in effect, "We can't give you an official blessing. You are not one of our employees. But if you decide to go, we'd certainly like to talk to you when you get back." We both got the impression that they wanted me to go, and so I went.

One night, a week before our scheduled departure, I got a call from New York telling me to be down the next afternoon. "The trip has been moved up," I was told. There wasn't even time to see my family, and so I telephoned them to say that I was going fishing for a few weeks.

In New York I went immediately to the Greenwich Village apartment where our group was to rendezvous. It belonged to one of the girls on the trip, Ellen Shallit, and it was a real joint. There were bottles all over the place, and it looked as if the garbage hadn't been collected for days. I was introduced to my fellow travelers. Some were black, some white. Their ages ranged from 18 to 32, and some, like me, hadn't been students for years.

The leader of the whole group was Levi Laub, a dark, intense, ex-Columbia University student, but we were divided up into sub-groups. The head of mine was Salvadore Cucchaari. When he gave me my ticket the next day at the airport, he said, "Don't look surprised when you see where we're going." When I looked at it, I found I had a round-trip ticket to Paris, via London (cost: $516). I had no idea we were going by way of Europe, but this was just one of the trip's many surprises. As I walked up the aisle of the B.O.A.C. plane, Richard Thorne, a lanky Negro carrying a load of books, said, "Don't talk about where we're going on the plane! It may be bugged."

In London, where we changed planes, we were met by a State Department man. "We know you're going to Cuba," he said. "It's against the law. We ask you not to continue your trip." He might as well have talked to the wind.

We stayed overnight in Paris, three of us in one hotel room. It cost 85 cents apiece. By this time, I'd begun to hear a lot about a group called Progressive Labor and their part in organizing the trip. I knew this group to be a little left of ordinary Communists, dedicated to the tough, Chinese line. In Paris my roommates volunteered the information we were going to Cuba via Prague.

Sure enough, we boarded a Czech airliner the next morning. I was a little nervous, since I'd never been behind the Iron Curtain. When we landed in Prague, we were met by another State Department man. "Ignore him!" said Cucchaari. We walked away as he started talking.

We stayed in Czechoslovakia two days, then we boarded a Cubana Airlines plane for the trip to Havana via Shannon (Ireland) and Gander (Newfoundland). By this time, we'd been enroute almost a week. It seemed a roundabout way to visit a country only 90 miles offshore.

We must have seemed an odd assortment. A pretty Irish girl at the counter in Shannon said to me, "Your group is a bit strange. No one has given me the same answer as to where you're going." Our group included 10 Negroes, and they all seemed to have lost faith in America's ability to solve the race problem. Most seemed to follow the line of the Black Nationalists, an extremist group similar to the Black Muslims but without the religion. We whites, for example, were not allowed to mention the word *Negro* on the trip, only *black*. "Negro is a word given us by white slaveowners," explained Wayne Combash, a student from Oakland, Calif.

When we finally reached Havana—everyone had cheered at the announce-

Ché Guevara, Castro's right-hand man, talks with visiting Americans in his Havana office. "Get this straight," he said, "this is a dictatorship."

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ment over the loudspeaker—we all rushed to the door. We were greeted by an army of reporters and photographers. What did we think of Castro? Where did we go to school? We were all tired after the 15-hour trip, and few people felt like talking much. However, I remember Martin Nicolaus, from Fontana, Wis., receiving a Cuban cigar and declaring that even the President of the United States wasn't privileged to smoke such cigars. That pleased the Cuban reporters.

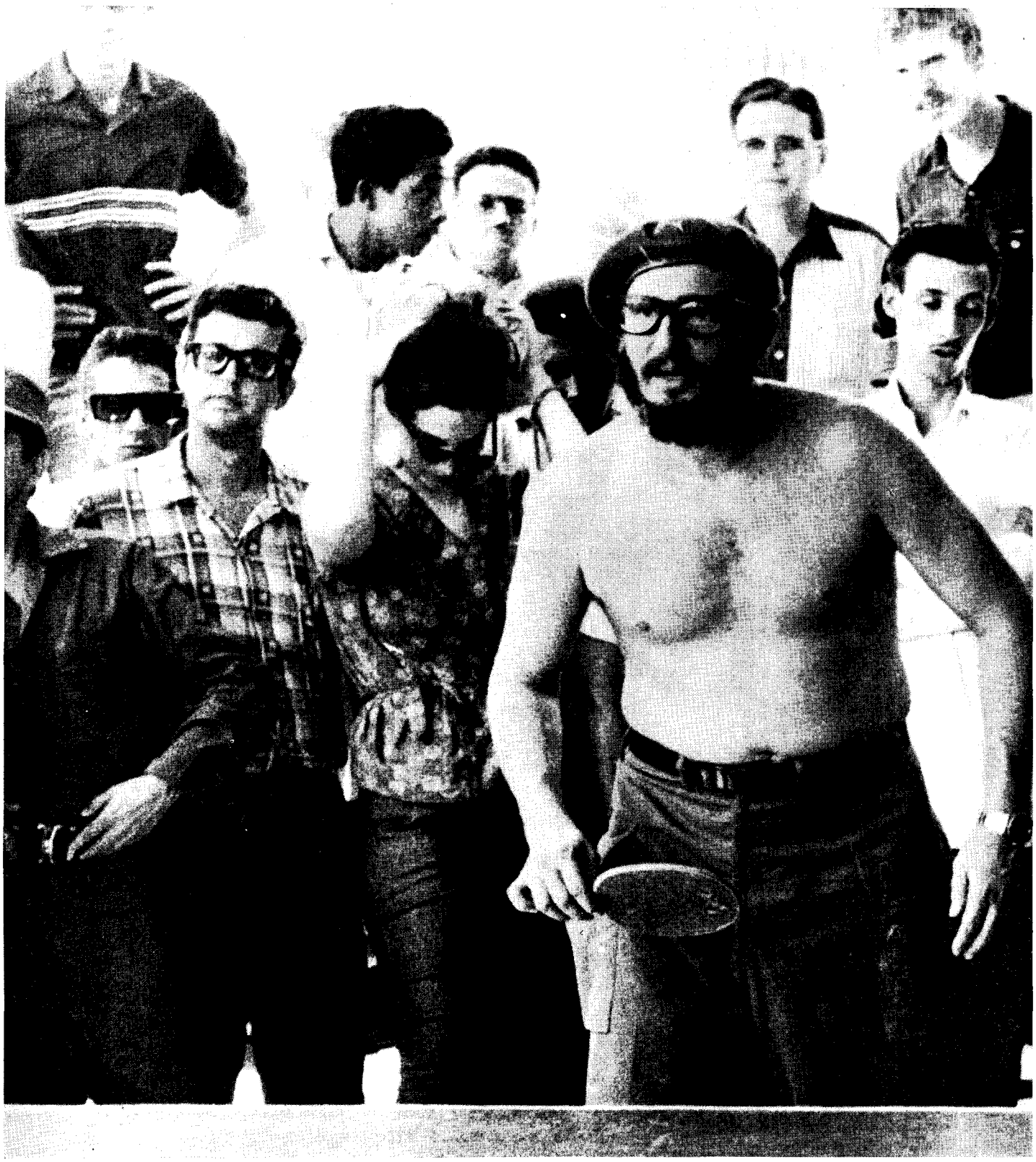
Then we piled into buses for the drive to the Riviera Hotel, one of the newest in Havana. The hotel had a swimming pool and looked very inviting, except that it was brutally hot and the air-conditioning was not on. I asked about it and the clerk said, "They're fixing it. It'll be on in a few days." Later I learned it hadn't worked in a year. When we left—seven weeks later—it still wasn't working.

That night we were given an official welcome by Garry Gonzalez, of I.C.A.P. (the Cuban Institute for Friendship Among Peoples). It was the government agency responsible for looking after us. Levi Laub, the leader of the tour, said we should elect a liaison committee for future dealings with government agencies, and it was duly elected.

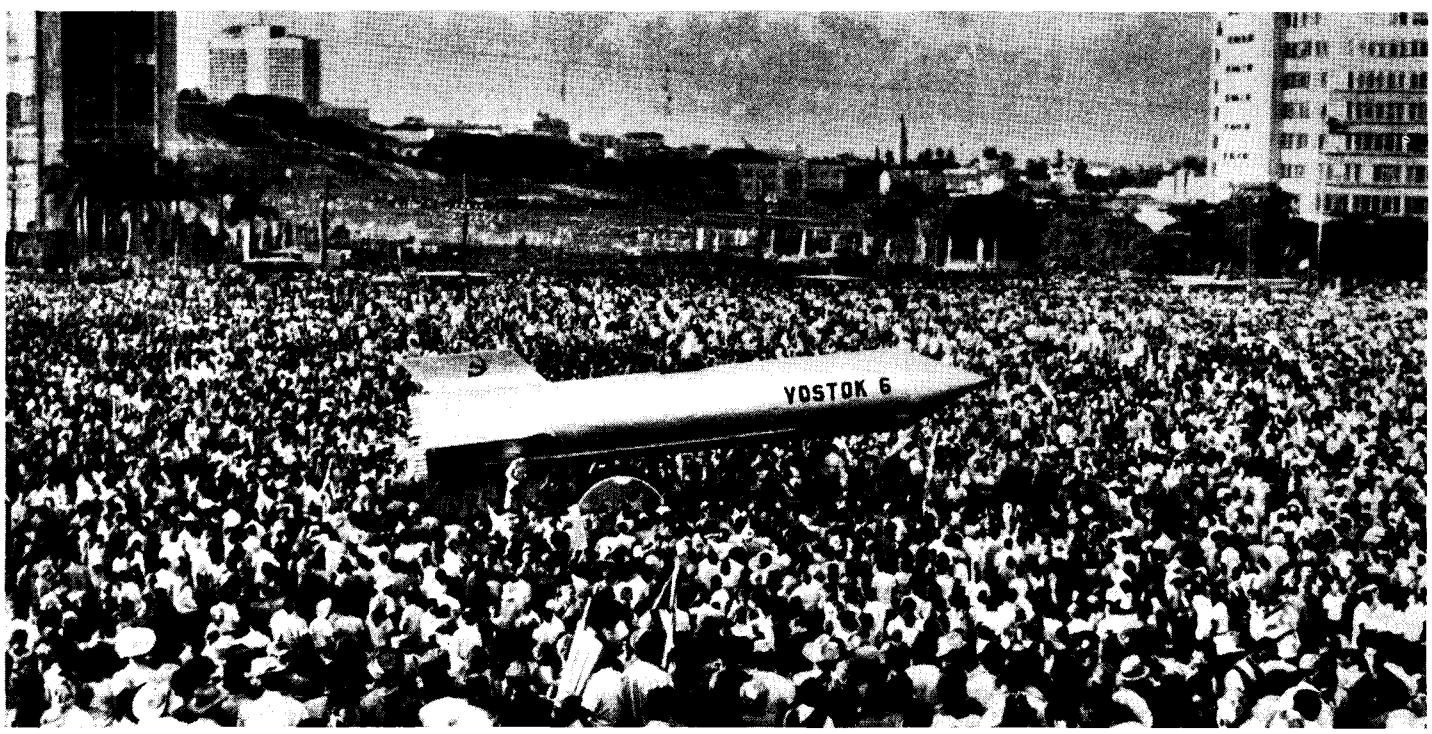
The next morning we made a two-hour tour of Havana by bus, ending at a huge housing project financed by funds confiscated from fleeing Cubans. It was an impressive building, but I noticed people continually going in and out, carrying buckets of water. "There's a broken pipe," explained our guide. In one apartment I noticed large pictures of Jesus Christ and Fidel Castro, side by side. And in the project school a bright little girl of 14 asked me, "When are you going to have your socialist revolution?" I replied, "We had our revolution—in 1776!" She looked puzzled.

Later on that day we went to the university to get an official welcome from the Federation of University Students. One of our group asked the president how many students were Communist. "Only the best!" he replied. Then a Cuban student asked why there was no liaison between them and the National Student Federation in America. "They don't really represent U.S. students," explained Stefan Martinot, a machinist from New York, who was one of the organizers of our trip. "*We* do!"

I had been in Cuba only 24 hours, but up to that time I was not unfavorably impressed. The city looked attractive, the food was passable, the people were not too badly dressed, and everybody we met seemed enthusiastic about the regime. It was not until we were leaving the university that I had my first intimation that everything was not what it seemed. I was at the tail end of our group when a Negro bumped into me. He apologized in English, and we exchanged a few conversational remarks. Then I asked him the question, "Do you have



Flabby Castro displays form at Ping-Pong. Bantering his American opponent, he said, "Remember, I can exchange you for medicine."



Crowd surrounds sputnik, in Havana for anniversary of revolution. Americans, greeted as "victims" of U.S., were guests of honor.

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"Remember," said Fidel, "all Cuba is open to you."

free speech here?" For an answer, he smiled. He just looked at me, saying nothing. Then he said, "It's very dangerous to speak against the regime. Many people are in jail for just that. The government will show you only the good things." He looked around, saw someone coming, and added, "It's dangerous to talk anymore." He quickly disappeared.

That night we were told we were to spend the next day at famous Varadero Beach. A few of the group protested. "We're not tourists," they said. "We're here to study Cuba, not beach resorts." But Levi Laub and the other leaders decided we'd go to the beach; so we went.

I'm glad we did. While we were having lunch at the Internacional Hotel, I suddenly heard people whispering, "Fidel is coming! Fidel is coming!" I got up, went out on the terrace, and, sure enough, there came the Bearded One himself, followed by six bodyguards. He was wearing a green uniform and combat boots, but he looked sloppy and sweaty—not like a prime minister of six million people. There were a few introductions, and some applause, and then Castro asked, "Anybody want to play Ping-Pong?" Several volunteered.

I thought it would be a short match. The prime minister would hit a few balls as a graceful introduction and then address us seriously. Not at all. When the long game ended, Castro called for another. Then still another. There was considerable banter during the play. At one point, Eric Johnson, a San Francisco student, was losing. "This is as bad as the Bay of Pigs," he declared.

At another point Fidel remarked, "Remember, I can always exchange you for medicine." There were a few more jokes like that, and finally Castro, warming up to the game, took off his shirt and hat. He was fat and flabby.

As each game wore on, I thought it would be the last. Then there was another. Gradually I concluded this man simply *wanted* to play Ping-Pong. At one point he played Richard Thorne and lost. He took off his shoes and called for another game. By this time I was so bored I went out to look over Castro's cars. There were three of them—1961 Oldsmobiles equipped with telephones. All were littered with debris, but on the front and back seats of each was a machine gun.

When I went back to the terrace, the game was breaking up—after two hours. Castro said casually he'd heard that some of us questioned the idea of a planned itinerary, but he urged us to follow it. "At the end of the tour, you can then see anything else you want," he said. "Remember, all Cuba is open to you!" He said he'd talk to us again at the end of the trip, but he never got around to it. Perhaps he was too busy playing Ping-Pong. Three of our leaders, however, including Levi Laub, Richard Velez and Marcus Gordon, all from New York, later got a special invitation from Castro. They went skin diving. Very little seeped back to us about this excursion, except that Castro supposedly told Laub he should send down several hundred more students.

For the next 10 days we visited schools, factories and farms endlessly. Despite the rosy picture constantly presented, a few dark spots began to appear. At the Cárdenas shipbuilding yard, for example, I talked to a man who was helping to build a fishing fleet, complete with Russian engines. "If you don't like your job, can you quit?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I must notify the Central Planning Board I want another job, and can't leave until one is assigned."

Another day, we visited a farm. I saw lots of little new concrete houses which I was told had been given to the workers. I went up to a worker and asked him if the house was his. "Yes," he replied.

"Can you sell it?"

"Oh, no."

"What happens if you change jobs?"

"I lose the house."

One evening, after listening to a particularly vicious two-hour anti-American speech by the rector of Havana University, Juan Marinello, during which my colleagues applauded wildly, I could stand it no longer. I could not oppose the group openly, but I decided to do so surreptitiously. From then on, I wandered off from the group during every visit to a school or factory, got into a discussion with Cubans who seemed misinformed, and told them the truth. It made me feel better to tell them that most Americans supported our government, that we weren't all exploited, and that few people were breathlessly waiting for the revolution. They seemed genuinely surprised to hear such things.

One day I decided to visit La Principe Prison in the hope of talking to some political prisoners. I took a taxi to the prison, knocked on the door and asked to be admitted. "I'm an American student," I said. "Fidel Castro said the country is open to me, and I'd like to see your prison." The guard seemed stunned. There was a scurrying of feet, and soon another guard appeared. I repeated my speech. Finally a warden appeared. "You can't come in without a pass," he said. I realized it was hopeless.

By this time I felt free to skip an occasional school tour and wander around Havana on my own. Everybody in the city seemed to know we were American students. One afternoon I got into conversation with a bright-looking boy of 15 whom I'll call Carlo. After a long conversation with me, he said, "Don't be fooled by what the government is showing you. You're seeing only what they want you to see." He then invited me home, where I met his family.

While we talked, Carlo kept watching the door. He was afraid the secret police might walk in. Meanwhile, his mother told me of their difficulty in getting enough food. She showed me their ration book. Each person got one two-pound chicken per month, five eggs and one pound of butter. Toothpaste and soap, like clothing, were strictly rationed.

On July 12 our group set off on a tour of the provinces by bus. The first stop was Santiago, and we were escorted into the city by motorcycle police with screeching sirens. We felt terribly important. That night there was a big reception in the town hall to which the mothers of "martyrs" killed in the revolution were invited. These sad-faced women are kept in readiness for just such occasions and are trotted out to display their grief to impress visitors. The whole thing struck me as heartless. One of our group, John Milton from San Mateo, Calif., was so carried away by the tears of the mothers that he got up and publicly apologized for what he called "the U.S. guns, the U.S. bullets and the U.S. training of Batista's soldiers."

Two days later in Santiago we were struck by our own tragedy. After a late celebration at a local carnival during which there was much drinking, someone noticed that Hector Warren Hill, a Negro artist from New York, was missing. We looked all over, and finally found him in the hotel pool—drowned. Later, we learned he was unable to swim. Messages of condolence poured in from Castro and others, and President Dorticos sent his private plane for the body, which was flown direct to New York. Castro promised to name a school for him.

We continued our trip, and on July 17 were carried in trucks high up the mountains to a school for rural schoolteachers—Minas del Frio. Here 3,500 students lived in primitive conditions, slept in hammocks and had no running water. But the reception they gave us was tremendous.

In Minas del Frio I had a chance to talk with many students privately. One of them, for example, gave me the usual picture of Cuba's "political freedom," as compared with our "servitude." "All right," I said, "but can I pass out leaflets attacking Castro?" He admitted I could not. When I asked him why, he replied, "Because it wouldn't be the truth."

Talking down dissent

One of the curious things about the trip was that although the other members of our group had seen more or less the same things I did, they seemed to come up with a different impression, both in Cuba and the United States. One night, for example, we entertained a non-Communist Greek journalist at our hotel. Allan Sheffield, a student from Berkeley, Calif., was telling him about "oppression" in America, about exploitation of Negroes, etc. Finally, I felt I had to speak out. "Look," I said to Sheffield, "do we live in the same country? I don't see all this oppression everywhere. Sure, we have a race problem, but we're facing up to it and I think we're making progress." I was promptly talked down, but the Greek seemed impressed by what I'd said. He asked me to go to a boxing match with him. "I don't understand your group," he said later. "I've been to your country, and I know what it's like. Your companions don't seem to see things as they really are here."

One day we had an interview with Ché Guevara, Castro's No. 2 man. He had a huge air-conditioned office, in the corner of which stood a Russian flag. He was wearing green fatigues and needed a haircut, but he was friendly and smiling and struck me as unusually intelligent. He asked our group for questions and got a lot of trivial ones. "Why were there so many flies?" "Why did bus drivers seem lacking in social consciousness?" "Why didn't the schools teach ancient African history?" To one of the questions ("Why can't the Trotskyites print and sell their own paper?"), he reacted strongly and, I believe, significantly.

"Get this straight!" he said. "We are a dictatorship, a *dictatorship of the proletariat*, but a dictatorship! If we allowed Trotskyites their paper, we'd have to do it for the Democrats, for the Catholics and all the rest. We can't do that."

The day of our departure had originally been set for August 3, then postponed to August 13. I thought it would never come. Before our departure, we held a joint press conference and said, in effect, that we had found everything marvelous in Cuba. On the day set, we got up for an early breakfast. Just before we left the hotel, however, I.C.A.P. President Gerald Mazzola came to make a speech. He told us how happy he was that we'd visited Cuba and how important it was to break the travel ban. Then he dropped a bombshell. "By the way," he said, "if you don't get away today, you'll be leaving by next week."

I was stunned, and I think most of us were. When we complained, we were told that Cubana Airlines had had a breakdown, and space was limited. "I know you're anxious to get home," said Mazzola. "We're doing our best."

We waited from day to day. By this time I'd long since found out what I'd come on the trip to learn. I knew, for example, that Progressive Laborites were the driving force behind our costly junket, but I also knew that almost everybody else in our group had come to Cuba with preconceived notions, and nothing could budge them. I also felt that they would not succeed in breaking the travel ban, nor should they.

It was August 25 before we actually left. During the last several days I had only one wash-and-wear shirt left (I'd given everything else away), which I washed and rewashed. To make matters worse, the water in our hotel was off the last two days. "They're fixing a pipe somewhere in Havana," explained the hotel clerk airily. For all I know, the water is still off down there.

After a final 10-hour delay at the airport, we finally took off in an Iberian Airlines plane, bound for Madrid. I knew we'd put down in Bermuda, and I determined to get off and fly home direct.

When we got there, I called Gordon Hall who told me that a government official he'd been in touch with had told him to get me off the plane. I talked with the Bermuda officials and finally managed to convince them it was important for me to leave for home immediately.

When I got on an American jet, I suddenly entered another world. I could hardly believe what I saw. Here were relaxed, happy people, piled high with baskets of gifts and souvenirs, laughing and joking. Dirty and unshaven, I sat among them, shaking my head and not quite believing where I was. I kept wondering over and over again if these people really knew what they had. When we landed at Idlewild, several government men boarded the plane. "Relax, Barry," said one of them with a smile. "You're home again!"

THE END

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Returning students wave passports at New York airport, where most staged a sit-down and refused to let officials stamp documents "Not Valid."

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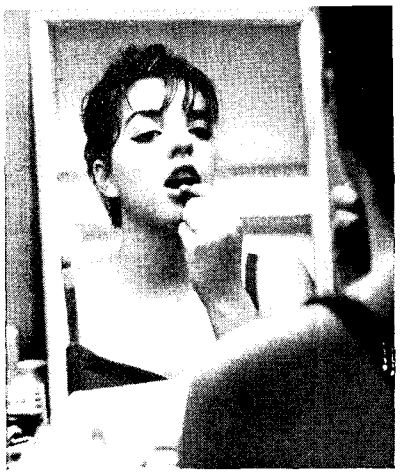

Liza primps in her dressing room.

By Normand Poirier

MOMMA'S GIRL

Judy Garland's daughter Liza, uncalloused by a childhood filled with family crises, aims for the big time after scoring a rousing hit in her first show-business fling.

The telephone rang. She picked it up, frowning slightly, but when she heard her mother's voice, her eyes widened and she leaped with excitement. "Momma! Is that you, Momma? I'm so *glad* you called."

She hugged the phone to her ear with both hands. ". . . yes . . . yes . . . I love you, too . . ." Slowly, she sat on a chair, careful not to miss a word. Then she threw her head back and burst into laughter. "Oh, Momma, you're too *much*. Oh, that's just great, Momma." She stamped her feet on the floor in elation. Then the smile faded. One hand left the phone and she bit a nail. The hand was trembling. "Yes. . . . I did the song at a fashion show, and they gave me a standing ovation. . . . You mean now? All right. . . ."

She bit her lower lip nervously, then began singing the ballad *Suddenly*, not softly, but in full voice as she would on a stage. When she finished, she listened, then giggled. "Really, Momma? . . . You're wonderful to say that, Momma. . . ." And she rocked back and forth in delight. Finally, she hung up, threw her arms into the air and exclaimed, "What a morale booster she is. Wow!"

Momma was Judy Garland, speaking from her home in Beverly Hills. The girl on the other end of the line was Liza Minnelli, speaking from her apartment in New York. Liza is 17 now and bent on a show-business career. She has sought that career since last fall when Momma and Poppa—Hollywood director Vincente Minnelli, the second of Judy's three husbands—agreed to let her journey to New York. Incredibly, Liza was settled in a career even before she was settled in an apartment. Within six months she scored a solid critical success with her singing, dancing and acting in the smash off-Broadway revival of *Best Foot Forward;* charmed television watchers of the Ed Sullivan and Jack Paar shows; and recorded, besides her show's original cast album, successful singles of *You Are for Loving* and *One Summer Love*. In addition, she fell in love, broke a foot, and lost 17 pounds. After withdrawing recently from *Best Foot Forward*, she found herself in the agreeable position of choosing among numerous Broadway and Hollywood offers. Her professional impact has been so resounding, in fact, that some people have started to omit the appendage, "Judy Garland's daughter."

There is, nevertheless, more than a trace of Judy Garland in Liza. Her laugh is an echo of her mother's. She sounds exactly like Judy when she wants to, impersonations perfect to the quaver, although she does have her own voice and style. Even so, in every song several notes ring out as pure Garland. She has her mother's figure too—broad-shouldered, full-bosomed, no-hipped; though at five feet, four and one-half inches, Liza is three inches taller. And there is a hint of resemblance to her mother in the face, most strikingly around the deep dark-brown eyes.

Despite a childhood punctuated by Momma's crises—crises over illness, over sleeping pills and get-thin pills and wake-up pills, career crises and marital crises with their highly publicized separation suits, divorce suits, custody suits, libel suits—Liza has managed to emerge with her psyche unstunted. It is said that her mother always kept her well-wrapped with love.

Only when she speaks of Hollywood does her easy laughter give way to cold rancor. "Hollywood is the rattiest place in the world," she says, and she can document it to her satisfaction. She is well-versed in her mother's career—the 12-hour days, the six-day weeks, month after month for 16 years, only to be dropped, broke. She herself has stood on sets and watched her mother reduced to tears in violent arguments over how a song should be sung.

"They say Momma's hard to work with, temperamental and all. But I've been with her and listened to her try to explain how you couldn't *do* a song such and such a way because it didn't make sense," she said, her tone getting angrier as she remembered the scene. "But they had to do it their way every time. Well, she'd just walk off to her dressing room and wait there till they saw it her way." There was a look of triumph in her face when she ended.

A case of seashell shock

To Liza, Hollywood was summed up the day she watched another girl singing star stand weeping from humiliation as two prop men sloshed plaster on her naked chest as a base for a costume of seashells. "That poor girl was so embarrassed she was sobbing out loud. They didn't care. They are really ratty," she said scornfully. "There's no decency, no respect, not the slightest bit of privacy. They know everything about you. And I mean *everything!*"

And yet her childhood—and she spent the first 13 years of it in Hollywood—was a happy one. "At least I always *thought* I was happy," she added. She remembers the playful song-and-dance routines at home with her mother and her mother's friends. She remembers parading around the house with Dean Martin's daughter, Gail, in replica costumes, especially made for Liza, from her father's *An American in Paris* movie. Her parents were divorced when she was six but she spent a lot of time with her father. "I was always on the lots with him or Momma, just running around and chattering with everybody," she says. She remembers when she was seven and Momma was playing the Palace in New York, and halfway through her show Momma called her out from the wings to introduce her to the audience. "We did *Swanee* together. I did a little strut while Momma sang. The manager gave me five dollars, and Momma framed it. I guess that was my professional debut."

There was no talk of a career in those days because her mother had waspish views about careers for children. "I think a career robs youngsters of too many things. It's too competitive," she once said. "They should have proms and football games and all the fun of growing up. I was on stage from the age of two. I don't regret it. But it's a very lonesome life."

Liza learned about some of the loneliness just being close to her mother's career from the age of 13 to 16. Judy was riding her second tidal wave of success, and it carried Liza to a succession of new homes—and schools—in Paris, London, Switzerland and Scarsdale, a wealthy suburb near New York. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "the loneliest times in my life have been the first few weeks that I spent in a new school." She has been to eight schools in 11 years.

"The kind of childhood I had can make you or break you," said Liza, puffing on a cigarette, "and yet I seem to be all in one piece. I've had knocks," she confessed, alluding to Momma's crises, to her lonely weeks in strange schools, "but I'm not sure it's not better to have them when you're young. At least it teaches you how to handle them when they come later. I mean take those kids at Scarsdale. They all go to grade school together, and then to high school together, and then they go off to college together and everything's fine. But then *boing* . . ." and she feigned a punch to the nose, "they get a knock from life, and they don't know how to handle it. And you're going to get knocks sooner or later, right?"

It was in Paris last fall that she decided to try for a career in show business. "I was taking a course at the Sorbonne in *Cee-vee-lee-zah-sion Frahn-çaise*," she enunciated in French, with difficulty and mild contempt, "and I was bored! I knew what I wanted to do and I had it out with myself. I wanted to live in New York on my own and take lessons in singing and dancing and acting and see if I could *do* anything."

She flew to New York and discussed the idea with her father. "Poppa has always listened to me," she said. "He listens patiently and he tries to understand your problems." Minnelli told her if her mother would agree to her plan, he would too.

Liza flew to Las Vegas, where Momma was performing, and broached the idea to her, gently. "She said 'yes' right away, and I almost fell off the chair!" Liza said, flapping her arms backward and slumping in the chair in mock amazement.

Meanwhile, Arthur Whitelaw, a 23-year-old producer, was casting *Best Foot Forward*, and he wanted to use the child of a star for box-office luster. "Momma was so great when I told her I had a chance to audition for the show," Liza said. "I wasn't sure if she'd let me. I'd only been living in New York a month. I called, and you should have heard her! She got so nervous, and she started telling *me* to relax and remember my poise and not get nervous and what was I going to sing and should she fly out special arrangements. . . . Wow, she was funny. She was a nervous wreck!"

Liza was 20 minutes late for the audition, and she was frightened. She sang two numbers—*The*

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Judy Garland, who caught second-night performance of "Best Foot Foward," supplies a sheltering shoulder for beaming daughter, Liza Minnelli.

Way You Look Tonight and *They Can't Take That Away From Me*—and Whitelaw recalls, "I decided right on the spot that she was the girl I needed."

Rehearsals went off smoothly enough until the night of the first run-through, which was also the eve of her taping her first network TV performance—the Jack Paar show. Liza tripped on a loose board in the TV Theater and broke a bone in her left foot. It had to be encased in plaster. She was tired, in pain and nervous, but just before airtime her mother called from London and said, "If you're going on, then make sure the audience sees the cast. They'll love it." That calmed her down. But minutes later, she mashed three fingers in a ladies'-room door. She cried for five minutes. Finally, she composed herself and told Whitelaw, "Give me a Miltown," and went on to give a superb performance.

Because of the foot, the opening of *Best Foot Forward* had to be delayed three weeks. Her father was in his seat that night but her mother, who had been vacationing in the Bahamas, was not. "I kept looking for her through the whole first act," Liza said. "At intermission I called her at her hotel, and she made a big thing about somebody telling her the opening was the *next* night," Liza said, a knowing smile on her face. "But I know the real reason she didn't come was because she didn't want to draw any of the attention away from me. You know, the press would have cared more about who Momma was with and all that jazz. But when we got to Sardi's after the show there was this huge bottle of champagne waiting for us with a little note from Momma."

Her mother saw the show the next night. "Oh, did I cry," Judy recalls. "I cried and I cried. I was so proud of my baby. She had worked so hard and done it all alone. And you know Liza's the first one of us to do this. I never had a Broadway show. All I had were variety shows."

This fall Liza, now living temporarily in her mother's home in Santa Monica, Calif., will appear on at least two shows of her mother's new CBS-TV series. Six months ago she would have approached the task with misgivings. She would have said—as she did to a girl who invited her to a party last January—"You don't want Liza Minnelli, you want Judy Garland's daughter."

That attitude has changed with her success. "When you're seven or eight or nine you don't really care who your Momma and Poppa are. Just so you have them and they love you. And when you're ten you go around telling everybody 'I'm Judy Garland's daughter!' because you want everybody to love you. I know I used to. And then when you're about fourteen you want everybody to love you because you're *you* and *not* Judy Garland's daughter, so you keep it quiet. You don't tell *anybody* who you are. Well, I guess you grow out of that stage too.

"Walter Slezak, whose Poppa was a star, an opera star, once told me, 'A famous Momma can open a lot of doors for you, but there's nothing she can do for you between eight-thirty and eleven.' And that's very true. And it's the *important* time, right? Between eight-thirty and eleven? I mean, they may come to see me because I'm Judy Garland's daughter at first, but if they go away liking me, that's me, right?" THE END

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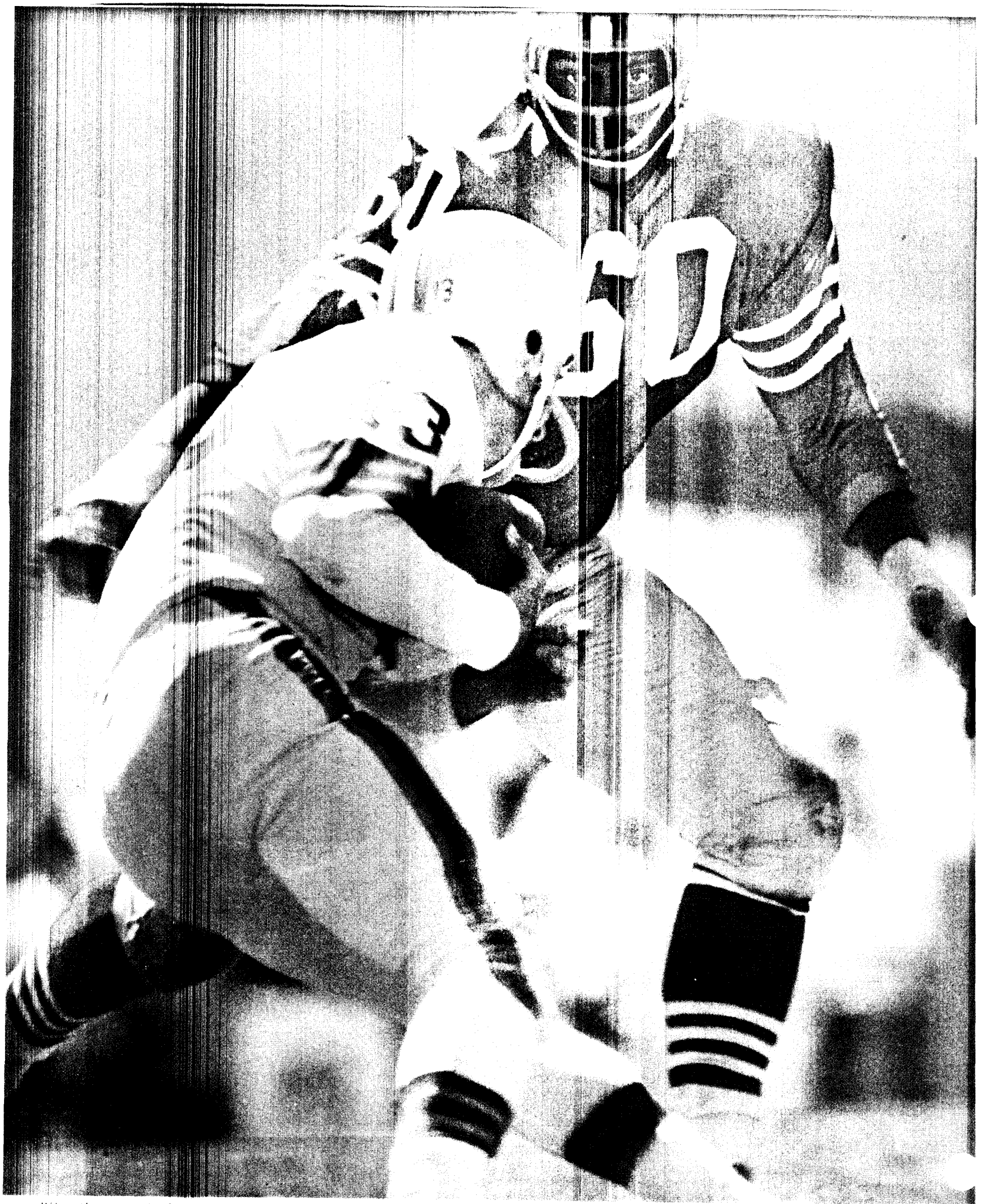

When the quarterback is forced to run, and big linemen like San Francisco's Roland Lakes (6-4, 263 pounds) take aim, there is an anxious moment.

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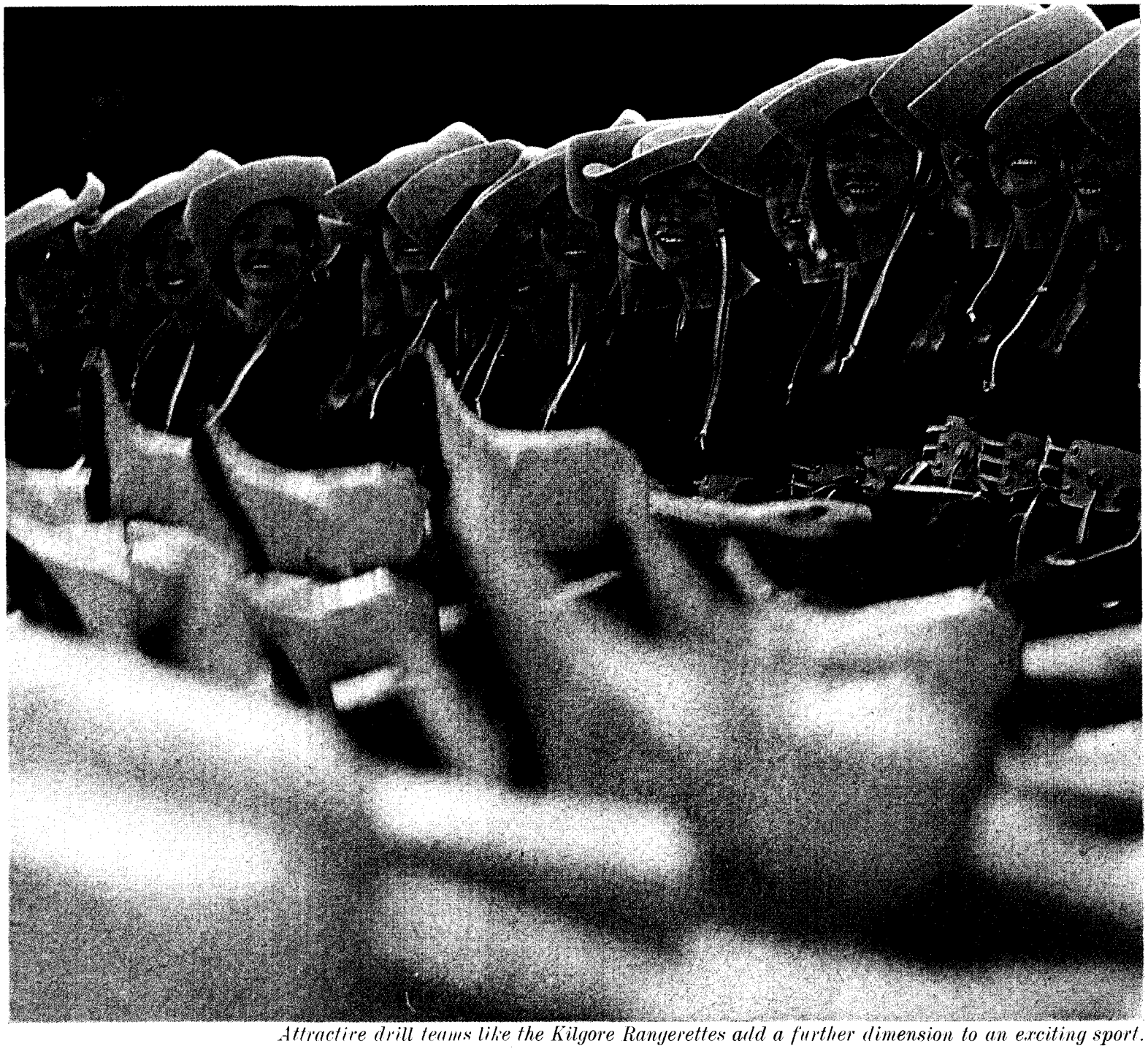
Football's grind and glitter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER

Huge linemen, clever quarterbacks and high-kicking girls help to create a colorful, profitable spectacle.



Attractive drill teams like the Kilgore Rangerettes add a further dimension to an exciting sport.

One night last August at the peak of the baseball season, 83,218 people jammed Cleveland's Municipal Stadium to watch an unusual sporting event: a pro-football double-header. In five hours of play, the New York Giants defeated the Detroit Lions 24–21, and the Baltimore Colts beat the home team, Cleveland Browns, 21–7. This exhibition, and the ardent crowd which came to be thrilled and to let off steam, is but one indication of the big boom in football—professional and collegiate. This fall, across the nation, some 27 million tickets will be sold for a total of $75 million at 2,800 games. Many will howl at the sight of such spectacle, but few will see the contests from the vantage point of Lawrence Schiller's cameras, the results of which are shown on these and the following pages.

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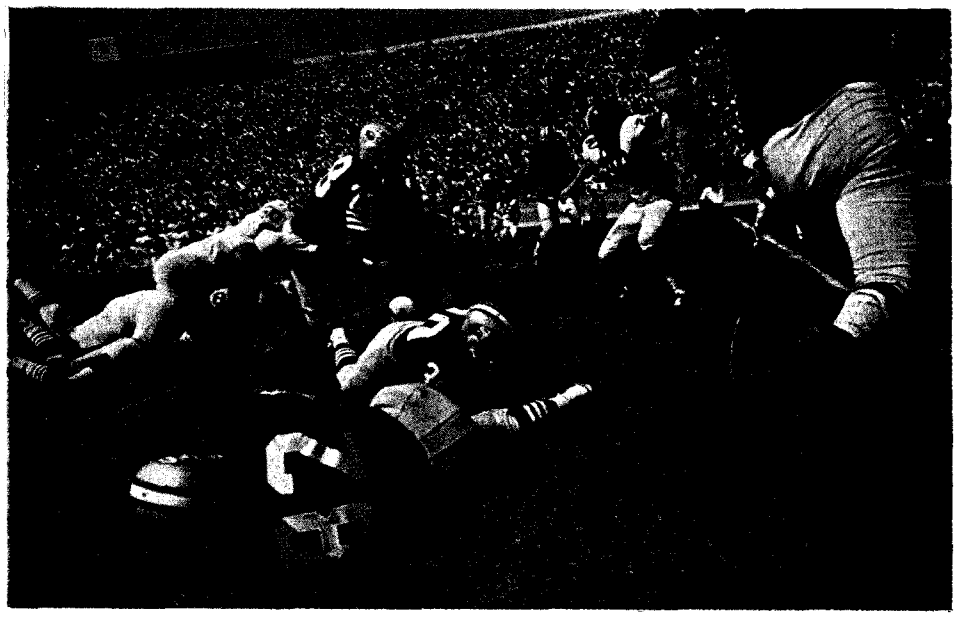
For the first time: a playing-field view



Players sprawl as San Francisco's Bobby Gaiters drives into the Cleveland line.

Referee with remote camera which made unusual photographs on these pages.

Field camera records the action as S

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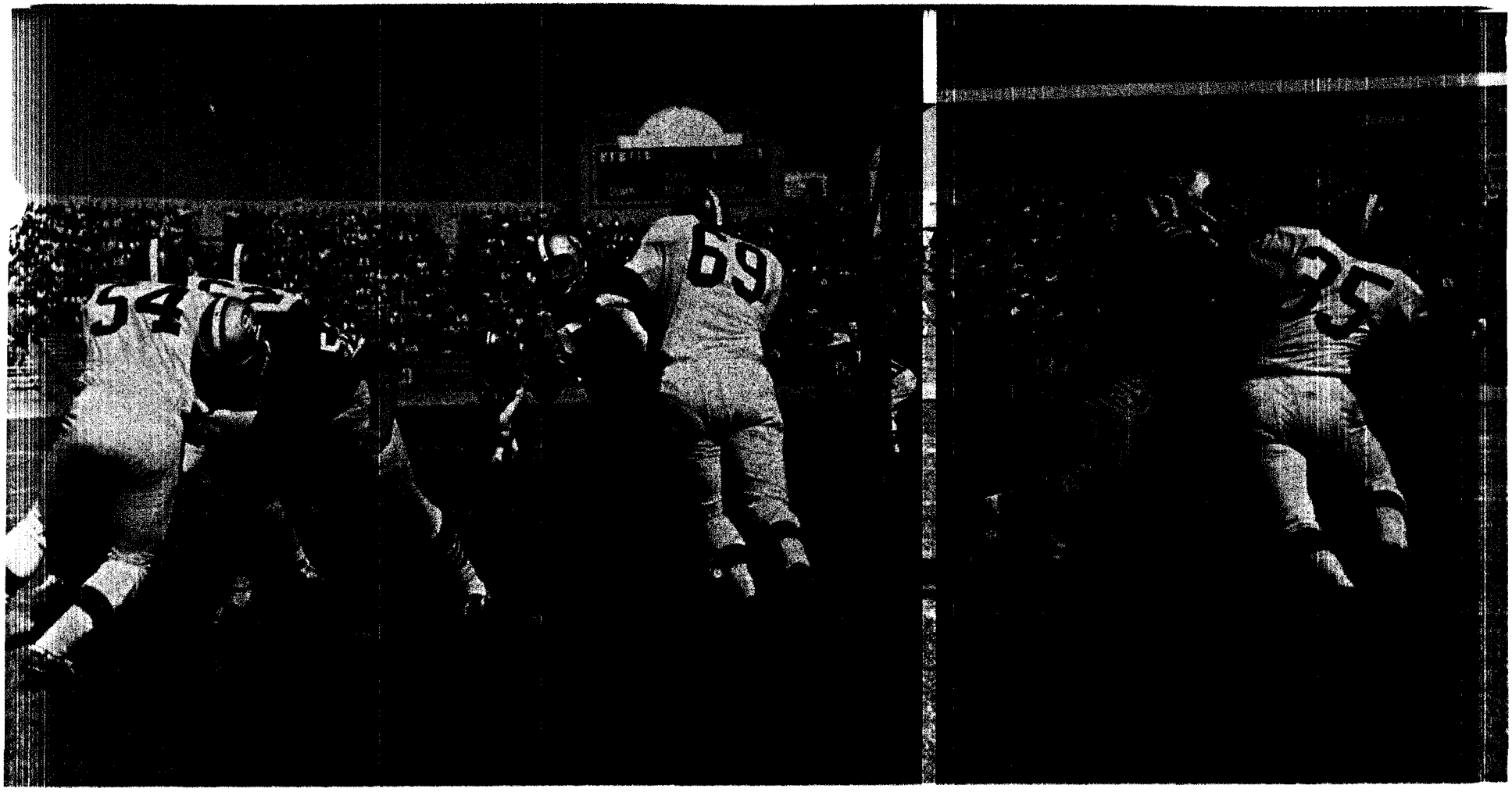

Francisco's Tommy Davis punts, and the defensive team pounds downfield with one thought uppermost: hit the receiver quick and hard.

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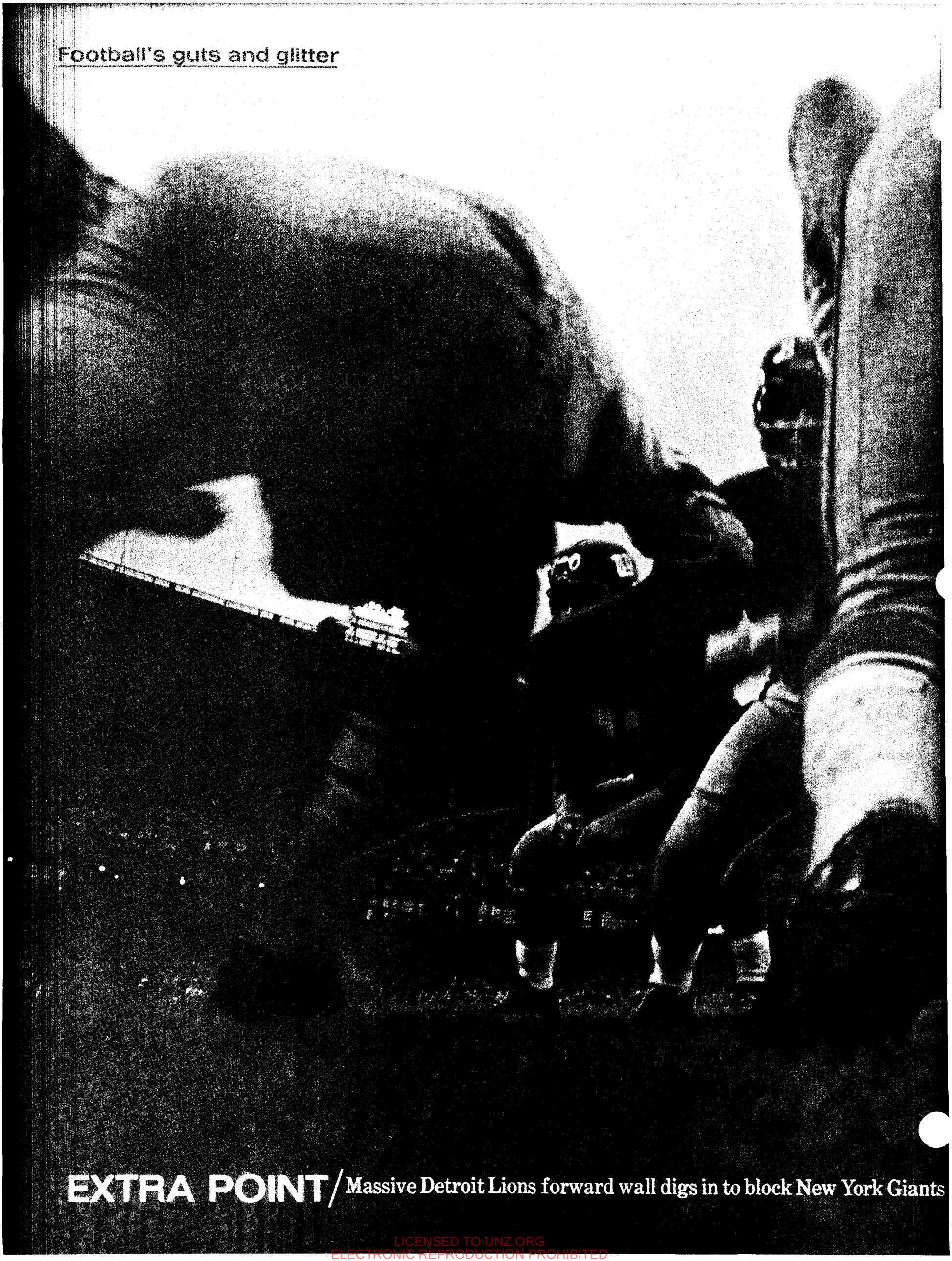
Football's guts and glitter



EXTRA POINT/ Massive Detroit Lions forward wall digs in to block New York Giants

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attempt to add point after touchdown. The kick was good, and the Giants went on to win, 24-21.

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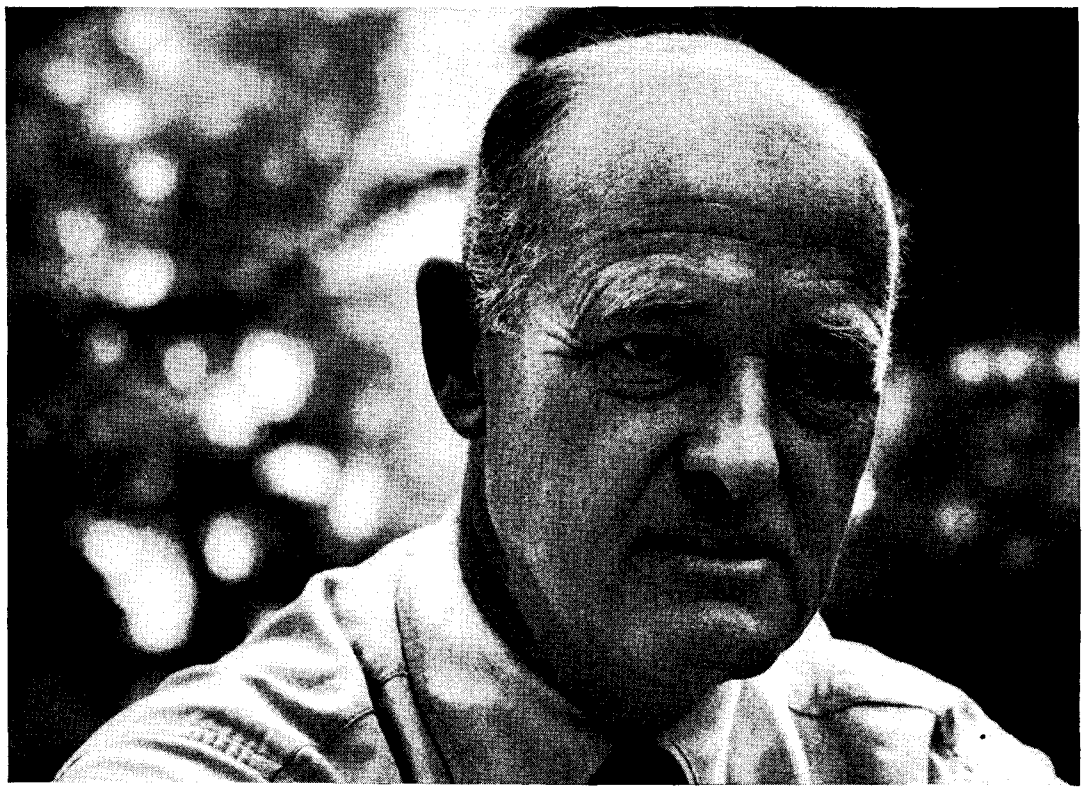

Pulitzer Prize-winning author Kennan served as American ambassador to Soviet Russia.

Can we deal with Moscow?

As Khrushchev and China trade insults, an expert tells how we might profit.

By George F. Kennan

Each of the two world wars of this century ended with Communists seizing power in one of the world's great countries. At the end of World War I it was Russia; after World War II it was China. In each case this was partly the result of our own wartime policies. We had found it hard, in each instance, to recognize more than one enemy at a time. We insisted on ascribing an absolute value to our conflict with that enemy, so that anyone who sided with him was bad in our eyes, and anyone who opposed him was good.

These two regimes, the Russian Communists and the Chinese Communists, have now come into serious conflict with each other, and we again face more than one enemy. What does this conflict mean to us, and how should we react to it?

When we set out to answer this question, we must be careful not to lose our way in the polemic that seems to go on endlessly between the Chinese and Soviet Communist leaders. It is all cast in the highly unreal terms of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine. It sounds like people talking in a dream. In this Marxist dreamworld the various actors are either pure and high-minded heroes called "the proletariat" or "the masses," on the one hand, or evil forces called "the bourgeoisie" or "the imperialists" on the other. It has almost nothing to do with the real world we live in.

This is not an argument in which we can usefully participate. For it is we as a nation, and sometimes our allies as well, who are cast in the role of the imaginary villains, "the imperialists." To participate in an argument which starts from such assumptions is just another way of trying to answer the question, "When did you stop beating your wife?" But we should not let either party to this controversy forget the heavy responsibilities which any group of governmental leaders takes upon itself when it adopts a language that slanders entire nations, their ideals and their traditions. Obviously, we must never relax our guard as long as people continue, for reasons of their own political convenience, to talk about us in this reckless and offensive way. At the same time, while we cannot get ourselves involved in this argument in the literal sense, we have to recognize that much of this verbal facade conceals real differences between the two regimes, and ones in which we have an important stake.

The Soviet-Chinese conflict has a wide variety of causes, some reflecting the traditional national interests of the two countries, some reflecting different stages of the revolutionary process, some reflecting differences in the relationship between the two regimes and their peoples.

There is one general difference that strikes the eye immediately when one reads through the voluminous Soviet-Chinese exchanges. This relates to the degree of flexibility in interpretation and application of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine.

The Chinese simply parrot, faithfully and unimaginatively, the sort of thing Lenin was saying in 1910. It is clear that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since that time. With the Russians it is different. There is still a great deal of unreality in what they have to say, but one does see very important points at which they have recognized that this is a changing world. Of the two approaches, the Russian is the more encouraging and hopeful one from the standpoint of the prospects for world peace. The dangerous issues of the Cold War will never be entirely cleared away until people on both sides are willing to look objectively at the realities of this world. Perhaps the Russians have not come very far in this direction, but they have come much farther than the Chinese. And since almost all hopeful things have small beginnings, we should not be contemptuous of this one.

There is no place where this tendency of the Russians to adjust their thinking to reality is more important to us than in the approach to the problem of war. Both the Russian and the Chinese Communists profess their enthusiasm for civil wars, or for wars between colonies and mother countries, wherever these would be likely to

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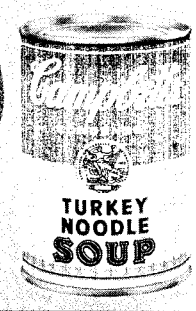

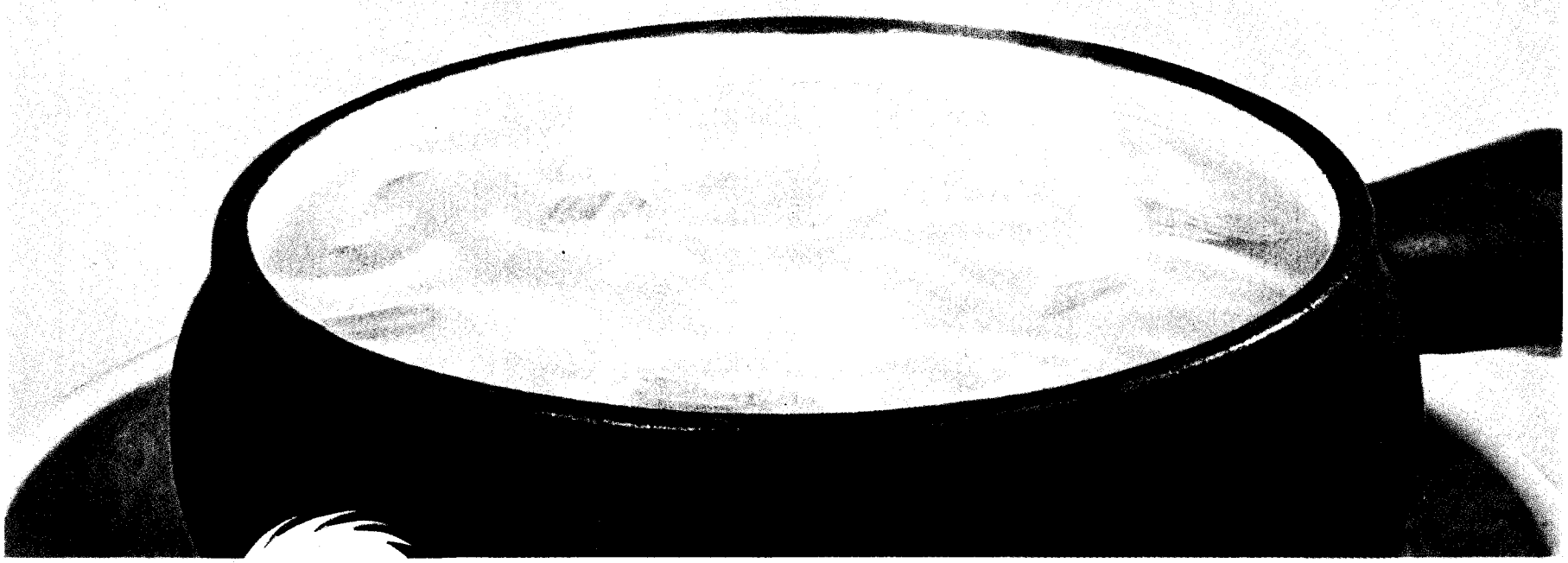

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The Chinese position is dangerous for everyone, including China.

SINO-SOVIET CONFLICT

weaken the power of "the imperialists." But when it comes to the question of general wars, the opinions of the two parties differ.

The Russians, who know something about the destructive power of nuclear weapons, who have spent four decades building up their country, and who feel they have a good deal to lose, have no desire to suffer the fearful devastation of an atomic war. Not only do they recognize the suicidal destructiveness of any war fought with nuclear weapons but they know that it would be *their* country which would certainly be the main target of long-range nuclear attack, if only because it is their country which today possesses the effective nuclear weapons.

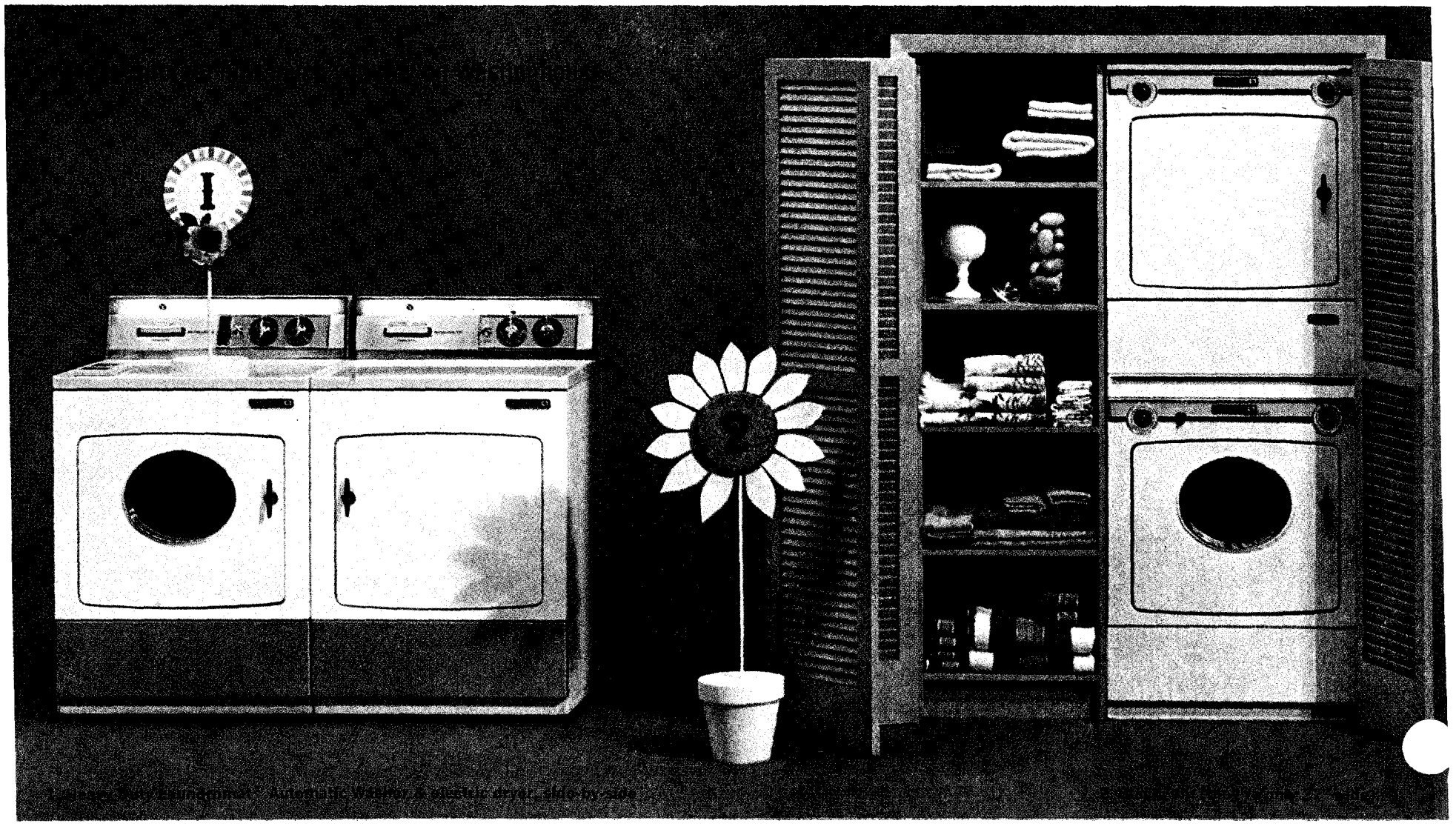
The Chinese, on the other hand, would evidently not be displeased to witness a nuclear war in which Russia and the United States would be the leading participants and the leading sufferers. Such a development could be expected to end with the elimination of the United States as an impediment to Chinese expansion in Asia, and of Russia as a competitor for influence within the world Communist movement. To be sure, there would be some danger that China, too, might become involved and get hurt. But the Russians could be expected to attract the main blow. China's overpopulation and the primitiveness of her economy would help her to sustain whatever injury she suffered. With her two giant competitors destroyed or dreadfully weakened, the Chinese leaders could expect to have a relatively easy time in winning the power they covet.

America's stake in this difference between the Communist powers is obvious. That the Russian Communists should have come to the conclusion that they must at all costs avoid such a nuclear war, and that they should be determined to observe a certain prudence in their statesmanship in order to avoid it, may not be everything, but it is a fact of tremendous importance. It does not alter the arrogant and belligerent disposition of the Chinese leaders. But it reduces the danger of a nuclear conflict with Russia herself. And as long as the Russians maintain this position, it delays—if it does not entirely prevent—the advance of Communist China into the ranks of the first-class nuclear powers.

A sound American policy will therefore take care to demonstrate to the Russians that America will reciprocate any efforts by anyone to reduce the danger of a proliferation of nuclear weaponry and the development of military conflicts in which such weapons would come into play. This has been wisely recognized by our statesmen in the case of the recent nuclear test-ban treaty. Both in content and in timing, the conclusion of this treaty can stand as an example of the way in which we can best influence the Soviet-Chinese conflict—namely, by demonstrating to the Russians, and to anyone else who may be interested, that discussion and negotiation with us provide a more hopeful solution to Russia's problems, or to those of any other Communist country, than do concessions to the misanthropic and hopeless attitudes of the Chinese Communist leaders.

An East-West compromise

This entire question of the possibility of an East-West accommodation plays a vital part in the controversy between Moscow and Peking. The Russians have recognized that real military security can be provided for their country only by some sort of arrangements with the western powers, designed to limit the danger of nuclear war. They also realize that, in addition to the weapons race itself, there are certain political conflicts with western powers which are dangerous to everyone concerned, and where it is to their interests to reach some sort of a compromise settlement. They cannot agree with the western governments on how human society ought to be organized. The principles of Communism have with them the status of articles of personal faith; and they are not prepared to place these principles on the table as an object of negotiation. But they are prepared to make practical agreements within limited and



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specific fields, where they see this as conducive to their security and their interests.

The Chinese leaders, on the other hand, fear anything in the nature of a reduction of Cold War tensions. They view with horror the idea of any agreements at all between the Russians and the western powers. They need the Cold War, and they need it in its coldest and most menacing form. They need it internally, as an excuse for the cruel dictatorship which they practice on their own people, and without which they would not be able to remain in power. They also need it externally, as a device for tying the Russians tightly to their own policies. Unable, within any short space of time, to develop China into a major economic and military power through China's own resources, and unable to tap western resources except at the cost of an intolerable loss of face, they have no chance for realizing their dreams of early military industrialization unless they can have access to Soviet resources and receive Soviet military support. But the Soviet leaders do not wish to see their country milked indefinitely for the benefit of the Chinese. The Chinese know that the Russians will not submit to anything of this sort unless they are deprived of every other alternative. The possibility of an accommodation with the West presents just the sort of alternative which could relieve the Russians of the necessity of yielding to Chinese demands. Both the Russians and the Chinese understand this very well. It explains why the Russians are interested in holding open the lines of negotiation with the western powers. It explains why the Chinese are so frantically fearful of an East-West accommodation, and so determined to see the Cold War maintained and intensified.

Here again the American interest with respect to this controversy is unmistakable. The Chinese position is reckless, irresponsible and dangerous for everyone, including China herself. The Soviet position, on the other hand, is not satisfactory. It embraces many hesitations, many inhibitions, many residual elements of unreality and hostility toward the western people. But it also embraces the beginnings of a recognition that Communist and non-Communist countries can have common interests in specific and limited fields, and that it can be useful to come to agreement at points where their interests coincide.

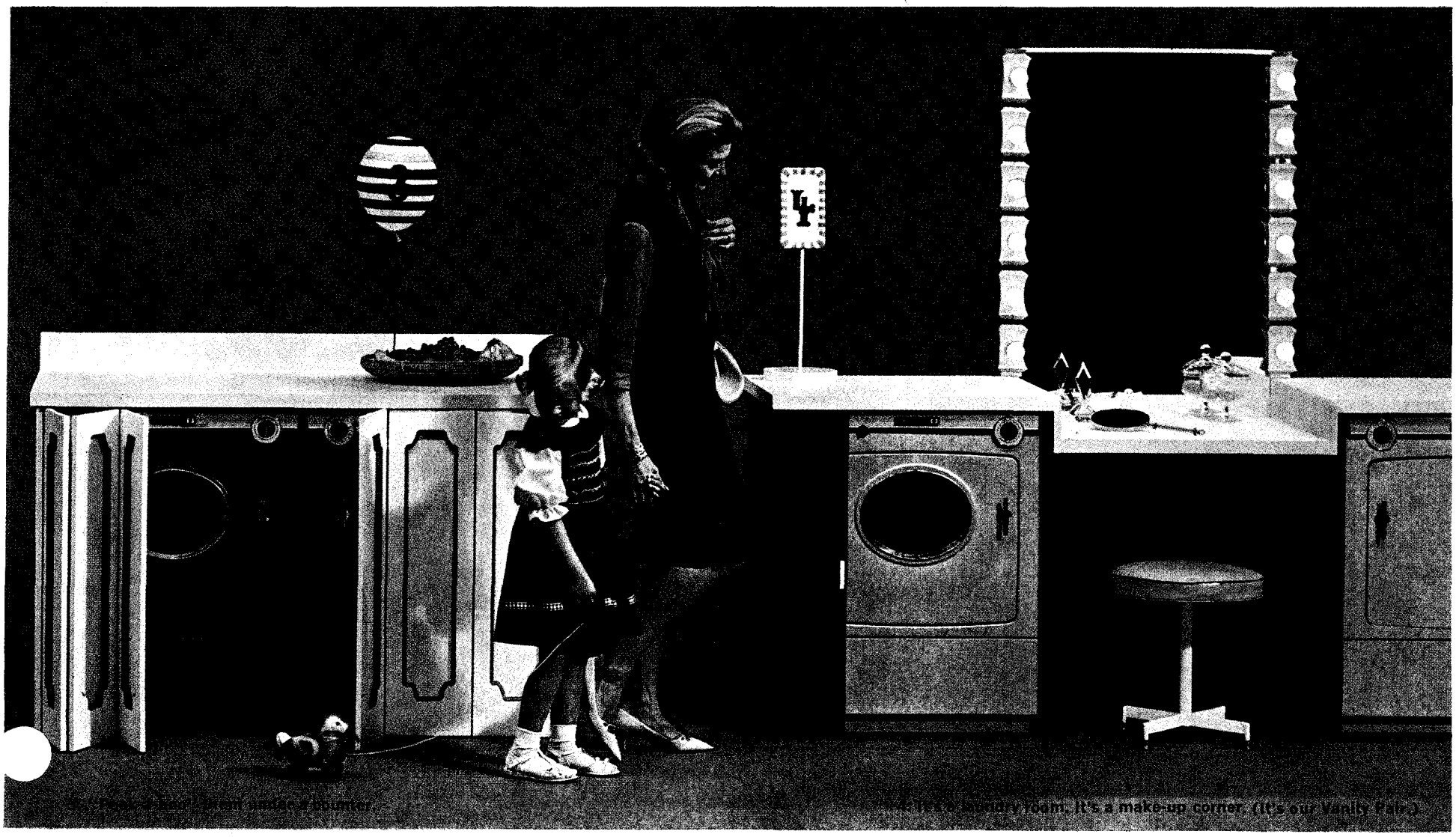
Trust and political reality

There are many people who will react to these points by raising the anxious questions: How far can we trust the Russian Communist leaders, even in these limited areas? How sincere are they? Can anyone depend on their word, even if they enter into such agreements?

The question as to how far you can "trust" Russian Communist leaders (or any other foreign statesmen for that matter) reflects a very common confusion about the meaning of the word "trust" in international affairs. Mr. Khrushchev and his associates have never entered into any bond of faith with us. It is not our country they are citizens of. It is not the interests of our people that they represent. They have never pretended to agree with us. They are political leaders. They are playing a political game. Their conduct, like that of other politicians, reflects partly their own individual ambitions in a competitive environment, and partly the interests of the political party to which they belong. The only thing we can trust them to do is to be faithful to these ambitions and interests, as they understand them.

But such interests are not always and in all circumstances in conflict with our own. We must get over the naïve concept that whenever you have a rival or an adversary in international life, the conflict of interests is always total, so that nothing can be good for him which is not bad for you, and vice versa. Life is not that simple. Even between adversaries there are always areas in which interests coincide, just as between friends there are always certain areas in which interests conflict.

There are times and occasions when, for one reason or another, the Soviet leaders may want substantially the same things we want, within limited areas. It would obviously have been easier, in many ways, for the Russians not to have to disagree with the Chinese before the eyes of the world public, and not to take upon themselves the burden of concluding a test-ban treaty and defending it against Chinese Communist criticism. If they signed this treaty, it was because they found it to be in their own interests. We need not, therefore, look only for trickery every time they say anything with which we can agree. Trickery exists, too, and one has to be on guard against it, but it is not the only motive that can cause our adversaries to say things and do things that



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The Russian attitude allows at least a chance of avoiding war.

SINO-SOVIET CONFLICT

we find helpful to the cause of world peace.

Our greatest hope for the future lies in the possibility that as time goes on, more and more things which seem to us to be in our interests will also seem to various Communist leaders to be in theirs. This is something we can influence, to some extent, by the way we conduct our diplomacy. We can use our imaginations to devise proposals compatible with our own security which will hold some advantage for them as well. We can exert ourselves not just to show that aggression is profitless but also to show that they can profit by accommodation.

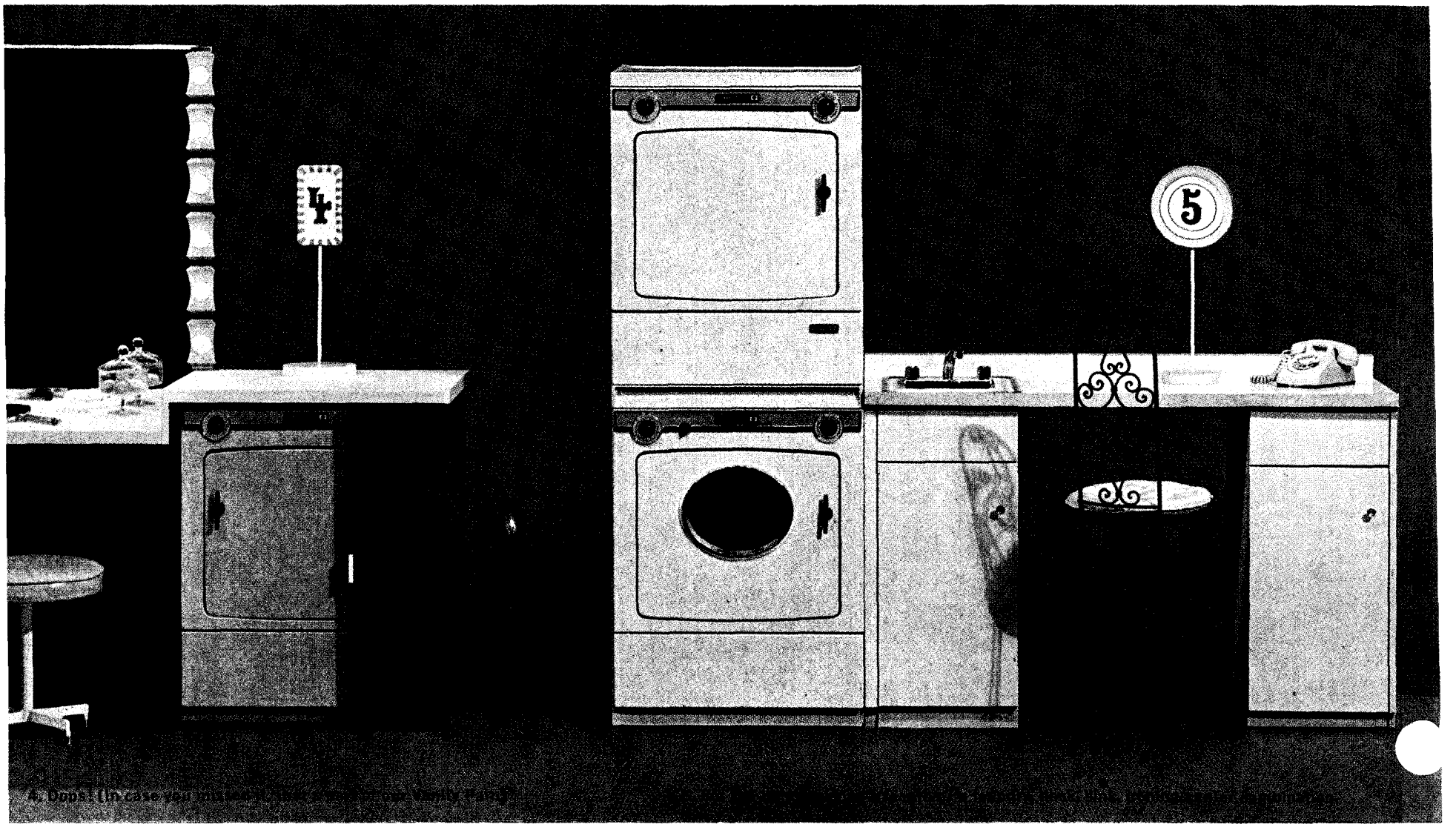
As for the willingness of the Soviet leaders to live up to agreements they sign, we must remember that international agreements are not exactly like contracts in domestic law. The foreign-office archives of the great powers are full of dusty treaties which have never been formally denounced or abrogated, but which everybody recognizes as being no longer relevant. This is not something new. It did not begin with Communism. We would be very naïve and legalistic indeed if we expected any important contractual engagement with a Communist power to outlast the specific circumstances which made it appear advantageous to the parties concerned. We operate in a rapidly changing world. It is up to us to protect ourselves against the effects of change on any engagements we enter into. But this should not blind us to the fact that situations do sometimes arise in which other governments have an interest in accepting obligations toward us and abiding by these obligations over prolonged periods of time; and it should not prevent us from taking advantage of such situations when they arise and as long as they endure.

We must also remember that agreements with other governments can often be made to some extent self-enforcing, in the sense that you build into the agreement the sanctions against its violation. You say in effect, "This is what we agree to, and so long as you do your part in observing it, we do the same. But if you fail to observe it, we specifically reserve the right to take such-and-such steps to protect our interests."

The fact is that there is a wide gap between a naïve credulity which places childlike faith in the willingness of another government to remain indefinitely faithful to a written undertaking, regardless of the development of the background situation, and a diseased suspiciousness which rejects every possibility of agreement because of the ever-present possibility that the other fellow might violate it. In a world where a combination of the nuclear-weapons race and unlimited political tension together cause the greatest danger humanity has ever faced, the dangers of oversuspiciousness are probably even greater than those of overcredulity. But both extremes are dangerous in some degree, and neither is necessary. Between them there lies an area, narrow today but increasing—we hope—with time, in which agreements between Communist and non-Communist powers are both possible and useful. And it would be frivolous for any government to neglect this area, because it is just here that the greatest possibilities for the avoidance of a world catastrophe are probably to be found.

The fear of independence

There is one more feature of the Soviet-Chinese conflict in which we, as Americans, have an important interest. This is the effect which the positions of the two antagonists have on other Communist governments and parties. The Chinese have had, since Stalin's death, an ambiguous and contradictory position with regard to the discipline of the Communist bloc. On the one hand, they like to reserve to themselves the privilege of making their own decisions and charting out their own "path to socialism." On the other hand, they have a lively fear of tendencies toward independence on the part of the East European satellites, because they are afraid, with good reason, that these countries, if given any latitude of action, will seek some form of accommodation with



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the West and will encourage the Russians to do the same. The Soviet leadership, by contrast, obviously believes that the "socialist camp" is strong enough today to stand a good deal in the way of diversity and independence of approach. Khrushchev's acceptance of the Yugoslav leaders as respectable friends, even though they are not military allies, has encouraged the various satellite leaders to begin to think for themselves, and to try to devise foreign and domestic policies which meet their specific needs.

The loosening-up of the former Stalinist disciplinary structure of the Communist bloc has recently gone further than is generally realized in the West. Several Communist countries have already established a considerable latitude of independence in devising their own policies, foreign and domestic. With each such advance the number of precedents and choices is increased for Communist parties further afield. There is already not just one "path to socialism," there are at least four or five of them, each of which is being followed by one or another of the Communist countries.

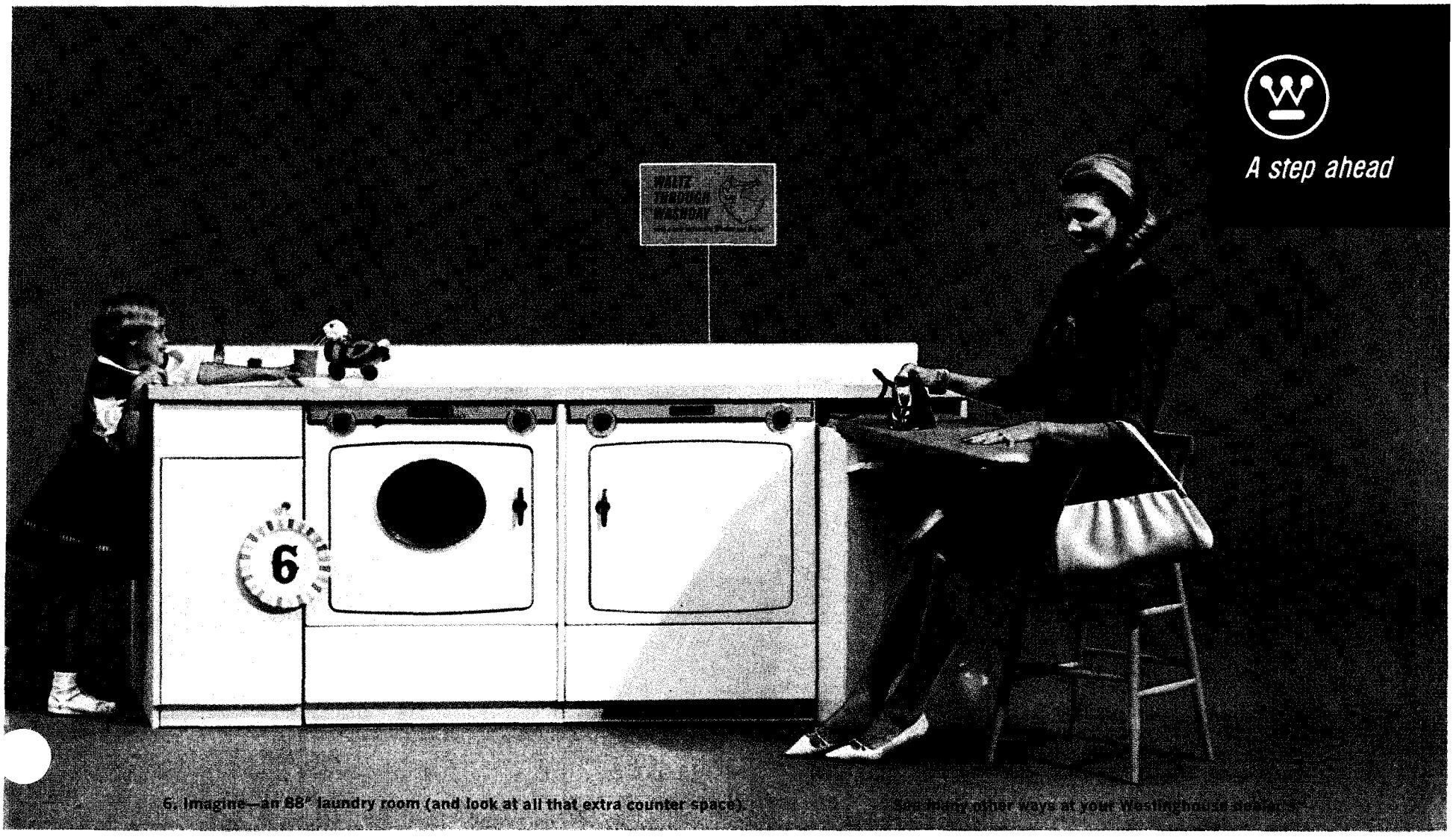
The position the Russians are taking in their dispute with the Chinese implies a continuation of this trend, whereas the Chinese position implies a desperate effort to reverse it. This state of affairs is a reflection of a considerable sense of strength on the part of the Russians, and a great sense of weakness on the part of the Chinese. But this does not mean that the Russian position is necessarily bad for us. A great power will often act with greater moderation and maturity if it feels itself strong than if it feels itself weak. No one who hopes for an avoidance of nuclear war and who wants to see international life return to something like a normal condition can be anything other than pleased with the loosening-up of the Communist bloc. What is needed from us, in the face of this loosening, is not a fatuous fawning on any Communist regime that shows the first signs of independence. There is no need for us to forget the ideological hostility of these regimes toward ourselves, or to conceal our disapproval of the way they rule over their respective peoples.

The margin between extremes

But we must not fly to the other extreme of conveying to them the impression that we have no interest in their independence at all and that we have no intention of reciprocating any movement on their part toward more mature and moderate policies. It is wrong for us to try to *buy* an improvement in their attitudes by extravagant and one-sided concessions, but it is equally wrong for us to discourage it. Again, there is a wide margin between these extremes. Our diplomacy has to learn to operate within this margin, encouraging the growth of a more open and a more normal international life, making it plain that no encroachment on our interests, however small, will fail to meet with resistance but making it equally plain that no move in the direction of a more peaceful world will fail to be appreciated and reciprocated in this country.

All these points suggest that while the Soviet-Chinese quarrel is not our quarrel, the prospects for world peace would be better served if the Russian view were to prevail over the Chinese. Were the Chinese attitude to be adopted by the entire Communist bloc, a new world war would have to be regarded as practically inevitable. The Russian attitude allows at least a chance of avoiding it, and contains even a faint glimmer of hope for the achievement of a better atmosphere in international relations.

Actually, neither of these views will prevail entirely. Reasons of necessity as well as prestige will prevent the Chinese from acquiescing in the Russian outlook. And the adoption of the Chinese view, as the Russians know very well, would be sheer political suicide for a number of the Communist parties in the West. We must expect, therefore, to be faced for some time to come with the continuation of both of these outlooks as forces in the Communist world, and with the conflict that goes on between them. It is not our business to take sides in this conflict, for the views of both parties contain many elements which we must oppose with all the eloquence at our command. But wherever we see hopeful elements, we must take care not to discourage them or to lose sight of them. They are tender plants. They are growing in a very unfavorable, stony environment, surrounded by the weeds of ideological prejudice and hatred. There are limits to what we can do to foster them. But we should take care not to trample them or to cut them down, as we continue the effort, which history has put upon us, to eliminate the weeds. THE END



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The funny business of marriage

A famous writer reminisces about his life with a wife and how it didn't work—twice.

In 1942 I met her at last, in 1943 I married her, in 1949 I divorced her, in 1951 I married her again, in 1952 I divorced her again, and then I didn't marry her anymore.

I loved her, so this is not a hate-chapter in my life, or in my story. It's not even personal. It's a little about marriage, that's all, or more accurately a little about my marriage, or my marriages, or marriage as I have known it.

There is a chance that it will be boring. There is also a chance that I may not stick to the subject. Now, it is no good at all for a writer to be forever telling the reader he wishes he could write better, but sometimes it can't be helped. There are a lot of writers with a lot of different names that I can't write like. They are cool writers. They are writers who don't get hot. They're anti-hot, as a matter of fact, and it is always nice to read anything they have written. And of course I'd like to be able to write that way myself, but I can't, try as I will. I drink a cool lemonade and sit down and try to keep cool, but in two or three minutes I'm hot. But that's not going to happen this time. I'm going to be cool, because life is too short.

And so it came to pass that we leased a country house in Mill Neck, Long Island, not far from Oyster Bay, where Theodore Roosevelt once made his home and where he's buried. We took a train from San Francisco to New York, with the two little kids in the drawing room with us, the boy a little over three, the girl a little over one. We moved into the house sometime late in October in 1947, and we stayed there six months. A cook came with the place, plus two cleaning women, one full-time, one for heavy work twice a week, and a gardener. It was a pretty good house, nicely furnished, plenty of big rooms upstairs and down, a swimming pool and a tennis court, but the season was over. That's why the people who owned the place had gone away. They wouldn't care to be anywhere near the place until the new season came around again.

The oil heating system worked day and night, so the whole place was always nice and warm for everybody. The big oil truck came up once a week and poured in new oil, and three or four of the six or seven fireplaces were kept going most of the time. The grocer's bill was pretty high, but not too bad. The butcher's bill was twice as high as the grocer's bill, but also not too bad. One month, though, both bills went up a lot, so I did something I never do. I examined the bills, and it seemed that we had used 80 pounds of butter during the month.

It was a happy time, though. My old Cadillac convertible, bought in San Francisco in 1942, was ready all the time to fight the mud and slush and snow of the roads, and take us anywhere we wanted to go.

People were in every other night for cocktails and dinner, and on the off nights we were out. One off night we weren't invited anywhere, so we had a fight. I had been going along at a good clip, writing 30 or 40 words a day like clockwork, few in number but great in worth, and as soon as my work was finished, there was always the grand excitement of getting ready to greet the guests, or of getting ready to go out and be greeted. Sometimes we had to drive 60 miles to somewhere or other in Connecticut, sometimes only 30 or 40 to New York, and of course sitting side by side like that in the old Cadillac, we had a lot of time to talk happily about the excitements of the world—new books, new plays, new ideas, new liberalism, new ways to care about the poor people, the several minorities, the rejected, the despised. We talked and talked.

Sometimes the talk went around to what we could afford, or rather what *else* we could afford for my wife, what new clothes, shoes, hats, accessories, underclothes, furs, diamonds, medical care, dentistry, houses. And of course we could afford them all if I had had any money or if I could get some, but we talked as if I *had* money or as if I *could* get some, and pretty soon we were there, and we didn't have to think about the facts anymore, or about how the facts might be improved. That is to say, if I could write a little more than 30 or 40 words a day for a while, I might finish a book and make some new money. We were always glad to be where a nice fire was going and the bottles and glasses and little things to eat had all been set out nicely, and where the people were, some of them perhaps not quite poor, but all of them, every last one of them, had either been poor, or earlier in life every one of them had been quite small, not much larger than our own kids. Drinking Martinis, it made a lot of sense.

The same people all the time

But after a couple of months of it I kept noticing something that bothered me a little: I kept noticing that I was seeing the same people all the time but still didn't know them very well, wouldn't be likely to know them very well if I tried hard for a hundred years, which of course was my own fault, as I said on one of the long drives home. It was my own fault because I really didn't *want* to know the people very well. I really didn't want to know them any better than I already knew them, and if the truth were told, I really didn't want to know them at all.

I would rather I had never met them, in fact. And of course, this helped to pass the time during the long drives, because I was always told how mistaken I was. I always like to listen carefully to any argument I hear and to consider the reasonableness of it in a calm, intelligent, honest way, which of course I did continuously. I did it during the first marriage, and I did it during the second, and I always insisted that I was wrong and that I'd do something about it.

So instead of writing 30 or 40 words a day I wrote only 15 or 20, and again they were better words. And of course I had more time to acquire more of the new liberalism that was the rage everywhere, which I didn't seem to have, and which I, of all people, *should* have, since I had come from an economically deprived background, and from a minority, so to say, and I knew from personal experience what it was like to get by on very little money and not to be adored by the world in general. How could I *not* be crazy about our friends, every one of them liberal, and on top of that each in his own field brilliant and successful?

Well, perhaps it might be that I couldn't get into the proper spirit of the thing, because while I did care, really did, about the denied and rejected, and wanted them to *have* and to be accepted, I didn't really see how our continuous involvement with our friends, who had everything and *were* accepted, certainly by one another, was going to do the people we were all concerned about any good. We weren't even being invited to sign anything, and for years that had been what I had come to recognize as the traditional act of dynamic liberalism.

And perhaps I couldn't get into the proper spirit of the thing because I wasn't doing any good at all at my work, while all of our friends were doing excellently at theirs. They were brilliant every time I saw them, and I could see how much they enjoyed the success they were having, whereas all I could ever be under the circumstances was loud—in order not to die of boredom, for the people were brilliant at stuff I cared nothing about: the design and manufacture of clothes for rich women, the volleying back and forth of cackling gossip about people I had scarcely heard of, and sometimes the real-estate business, or the government business. My business appeared to be to have them all in or to go out to them. And this just didn't seem a proper business for a writer who was running out of money and hadn't written anything new.

It came to pass for some unholy reason that Christmas dinner would have to be a roasted suckling pig with a red apple in its mouth, but when the thing was brought to the table, it looked like a naked child who had died a mysterious death. The red apple in the mouth did no good at all for the body, which seemed to ask to be decently covered. All the same, it was carved, and pieces were put around, and everybody took one tiny taste. But it was all right; there were also two turkeys and a roast beef, and a lot of the other usual stuff. It was home. Even my kids were sitting there, and I was there, and there was stuff for me to drink, at least. There was always plenty of stuff for me to drink. I was just a little drunk, night and day, the whole time I was in that house, living that happy life, being married, being a good husband and a good father.

In time it came to me like a revelation that there was no point in writing at all. Who needed it? The moon is sinking in the sea. Who wanted it? I felt a little lonely now and then and tried to talk to my kids, but they were too little to point out that it was all my own fault, that I just wasn't outgoing enough, and so the most I could do was

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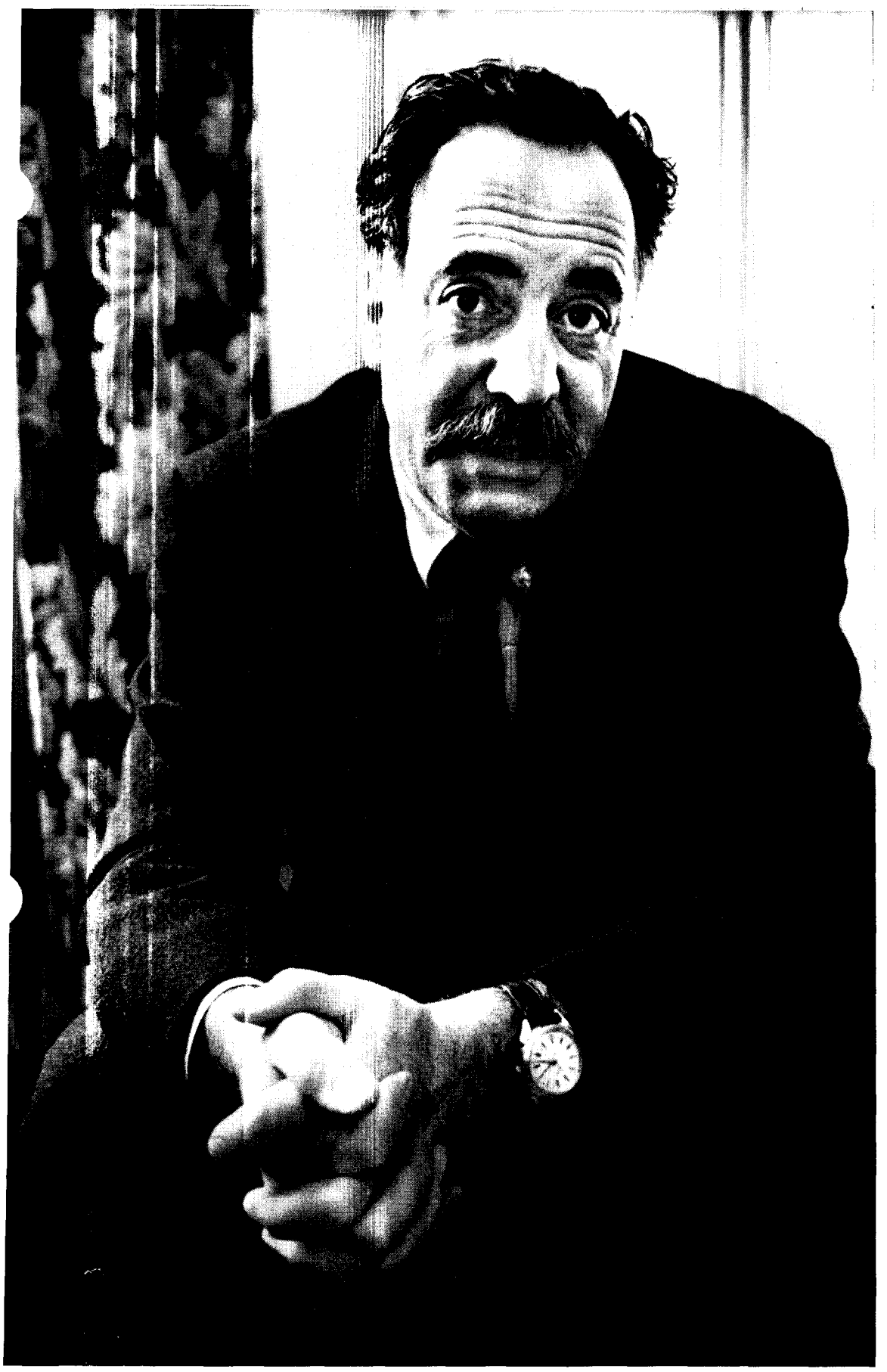

"What was wrong?" Saroyan wonders as he looks back without anger on a disenchanting time in his life.

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

to take over from the woman who was looking after them—I forgot to mention her in the staff lineup—and go for walks with them and look at the snow and the trees, and the empty swimming pool and the abandoned tennis court.

I think it was Tolstoy, or at any rate one of the Russians, who said something I can't remember precisely, although it went something like this: Every marriage is a funeral. Or, in every marriage a man and a woman begin to live in a coffin. The implication was that marriage kills, but when I read the observation, before I was married, I couldn't understand why that should be so. Quite the contrary, I felt. A marriage is for the founding of a family, and how can a man and woman who have kids together be considered to be anything other than more truly alive than ever? But little by little the observation, almost forgotten, never accurately remembered, began to be true. Well, now, why was that?

If my marriage was something like a merry funeral for me, perhaps it wasn't anything like that for other people. Maybe this was something that was true only for Tolstoy and me, or for Russian writers in general and me. Why shouldn't I be enchanted by my marriage, by my wife and by our kids, always so real I either burst into loud laughter every time I saw them, or fell silent with love and astonishment and profound respect? What was wrong with my marriage? Why wasn't I living and writing better than ever? Why wasn't I delighted about my good luck in having found such a beautiful and exciting girl? Was it because she wasn't really interested in any of it?

When it was the day off for the woman who looked after the kids, the going was very rough for their mother, and therefore very rough for their father too.

Now, I said I wasn't going to write out of hate, and that's how it's going to be, because I don't hate, and I am speaking impersonally. Enough time has gone by, enough settling down has taken place, not to get hot. The kids are people now, they're no longer children; 19 for a boy and 17 for a girl is all there is ever going to be, except for the details, the fitting in, the finding of places. And of course no man can tell his story and not speak about his marriage, or marriages. It would be silly, especially for me, in that I had lived my whole life with the intention of founding a family.

Well, all right, so that marriage didn't work, it didn't work twice, so found *another* family. Well, of course that is the intelligent thing to do all right, except that in having failed twice with the same girl, a man tends to look at a new girl with a more experienced eye, for while it is true that she is all love and truth *now*, how will it be when it's full-time? How will it be when it goes on day after day, month after month? Is there deeply hidden away in her somewhere a fierce new liberalism that is going to need to express itself suddenly and steadily, thrusting aside all else? A violent need to be where the action is, where the best people are, where the jolly talk volleys back and forth in shrieks of joyous liberalism? All love and truth now, and always nine children at least, but what about after the deal is closed?

I'm interested in marriage, and in my opinion the Arabs have got it over everybody else in their understanding of the matter. Take as many wives as you can afford and have as many kids as you and your wives can have, and love them all, all of the wives, and all of the kids. And talk with the wives only about the kids. Talk about liberalism only with whichever one of them has got a petition that needs to be signed. If she hasn't got a petition, don't talk about liberalism. If she hasn't got any kids, don't talk at all. There are better things to do with a childless mother who may only lately have been a motherless child. The Moslems have got it all over the Christians when it comes to marriage, but there it is, my father was a Presbyterian preacher.

We get a life to live, and we live it. We make a stab at it, the best stab we know how, and then all of a sudden it begins to look as if we've had it, we haven't got very much more of it to have. We've made our mistakes one after another, we've corrected as many as we could, we've done our work, and it has come to a lot less than we ever believed it would come to. It didn't help, although perhaps it didn't hinder, either, so where do we go from here? THE END

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

BY RUMER GODDEN

Rumer Godden is one of the most admired and successful of contemporary English writers. She is the author of more than twenty books, among them the widely praised novels "Black Narcissus," "The River" (which many also know in its film version), "An Episode of Sparrows" and "China Court" (a Book-of-the-Month Club choice in 1961). "Rumer Godden's novels vary in subject matter . . . but not in quality," comments New York Times critic Orville Prescott. "All glow with a gentle and serene wisdom, a profound insight into character and into the essence of human experience." This week the Post presents the first section of a three-part condensation of Miss Godden's new novel, "The Battle of the Villa Fiorita." Just published in hard cover by Viking, it is the moving and suspenseful story of two English children who, refusing to accept their mother's divorce, pursue her and her lover to a villa in northern Italy. It is the October selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

CHAOS, DISORDER AND THE LATE SHOW

BY WARREN MILLER

In 1959 Warren Miller, now 42, startled readers with a brilliantly sardonic novel about a Negro boy's squalid existence in Harlem. Of "The Cool World," The Saturday Review said: "Mr. Miller's book rings with truth. . . . His ear records sound better than stereo. He seems only to blow on his characters to give them life." Recently made into a film by the young experimental director Shirley Clarke, "The Cool World" is a leading U.S. entry at this year's Venice Film Festival. Mr. Miller once more displays his gift for satire in his current Post story. His other books to date include three novels, three children's books and a study of Castro's Cuba. In early 1964 McGraw-Hill will publish his new novel, "Looking for the General." A graduate of the University of Iowa, Mr. Miller served with the Army during World War II, has taught briefly and has worked in the advertising department of an insurance company. He now spends his time "writing short stories and books at odd hours of the day."

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THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA

By RUMER GODDEN

Fleeing with her lover, she was pursued by the children she had abandoned—and by her conscience.

PART ONE

The hedges on either side of the villa gates had the longest, fiercest thorns they had ever seen. The gates were iron-barred and high, the bars set close. Obviously people were not meant to get in. A notice on the gate said ATTENTI AL CANE, which conveyed nothing to Hugh and Caddie. "Who would ever have thought it means 'Beware of the Dog'?" said Caddie afterward.

The villa was on Lake Garda in northern Italy, but it might have been anywhere; it was simply a place where two opposing forces were to meet, as two armies meet on foreign soil to fight a battle. "The battle of the Villa Fiorita," Caddie called it afterward, and always with an ache of guilt.

© 1963 by Rumer Godden

Now, looking through the bars, they could see an olive grove, cypresses, a walk of stone flags winding away beside a cypress hedge; there were glimpses of tumbling flowers, of honeysuckle and wisteria. It was another world from the hot white road along which they had trudged.

Hugh had put down the grips that he had carried all the way from the bus stop at Malcesine, but Caddie still carried their raincoats and the netted bag that had held the sandwiches they had bought in London. On the gate were gilt letters, VILLA FIORITA. They had arrived, but could they push open those heavy bars, walk into that private green and shade? "We have come so far—

Illustration by Des Asmussen

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we must," said Caddie and she opened one gate a few inches and slipped through; Hugh followed her.

Set back from the gates was a garage with terra-cotta walls. Outside it was a green Mercedes convertible. The top was down, and on the seat was a scarf, white silk patterned with brown flowers. Mother's scarf? Caddie had not seen it before. Beside it was a pair of driving gloves. His?

A flagged path led away through the olive grove, a wide belt of old trees with twisted trunks, circled round with stocks, purple and white, growing wild. Hugh and Caddie walked quietly toward the garden beyond. Sunk behind the villa, it was out of the wind, still and hot in the evening sun, and filled with a tangle of flowers: lilacs, japonicas in bushes of red and salmon pink, narcissus, pansies, a jasmine falling from a terrace above to which a flight of worn pink steps led up.

"We have to go up there," whispered Caddie, but she wanted to stay where she was.

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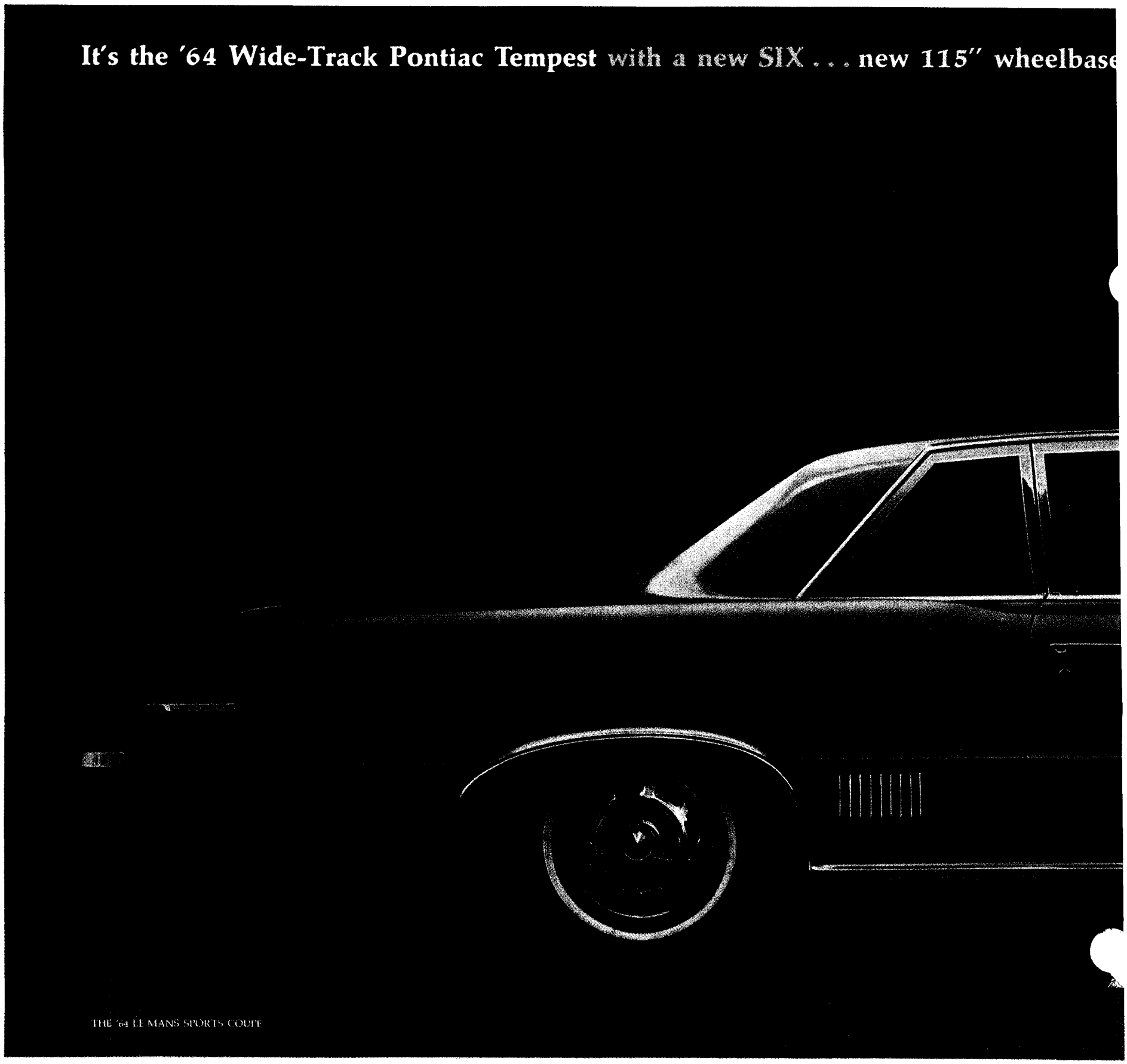

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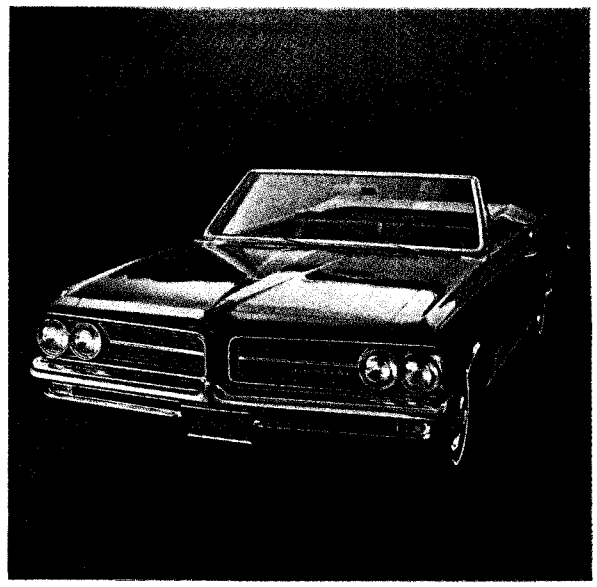

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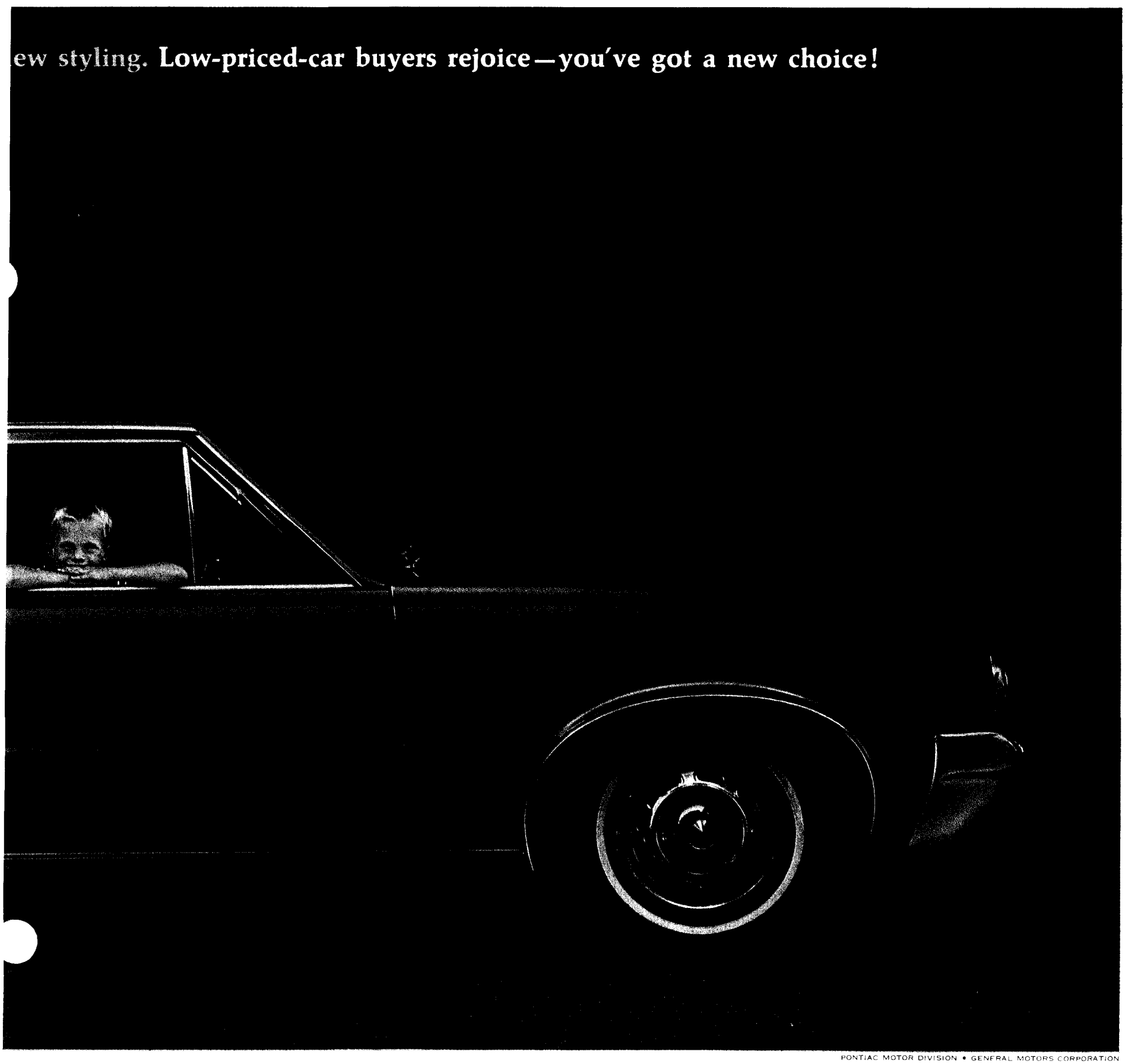

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VILLA FIORITA

She and Hugh were both gilded in sun. Light bathed their tired dusty faces, their crumpled clothes, in which they had slept all night. "It's Italian," said Caddie, as if suspicious of the light. Timidly she followed Hugh up the steps.

Now they could see that the terrace had a roof of vines; on the right a long walk trellised with wisteria led down and out of sight. From somewhere came a shrilling of birds. The terrace made a forecourt under the vines, leading to an open porch with a floor of black and white tiles. It was from there that the shrilling came; they saw that the house wall was covered in tiny cages, each holding a bird that hopped from floor to perch, perch to floor, and, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Caddie.

"Sh!"

"But . . . they're wild birds, shut in. There's a chaffinch."

"Sh!" Hugh's fingers pinched Caddie into silence. "Do you want someone to hear us?" From behind an arched door on the left came the sound of singing.

"That must be the kitchen. Should we knock there?" asked Caddie.

Hugh shook his head. With Caddie tiptoeing after, he went to the front door.

"Can we go in? Shouldn't we ask?"

But Hugh only said, "Sh!" That compulsion of secrecy was still on him.

He listened again. "It's all right. Come on." In the hall was a coat they recognized. Fanny's—their mother's coat. A man's sheepskin-lined duffle hung beside it. Below on a rack were shoes: their mother's walking shoes and a man's shoes, brogued and laced.

"His feet are not as big as Father's," whispered Caddie.

They slipped into the room beyond. It was a dining room. The cloth on the round table was all of lace, with a silver candelabrum in the center. There were Persian rugs in soft colors. "Well, we had Persian rugs at home," said Caddie.

"Not like these," said Hugh.

The room smelled of flowers, wine and food, and Caddie's hungry stomach gave a loud rumble. Glass doors divided this room from the next, a drawing room, bare and cool, with more Persian rugs on a polished wood floor. The furniture was—"Italian?" asked Caddie in a whisper—certainly antique; polished wood chairs, upholstered in cream brocade; a low table covered with crystal, silver and enamel boxes. There was a great carved chest, an inlaid writing table with gilt legs, a tapestried stool and—"What is that thing?" asked Caddie.

"I think it's a prie-dieu," said Hugh. "You kneel at it to pray."

"In a drawing room?" asked Caddie, astonished. There were tapestries on the wall and paintings in gilded frames. At one end a fireplace was laid with olive branches, and perhaps the faintly pungent smell in the room was of olive smoke. Above the fireplace itself two carved angels almost as tall as Caddie held sconces. French doors opened onto another terrace—"Which must be on the lake side of the house," whispered Hugh.

From the dining room a white marble staircase curved out of sight, and, "Can we go upstairs?" asked Caddie, shrinking.

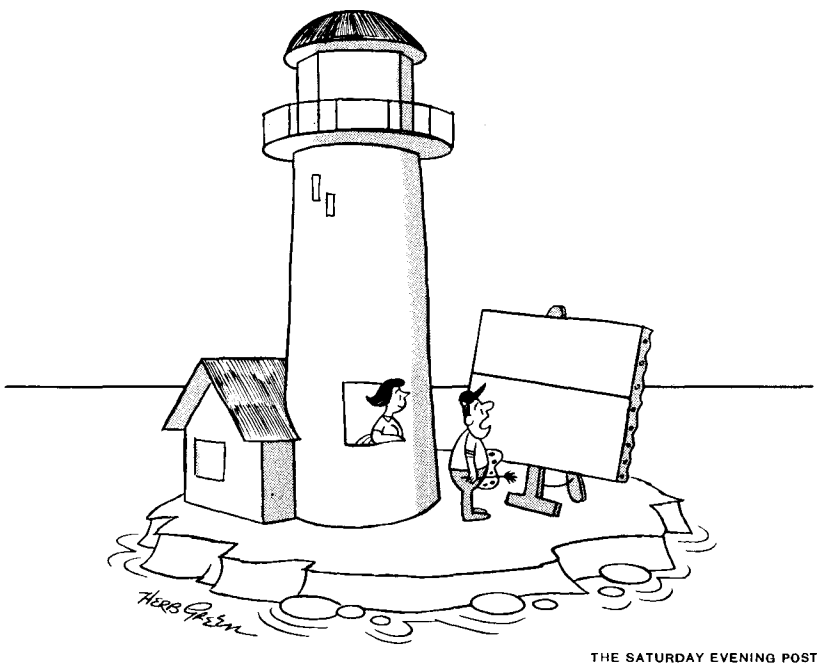
Hugh listened again; there was still only that singing. "Come on," he said.

When they came up the first few steps, they saw the staircase was closed off from the upper flight by a door of rose brocade. A brocade door! That seemed to lift the house into undreamed-of luxury.

When it was opened, they stood again to listen; then they went up the short flight to a landing. A balcony looked down over the sunken garden they had walked through, and over the olive grove.

The landing had four doors. Greatly daring, Hugh opened the first, but it was an empty bedroom, shuttered and dim, with a gleam of mirrors. The next door was of a dressing room. Its green shutters were only half closed and they looked at a dressing gown thrown on the daybed, a row of shoes, ties hung over a chair. Ivory brushes were on the chest of drawers, with a litter of ashtrays, packets of cigarettes, bottles, jars, some with their lids on crookedly; a book lay face downward on the floor. "He's not very tidy, is he?" whispered Caddie.

At the end of the landing a small door led into a room that was—"Queer," said Caddie. Cupboards filled one wall, but the other three walls were hung with tapestry. There was a large painting of the Madonna in deep blues and pinks. Inlaid chairs were pushed back against the wall, and in the middle was a wooden kitchen table with a wooden kitchen chair. The windowsills were heaped with books; there were more books on the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think I've said all I have to say."

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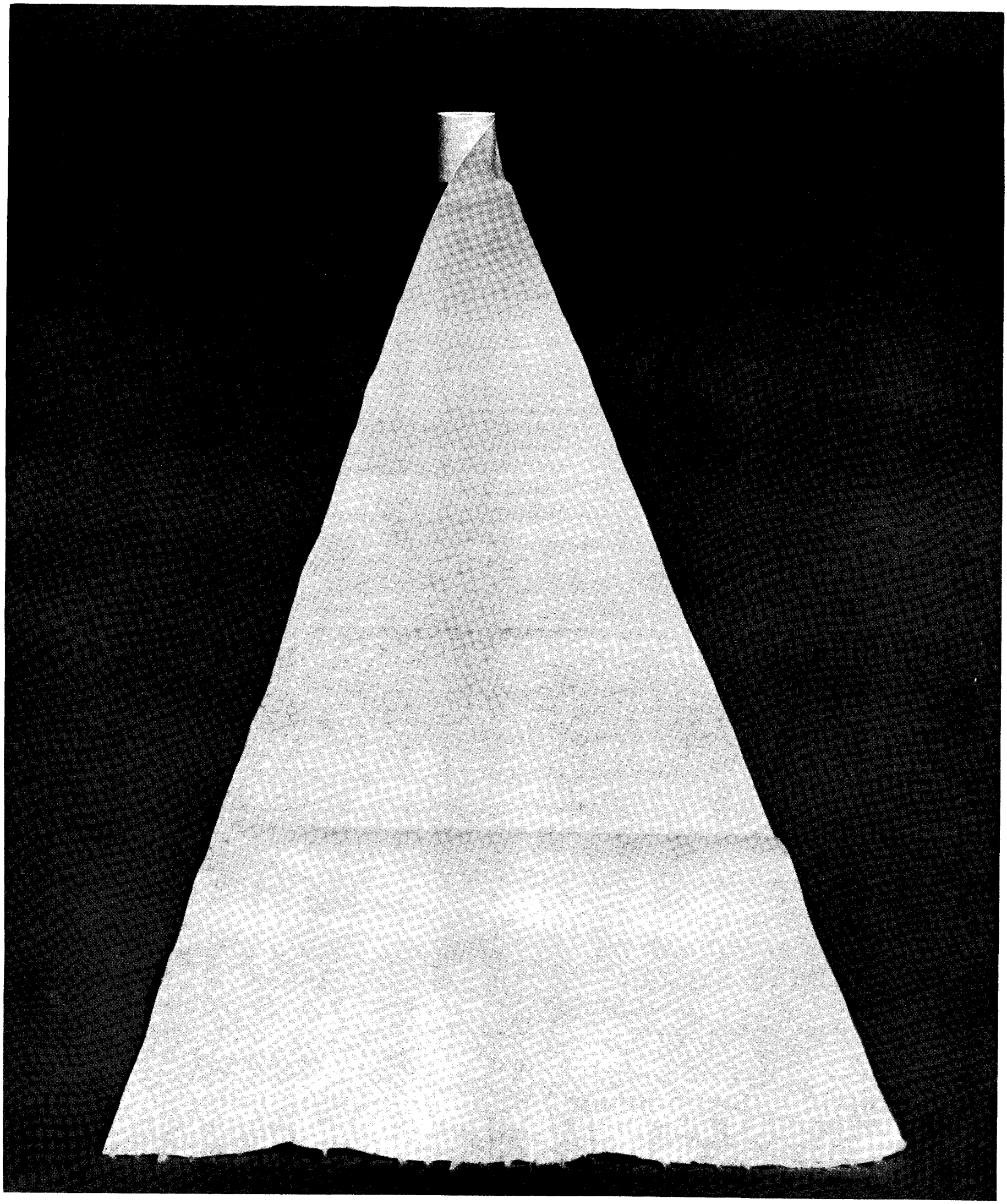

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floor, while the table itself was covered in papers, more books, blotting paper, clips, a typewriter. A red crystal goblet held pencils and pens, and on top of it all was a notice printed on a piece of cardboard in English and Italian. NON TOCCARE! DON'T TOUCH! For the first time Hugh smiled. "I bet Mother tries to make *him* clear up his table."

Next door was the bathroom, big and white-tiled. Someone had just had a bath; the air was heavy with steam, "And scent," said Caddie, wrinkling up her nose, "but Mother doesn't use scent."

"She does now," said Hugh.

Fanny, if it were she who had had the bath, seemed to have caught the untidiness; underclothes were thrown down on a stool; powder was spilled; it might have been their seventeen-year-old sister Philippa, not a responsible woman, a mother. Caddie picked up the box of powder. "Jicky Guerlain," she read.

"Put it down," said Hugh. "Come out." He looked even paler than he had on the road. It seemed too intimate, there in the empty villa. The house was filled with two people, their mother Fanny and—"Mr. Quillet," whispered Caddie. Caught unawares, spied on like this, they seemed not enemies but vulnerable.

At the last door Hugh stopped on the threshold. "Mother's bedroom," breathed Caddie. This was even worse than seeing the furniture from Stebbings in the new London flat. Mother's room. At Stebbings it not only had been where she slept—and their father when he was home—it had been where anything serious or private was discussed. Talks took place there and what Fanny called reasoning; punishments were given, temperatures taken. Hugh and Caddie had both been born in that room, fourteen years ago, eleven years ago. It had been the core of Stebbings. Now, this pink and cream enameled furniture, the wide bed that had a bedhead of brocade in a gilded frame, the tiled floor were Italian, foreign, but still there on the dressing table were their photographs, as they had always been: Philippa, Hugh, Caddie. There, too, was the apple pincushion Philippa had made and painted at school, the wooden pinbox Hugh had made in carpentry with Fanny's initials burned in its top: F.C. They won't do now, thought Hugh. There were a great many more bottles and jars than there used to be, and the silver brushes were new.

"Is he fearfully rich?" asked Caddie.

"Shut up."

As if holding to a thread of Fanny, Caddie was glad to see by the clock a shopping list, written in Fanny's sprawling writing, and beside it the little green leather book, the *Imitation of Christ*, that had been by Fanny's bed since they could remember. The table on the other side of the bed was heaped with books; there were cigarettes on it, an ashtray. "She lets him smoke in bed," whispered Caddie. "She wouldn't let Father."

Colonel Darrell Charles Clavering was granted a decree *nisi* in the Divorce Courts yesterday because of the adultery of his wife Frances Clavering with Robert Paston Quillet, the film director, on the 12th of October and subsequently, at Mr. Quillet's flat in Lowndes Square, S.W. 1. The suit was undefended. Colonel and Mrs. Clavering were married at St. Michael's, Chester Gate, in 1945. There are three children of the marriage. Custody of the two younger was awarded to Colonel Clavering, who was also awarded costs.

The other London papers had been less reticent. A few had headlines: QUEEN'S MESSENGER BRINGS SUIT. WELL-KNOWN FILM DIRECTOR NAMED AS CO-RESPONDENT. ROB QUILLET (OF HAYSEL TO HARVEST FAME) NAMED IN CASE. COLONEL CLAVERING AWARDED COSTS AGAINST FILM DIRECTOR.

Philippa and Hugh, being older, had been told at half term. "I'll tell Caddie when the case is all over," Darrell said. "It will be less painful like that."

Caddie had been bundled off out of the way to Devonshire. There was a riding course. "I learned an immense lot," she said afterward, "and so did Topaz." Topaz was her pony.

"But didn't you suspect?" asked Hugh. "Didn't you think Father was being extraordinarily kind? Paying those fees and boxing Topaz all the way to Dartmoor after the fuss he kicked up when you won him?"

"I thought father was beginning to believe in him," said Caddie.

"Oh Caddie!" They could not help laughing. "It was just to distract you, my poor infant," said Hugh.

"Only too easy," said Philippa.

"You must have had *some* inkling, heard gossip?"

"How could I?" asked Caddie. "I never listen."

"We know that," said Philippa. "But all the same . . . Mother being away all that time up in Scotland at Great-Aunt Isabel's?"

"But Aunt Isabel was dying. She died."

"Then us going so suddenly with Mother to Switzerland for Christmas?"

"I hated that," said Caddie.

Those had been Darrell's terms. "Terms?" Fanny had asked when Rob came back from that one interview.

"He can make terms," said Rob, "It's only just."

Fanny had waited that late November morning in the sitting room of Rob's bachelor flat. When Rob had come in, she had known by his gentle protectiveness that his news was harsh. Only a few of Rob's sentences reached her. He said them as if he had learned them by heart. "Darrell is thinking of the children, naturally. He was quite fair."

"He always was," said Fanny.

". . . not time now before their Christmas holiday to make arrangements. He asks that you go back to Stebbings to meet them. He will guarantee to keep away. He wants no one to know until they need. I think he is still hoping you will change your mind." Fanny bent her head, and after a moment Rob went on, "To save gossip when he doesn't come home for Christmas, you will take the children to Switzerland."

"We can't afford it," she said automatically.

"He says that his mother will help," said Rob.

"Lady Candida!" said Fanny. "Must she?"

"He will start proceedings at once. After the holidays you can come out to me in Africa. The case should come on in the spring. By that time he will have found somewhere to put the children."

"One must hand it to them," Hugh had said that day of Caddie's return from Dartmoor. "Everything went most smoothly and all behind our backs." He tried to whistle, but the whistle was jerky, just as Philippa's talk was offhand. Caddie could tell they were both hurt, and she ached for them.

"The worst of Caddie," Gwyneth often said, "is that when she does think of other people, she thinks too hard." Gwyneth had been the Claverings' daily woman since Philippa was a year old. She had come to London to housekeep and look after them, but she no longer sang the chapel hymns the children had loved. "Well, she worshiped Mother," said Philippa.

"More fool she," said Hugh.

Lady Candida had found the flat, on the fourth floor of a great modern block of "cement shoe boxes," as Hugh called them. The flat had a nightmare quality because it was furnished with bits of Stebbings, so that one came across the nursery armchair in the kitchen, dining-room chairs in the hall, the grandfather clock telling London time. Stebbings itself was empty. Presently it would be sold. "Sold!" Caddie had cried.

"Naturally," said Philippa. "Father can't run it without Mother. She worked like ten men." For a moment a quiver came into her voice. Fanny herself had gone to Italy—"For the present," Darrell had said.

"But she can't," said Caddie aghast. "The second of August is Risborough Show. Topaz is entered."

"Caddie, haven't you taken *anything* in?"

"And don't you ever think of anything but that blasted pony?" asked Hugh.

Caddie did not dare at this moment to think about Topaz, boxed trustfully back from Dartmoor to Stebbings. Darrell said he'd been taken to Mr. Ringells' stables, where they kept ponies at grass. Caddie's mind took refuge as it so often did with her dream Topaz. "Miss Candida Clavering's Topaz made a perfect round, in the Juvenile Jumping." "The Fitzherbert Cup was won by Miss Candida Clavering's Topaz for the third year in succession, a record for this show."

Caddie had won him with an essay called "My Pegasus." That had amazed her family. That Caddie had cut out the coupon, filled it in, bought the five-shilling postal order for the entry fee, was almost as incredible as that she had written the essay. "I wanted a pony," she had said, as if that explained it. One fact she and Hugh had kept to themselves; he had helped her with "My Pegasus."

Once upon a time, long long ago—"Well, six years," said Caddie, which after all was more than half her life-time—she and Hugh had been companions, inseparable. They had had a house in the big apple tree, and Hugh had hauled Caddie up to it. Caddie had been nearly six when Hugh went away to his first boarding school. She could still see him in his new gray-flannel suit, a striped school tie, a new blue cap. Hugh went to school and Caddie was left behind forever.

For years she had been still attached—still tagging on, as Hugh said—and there was always a hope far ahead of an enchanted time when they would both be grown up; then the two and a half years that made such a difference would not be the chasm it was now, nor the fact that she was female. "There are too many women," Hugh had often cried of Stebbings, and certainly there were many of them: Fanny, Lady Candida, Gwyneth, Philippa, and Caddie herself, if she could be counted as a woman—five of them to balance, if Darrell were away, one boy. No wonder he was spoiled, as Darrell always said he was, but Hugh could still be kind, and sometimes he lent Caddie a little of her slipperiness. "It says you must write the essay yourself," she had said.

"You will write it," said Hugh. "I shall only tell you what to say."

"It's Topaz's first show," she said now. "I have been training him. He . . . he . . ."

"Why cry?" asked Hugh. "Thousands of couples get divorced every year."

"It was all because of that film," said Philippa.

"What film?" asked Caddie.

"You know perfectly well. *Haysel to Harvest*. The film Rob Quillet was making. It was nearly all shot in the village.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All your friends and neighbors are pitching in on a 'spruce up' campaign, and we'd like you to do your bit by moving."

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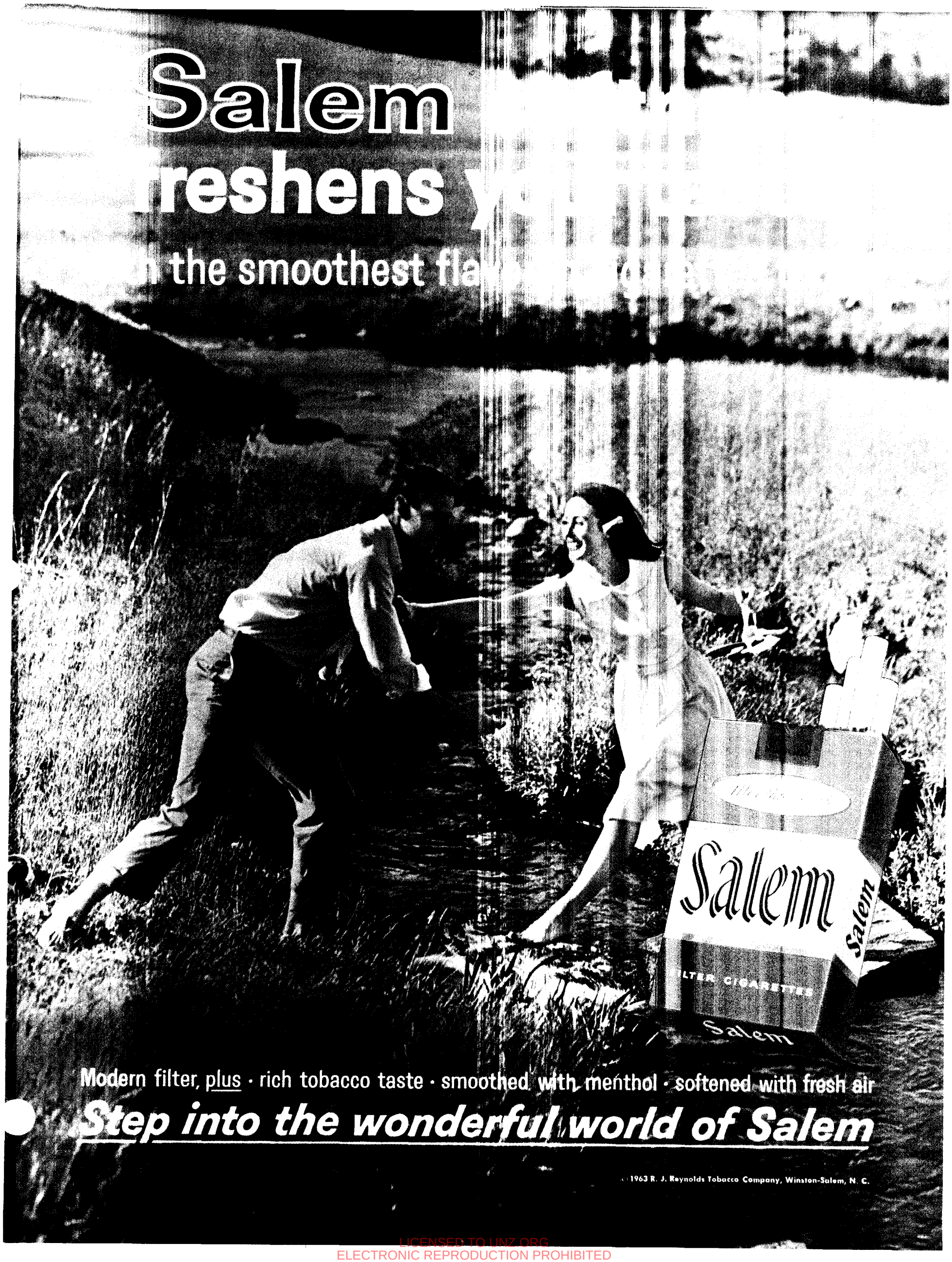
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VILLA FIORITA

That's how Mother met Rob Quillet. I must say I don't blame her. He's attractive. Dark, thin, rather melancholy."

"How do you know?" said Hugh.

"I cut his photograph out of the papers."

"You did?" said Hugh with distaste.

It was all very well for Philippa. At seventeen she did not rank as a child and was going to Paris to the Sorbonne. Philippa could escape, but, "I work it out I have twenty-three months in custody," said Hugh. "As for you," he said to Caddie, "you have years."

"Custody? That's what they say when they take you to prison," said Caddie, her eyes alarmed. "Will Father keep us in custody from Mother? Won't we even see her?"

"Don't be such a goose, Caddie," said Philippa. "Mother has access."

"Access?" Caddie could only repeat these terrifying new words. "What's access?"

"It means that we can be posted about like parcels," said Hugh, "to Italy or wherever Mother happens to be, when Father says we can visit her."

The full meaning of this extraordinary conversation at last reached Caddie, and tears squeezed from her eyes.

"For goodness' sake!" said Hugh.

"Can't you stop?" said Philippa.

"It's no use, Caddie dear," said Gwyneth. "We have to face it. In two months, now, Mrs. Clavering will be Mrs. Quillet."

"We have to accept it," said Philippa.

"What if we won't?" asked Caddie.

At first it had been Hugh who had hung back. "What, crash in on their honeymoon?" he had said.

"They shouldn't be having a honeymoon," said Caddie, unconsciously as moral as any elder of the church.

Hugh had looked at his small sister with respect; but now, in the villa, far from the flat in London, she was not so certain. "Perhaps we oughtn't to have come," she said.

"Shut up." Hugh turned and ran lightly down the stairs and out of the front door. Caddie ran after him. To the right a path led down behind the villa and back to the olive grove. They could see what seemed to be a boathouse, colored terra-cotta like the garage. In the grove a man was stretched out, a beret half over his face. Caddie asked a hopeful question. "He couldn't be . . . Mr. Quillet?"

"Don't be a super clot," said Hugh and led the way back to the villa. Round it, on its other side, another paved path led to the lakefront of the house. Hugh and Caddie stepped onto a terrace with a balustrade over which yellow roses cascaded, and, "Oh!" said Caddie. "Oh!" This was the first time they had seen the whole width of the lake.

Mountains reared along the lake on both sides; some were capped with snow. Their flanks were dotted with villages, hairlines of roads crisscrossed them. The sound of bells floated down to the terrace, a half-heard quivering in the air.

"But it's beautiful!" Caddie said.

"It's only a lake," said Hugh, scornfully. "Like a postcard."

Below them a jetty ran into the lake; it had painted pale-green railings that matched the house shutters. This was the villa front jetty. There was another jetty, humbler, by the boat house; at this one's head a boat was moored, and, "What a boat!" said Hugh. It gleamed with chromium and glass, and an Italian flag floated from the stern. They could even see its name, *Nettuno*.

"He must be fearfully rich," said Caddie.

All at once they heard voices. Voices? A voice. Fanny's! Caddie gave a little yelp. She would have rushed headlong, but Hugh caught her by the back of her dress. Through the trellis he had seen a glimpse of dark blue shirt. Fanny was not alone; this Rob Quillet was walking up under the wisteria with her, and, "Hush," said Hugh. "Wait."

The two came into view. The man was carrying a jacket over his shoulder; Fanny was wearing a white dress—"She *never* had a white dress," said Caddie. At the top of the walk they stopped, dazzled by the sun.

As Hugh and Caddie watched, Fanny looked up at Rob and laughed; his arm was round her shoulders; now his hand touched her neck, caressing it. Hugh and Caddie had seen their father kiss Fanny's cheek often enough, pat her shoulder, but this was the first time they had surprised a grown person in a moment of real tenderness. Hugh had a wild desire to wipe that look of private bliss off their faces; holding Caddie as if she were a prisoner, he stepped boldly onto the path.

"Good evening," he said with icy politeness.

Caddie burst into a loud wail and tore herself from Hugh's grasp to go to Fanny. Fanny's bag and scarf dropped to the ground and in a moment she was crying too, Caddie gathered close in her arms. "But . . . how?" Fanny kept saying incoherently because she was laughing and crying together. "How?" Then she held out a hand to her son. "Hugh? Hugh?" At the pleading in her voice, Rob went to the balustrade, where he lighted a cigarette. Only the way he flicked the ash continually showed he was in any way concerned.

"Hugh, darling." Before Fanny reached Hugh, there was an eruption from the back of the house, a babel of Italian, and round the corner came a big woman in a flowered apron, behind her a pretty girl, big too, with red cheeks and a mane of curly black hair; she carried the grips and raincoats. They must have found them on the terrace, thought Hugh. Behind them, with his beret on the back of his head, came the man who had been asleep under the olive tree.

"Children, this is Celestina," said Fanny, "Celestina and Giulietta, and Giacomino, Celestina's husband," and she whispered, "Shake hands," but Caddie was too broken with tears and Hugh only gave a curt nod. "*Mio figlio, mia figlia*," said Fanny, and from the balustrade Rob spoke in quick Italian. Celestina, when she understood, broke into cries of admiration. "From England. England!" Then, taking in their dirt and tiredness, "*Poveri bambini!* Poor childs!"

Fanny detached herself from Caddie and went to Hugh, turning him toward Rob. "Rob, this is Hugh." The pride in her voice made Hugh scowl.

Rob was a man, Hugh only a boy, and Rob with kindness held out his hand, but Hugh kept his in his pockets. "How do you do?" he said, and Fanny saw all Hugh's old insolence in the way he looked at Rob. Hugh was not tall for fourteen but he looked tall—until he stood beside a man; it was the way he held his head, the smallness of his thighs, waist and shoulders. "His shoulders are too slim," Darrell had said lately. "It's time he broadened out," but Hugh refused to broaden out.

"*Quanto è bello il giovanottino inglese!*" Giulietta murmured to Celestina, and it was true that Hugh was disgracefully pretty for a boy. His eyes were a darker blue than Darrell's or Philippa's, and his had none of that blandness of hers; Philippa could tell lies so that everyone believed them—except her nearest and dearest. Hugh only told them to be difficult or quip people. Caddie never lied. "I'm not clever enough," she would have said.

Now, in this scene with Rob and Fanny, she knew she had little importance; it was Hugh who mattered. Standing on this alien sunlit terrace, Caddie looked small, stocky and very English, thought Rob. Fanny saw the crumpled school dress and blazer, Caddie's dirty knees, wrinkled socks and brown walking shoes white with dust; the locks of ginger hair, the panama hat askew, face blotted out with tears. Not very attractive for Rob, Fanny thought, but here she was wrong; Rob knew real grief when he saw it, and watching Caddie he began to sense what this journey had been and what lay behind it.

"Stop it," Hugh said to Caddie. "Can't you stop?"

"No, I can't," said Caddie.

"Put her to bed," said Hugh. "For heaven's sake! Just because we have been up all night."

"You must both go to bed." Fanny's own tears had dried and she was brisk. "Baths first. Have you had any food?"

"We had some s-sandwiches we b-bought at Victoria—and c-coffee this morning," said Caddie between sobs.

"You must be starving," said Fanny. "Rob, will you tell Celestina? Hot baths at once. No, I won't hear anything until you have eaten and slept. Hugh, your eyes are red." This was a Fanny Rob had not seen, brisk, dictatorial. "Rob, will you tell Giulietta to take their things up? Then a hot soup—omelettes perhaps, and ——"

"Fanny," said Rob.

"Yes, Rob?"

"We were going out to dinner," he said quietly.

"Now? When Hugh and Caddie ——"

"Now," said Rob. "The *Nettuno's* waiting. Celestina will look after them. Fanny, I have ordered dinner at San Vigilio. They won't keep it if we are too late."

"But I must just take them upstairs ——"

"Very well." Rob looked at his watch. "I can give you ten minutes. Ten minutes, then we must go."

Upstairs Caddie quite innocently let off the first shot as Fanny conferred with Celestina on the landing. Looking down at her mother's hand on the banister she said, "That's a new ring."

It was a ring with a dark red ruby, set in a circle of diamonds. Behind it Fanny wore a thin gold wedding ring. Caddie tried to think what Fanny's wedding ring had been like at Stebbings; it was not like this one. "*Two* new rings," Caddie said. "Are you Mrs. Quillet now or . . . Mother?"

Rob had given Fanny the ruby months ago. It was one of the days when she had been so restless that she had come up to London and telephoned Rob.

"Fanny! You're in London."

"Yes. Are you free? Could we lunch?"

"Chirico's, one o'clock. Or shall I come and get you?"

After lunch Rob had had to admit there was an appointment, "Almost unbreakable," he had said.

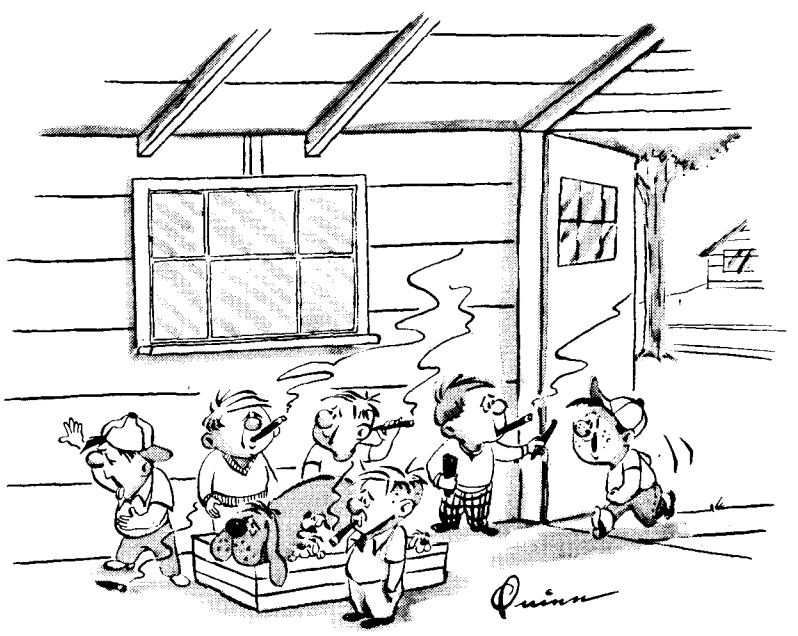
"It doesn't matter," said Fanny. "I have seen you, and I can walk in the park until it's time for my train."

But as they came out of Chirico's it had started to rain and, "You can't walk in this," said Rob. "I'll drop you at my flat and you can wait there."

They went to Lowndes Square. Rob took out his key. "I shall need this, so I will just let you in." In the hall he stepped past her to switch on the fire. "The bedroom's through there, and the bathroom." He opened the doors to show her, bent down to kiss her.

" . . . and it happened," said Fanny.

They should have known. On the first evening they had been alone, in the drawing room at Stebbings his fingers had brushed hers. Soon they had only to be near each other for this current to begin, any time, anywhere. But that moment we were almost innocent, thought Fanny afterward. We were thinking of other things; Rob had his meeting, I thought I would look round his flat—of course I was curious—and leave when the rain stopped, but he kissed me and we made



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I came as soon as I heard the news. What was it, a boy or a girl?"

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IMPALA 4-DOOR SPORT SEDAN—ONE OF 15 NEW MODELS IN FOUR SERIES. **NEW CHEVELLE? TURN THE PAGE...**

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love. How crooked the world was! This, that she ought to have felt for Darrell, she felt for Rob. Yet because of Darrell there was a shadow over it. "Sin" seemed a hard, old-fashioned word to use, an Aunt Isabel word, but it was true, and for Rob and Fanny there must always be, not far off, never out of mind, the shadow.

She remembered how Rob had lain with his eyes shut. "Fanny."

"What is it?"

"Nothing else. Only Fanny."

She had gone to sleep. Presently she felt him kiss her eyelids. "I'm going now. We will have dinner and then I will drive you home. Chirico's at seven."

He had gone and Fanny woke. She did not know afterward where she went or what she did. It was panic. It was still raining, the day turning to a dark cold evening; rags of cloud blew across the sky. People passed her, hurrying with umbrellas. She was bumped into, knocked and pushed, but she still walked on, soaked and cold. Somewhere she went into a church and knelt—but not to pray, her mind was too numb—and she fell asleep.

When she woke it was dark. As she came out of the church she looked at her watch. "Chirico's at seven." It was half past eight.

He was there, watching, waiting. He came quickly across the room, steering ner between the tables. He undid her soaking coat, gave her her bag—"I found it in the flat"—and ordered brandy in a voice she had not heard him use before. Is it the one he uses on the set? she wondered.

"Did you think I wasn't coming?" She tried to smile.

"I knew you couldn't not come now," said Rob. That was the first time I had ever drunk brandy, thought Fanny. With it and the food Rob made her eat, and the slow warmth that was beginning to creep into her bones, tranquillity fell upon her. "I have known joy," she could have said, "joy complete. Not many women can say that. Rob will go away. He must. I ——" And here she flinched as she thought of Darrell. He, her husband, had turned into an intruder. Poor Darrell! What had he done to deserve this? But she would not think of him now, not yet.

When the waiter had brought their coffee and they were left alone, Rob brought out a small plush case. "I couldn't go to the meeting and I had to do something, so I went hunting," he said and he opened it. On the white velvet she saw a sparkle, a glow, deep red.

"But Rob, what is it?"

"Your ring."

"My ring?" Fanny was dazed.

"Men usually give a ring to the woman they are going to marry."

There was a loud buzzing in her ears; then it steadied as Rob's hand came over hers. "It has to come to that," said Rob, "hasn't it?"

In this new bedroom at the Villa Fiorita Fanny had sat looking at the ruby and another ring, a wedding ring, until, "They are to wear," said Rob. "Put them on."

"Rob, shouldn't we keep the wedding ring until ——"

"Until?"

"We really are married." She knew he would say what she would say herself in strict reasoning: Can some words that a little man will say over us make us any more married than we are?

Rob stood up, taking out a cigarette. "It's a little late to be conventional, isn't it?" he said. "If a public promise makes all the difference to you, I have to remind you, you have already given that promise to Darrell."

Fanny had thought she knew what she was like—like any of the others who lived in Whitcross, she would have said. "Peas in a pod," she told Rob. "I, or Anthea, or Margot, or Pam Winter, or Charmian. We dressed the same, in tweeds, a cardigan or jersey jacket, a string of pearls. We lived in houses a little shabby but gracious, with Regency wallpapers or paneling, chintzes, bowls of flowers. We all had dogs; most of our children had ponies. We gave the same parties, but Anthea's and Margot's were more ambitious; for instance, I should never have thought of asking you to dinner," Fanny told Rob. "Anthea was the most important; she went to the Palace, did things the rest of us couldn't. Margot was the clever one and the most sophisticated. Charmian had a tongue. Pam was a darling. Everybody loved her."

"Didn't they love you?"

"I was separate, even then," said Fanny slowly. "With Darrell so much away, I was usually odd woman out. Besides I wasn't interesting."

Nowadays she was always looking at herself in the mirror, with questioning wonder. "I am forty-three. I have had three children, one almost grown up. My waist will never be truly slim again. I have wrinkles at the corners of my eyes. My nose is straight, and I have kept my skin, that's from what Margot would call innocent living, but I am large, my mouth is too wide and I haven't any presence," but, "I saw you in your village shop," said Rob, "and I thought you were sweet."

"But you could have had someone exciting."

"My work is exciting," said Rob. "I need a rest."

He loved to dine with her like this, to look at her across the table, but tonight there was a change. She was not alone with him, absorbed, content, as she had always been. Silently he poured out her wine.

"It hurts that Hugh and Caddie had to run away to see me," but Fanny did not sound happy and gratified. "Darrell can never say again that Hugh hasn't guts. For a boy just fourteen to plan and face that long journey!"

"He had Caddie with him," Rob pointed out, but Fanny was intent on Hugh. "I knew Hugh wouldn't stay with Darrell. I knew it," she said.

"He has to stay with him," said Rob. "It would be wrong to encourage Hugh to think anything else."

"Encourage him?" There was a distinct bristling in Fanny's voice.

"Making them feel too welcome."

"Children are always welcome, where their mother is," said Fanny.

"At any time?" asked Rob.

"At any time." Fanny lifted her chin at him. "Does that sound wrong to you?"

"It sounds false," said Rob. "No one, however near and dear, is welcome at *any* time. Be yourself, Fanny."

"I am myself. This is me."

"It's not. It's a kind of playacting."

"Thank you."

Rob took her hand and kissed it. "You know, dear, no matter what our feelings are, the children must go back. We must telegraph Darrell. It's only fair."

When the *Nettuno* turned into the small walled harbor, Fanny stayed in the boat while Rob went to send the telegram from the little café that was the town's public call office. When he came back she slid her hand inside his arm. She would not think any more contentious thoughts tonight. Indeed, she felt blessed more than she deserved; to have Rob and this warm triumph in her heart: "They ran away to me."

The *Nettuno* circled in a sweep to the jetty; they were back at the sleeping villa. It was not Rob's villa, nor was the *Nettuno* his. "I'm not as rich as that," he would have said, though for Hugh and Caddie he remained immensely rich forever. The villa belonged to Madame Menghini, Renato Menghini's aunt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"To tell you the truth, Jenny, I picked him up in a saloon!"

Renato Menghini had been the producer of the last three pictures Rob had done. One of Renato's uncles and his grandmother had helped to finance *Haysel to Harvest* and in this crisis Rob had asked Renato if he could find a house somewhere in Italy where he and Fanny could go. Renato had immediately come up with this aunt. "She is French-English," he said, which, now she was a widow, was why she liked to be called Madame Menghini, not Signora Menghini.

"But . . . turn her out of her house?" Fanny had said.

"She has three," said Renato gently. "One on Garda, one in Genoa, one in Milan."

The Villa Fiorita was her holiday home. All the villas on these north Italian lakes—Garda, Como, Maggiore, Iseo—had been built for holidays: for mountain air, sailing, sun bathing, relaxation, peace. Because the lake was so far north, Garda was not as popular—"Thank God," said Renato—as the more flowery and accessible Como and Maggiore, though tourists came to it all summer long.

"Villa Fiorita" would have been a usual name on Como or Maggiore, where azalea and camellia bushes grew as large as trees. Here, in the Garda winds, it was a struggle to grow flowers at all; but Madame Menghini had sent as far as Naples for rare bushes and flowering trees, to England and to Paris. "Fiorita," said Fanny. "Flowering peace."

The first few days were cold and stormy. The villa caught the full force of the wind; every room was filled with the clattering of the shutters. But to Fanny the tempest outside only shut the villa further into peace.

Rob, Celestina and Giulietta were united in worrying in case she was uncomfortable, cold, depressed. Here Fanny was first; for years she had always been last, the last to go to bed, unless Darrell were at home, but first to get up in the morning. Now Rob made her stay in bed for breakfast and Celestina panted up the stairs with relays of coffee, while Giulietta, strong and nimble as a goat, carried up the breakfast table so that Rob could eat with Fanny. In the sitting room Giulietta built a big fire of olive wood that gave out its warm incense; Rob and Fanny sat by it, reading, talking—or dreaming, thought Fanny.

"I'm not going to do any work for three months," Rob had said. They had drinks before lunch, which always began with one of Celestina's *pastas*, *gnocchi*, *cannelloni*, *ravioli*, or with shrimps, fresh caught in the Adriatic, or the new season's asparagus. Afterward Fanny rested, Rob wrote letters, and then in raincoats, scarves, thick shoes, they would walk down to Malcesine to buy stamps and get English papers. They came in soaked but glowing, and Fanny made tea.

At teatime the post came, and this was a dangerous moment; there was scarcely ever a letter for her, but Rob read his aloud. Then Fanny went up for a bath; afterward she would come down to find the fire heaped up, drinks ready on a trolley, and she and Rob would talk until Giulietta burst open the glass doors and called, "*A tavola*," and they would dine at the round table, "And eat far too much," said Fanny.

After dinner Rob read aloud. He had bought a case of new novels and biographies, but now he read Fanny a fifteenth-century manuscript, a story of Saladin that he hoped one day to make into a picture. He always wrote his own

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THERE'S 5 IN 64 CHEVROLET

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CHEVELLE! by CHEVROLET

CHEVELLE MALIBU SUPER SPORT COUPE—ONE OF 11 MODELS IN THREE NEW SERIES. **'64 CHEVY II? TURN THE PAGE . . .**

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scripts. "I have been trying to get backing, and so has Renato, for three years."

The Villa Fiorita had opened a new world to Fanny with its chosen antique furniture, the tapestries and brocades hung on the walls. But Fanny was still Fanny, and a subtle change began to come over the house. The chairs no longer stood stiffly round the center table; two were by the fire, a rug moved between them, a table of books pulled out beside them; the flowers were grouped, not set in rows. It was as if Fanny had shaken the villa into comfortable living, and Rob looked round and said, "I don't know what you have done, but it's different—as I am."

That was true. Rob looked as if he had been . . . crowned, thought Fanny.

"Well, this is the first time I have ever had a woman of my own," said Rob.

"You had Lucia," Fanny said, remembering that far-off girl wife, whom Rob had talked about only once, and briefly.

"Lucia was a child. She made me feel guilty." The moodiness came back, the look that had made Philippa say Rob looked melancholy. Then his face cleared. "I ought to feel guilty about you but I don't. I can't."

They had been ten days in the villa when they woke to a new silence. The wind had dropped, and from the garden came only the sound of waves lazily lapping. Fanny jumped up to open the windows; the lake was a deep blue, the mountains clear. It was now, when they could have been outside all day, that Rob started to work.

It began with a telegram from Renato: TELEPHONE ME, MILAN 22306.

"I can guess what this is," said Rob. "A picture, but I can't do anything about it."

"But Rob, if it's *Saladin*, you must."

"It won't be *Saladin*, and this time belongs to us. I deserve a rest; I am spending this time with you, and *only* with you."

"But you said that you have to take what comes when it comes," said Fanny. "We are going in to Malcesine to ring up Renato."

The café public telephone was in a narrow busy street, where the traffic made it difficult to hear. The woman behind the bar put Rob through, and he entered one of the booths. After a while Fanny got up and went into the booth with Rob.

She listened to the short sharp sentences. "No, I can't. I told you. Nothing at all for three months. Damn it all, we agreed, Renato." She could hear the loud Italian voice crackling on the other end, urgent and excited.

"It's *Saladin*," said Rob to Fanny.

"*Saladin!* Oh, Rob!"

"Yes, I *know*," said Rob into the phone. "Yes, I did. I have always wanted to. Does it have to be now? . . . Then it's 'no.'"

In spite of everything Rob was saying, she could feel his excitement and she took the receiver from him. "Signor Menghini. This is Fanny," she said. "Signor Menghini, Rob *is* to do this picture."

"You say so?" There was amusement in his voice.

"Yes," said Fanny.

"They want a screen treatment by June," said Rob. "That's almost impossible."

"You can do it," said Fanny, and down the telephone to Renato, "He is waiting to talk reasonably to you," and she gave the receiver back to Rob.

Rob took the small south bedroom as his study; it made a cell, sunny and quiet. "Don't you want a view?" asked Fanny.

"No, I want four walls," said Rob. "A desk? I don't want a desk, I want a table," and he had taken the kitchen table. "Don't call me for lunch."

"But you must eat."

"Fanny, if you love me, leave me alone."

It was the first time that Fanny had come to be closely bound with work that was first, before anything; before eating or drinking, before sleeping. She had thought Darrell in the army, and as a messenger, had worked hard; but in London he had office hours, time when he was free. Often Rob would work the whole day through, shut in the study, though sometimes he was restless and needed to rove; then he would stand on the point, looking across the lake, or he would pace in the garden. Fanny learned not to speak to him or notice him. She kept herself apart.

"But what about you?" Rob had asked when he started writing. "What will you do alone for hours?"

"What you told me to do," said Fanny, "nothing."

She had all this time flagged behind Rob; she could not get over her tiredness. "Well, I have been packing ever since Christmas," she might have said. First the children to school, packing them for the last time; then Stebbings, when only Gwyneth understood the reason. "Giving up Stebbings? For a flat in London! Fanny, you're mad," Anthea had cried. Then up in Scotland packing up Aunt Isabel's cottage. It was strange that it should all have come together, thought Fanny: I was packing my whole life away. No wonder I am tired.

Every morning before he went up to work, Rob would carry a long chair and cushions onto the terrace, and Fanny would spend the morning there, lying in the sun, growing together again. At Midday Celestina would send Giulietta to lay Fanny's lunch outside on the stone table. After lunch she would sleep.

When she woke, often she would go out in the car. At first Rob had been anxious. "Will you remember to keep on the right? And Italians drive fast," but Fanny had laughed. "I have been a chauffeur more than half my life."

In those afternoons she drove up the lake to Riva, the little town with its mountain-locked harbors where roses climbed up the lampposts. She would drive down to Malcesine to buy newspapers, then sit outside one of the cafés, eating an orange ice and watching the steamers come in.

She was always back in time for Rob, to wait on the terrace until he came down. This was the time she loved best, to sit with him in the twilight, when the mountains opposite grew dark. There was always one star, directly opposite, as if it were hung there for the villa. "It's the evening star," said Fanny, but it seemed their star.

It was a pattern of sun, quiet, work, and slowly Fanny began to unwind, as if the tight thread that had held her—cutting my heart in two, thought Fanny—was loosening. *I can't go on being haunted forever.*

It had been the last Sunday in May—nearly a year ago, thought Fanny, only a year, for all this—she had dropped in at the Davenants' house in Whitcross to take back a book. "Anthea's here," Margot had said. "She has brought some of the film people. They're in the garden now. Come out and meet Rob Quillet."

From the French doors that led out from the drawing room, Fanny looked at the thin dark man talking to Sydney, and, "Is that Rob Quillet?" she asked. "I *have* met him."

"Met him? Where?"

"I met him in Derrick's shop," she said. "You remember Geoff Derrick had his tonsils out."

"What in the world have Geoff Derrick's tonsils to do with Rob Quillet?"

It was one of those chance winds—or not "chance," thought Fanny. Geoff did the deliveries for Derrick's shop, and, "While he was in hospital, we had to fetch our groceries ourselves," said Fanny. Hers had made two large boxes on the counter. "Can you manage?" asked Mrs. Derrick, and a stranger looking at flower seeds had turned and said, "Those are too heavy for you. Let me carry them."

She had given Rob a fleeting smile, said, "That's very kind of you," and led the way to the Rover. Before she drove off she had met the stranger's eyes, brown and gentle in a face that was—sardonic? But that was not quite right; it was only aloof. "But it didn't occur to me he was Rob Quillet," she told Margot. "I just thought he was nice."

"Nice! He's Rob Quillet, probably our best director. They say he will be a de Sica, or a Renoir. Ask anyone," Margot had said, but Fanny did not ask anyone.

"You weren't interested," Rob teased her.

"I wasn't then. I hadn't really seen you."

"I saw you," said Rob, "and I went straight back into the shop and asked who you were."

Most lovers, thought Fanny, ask each other, "Where? When? Why?" I shall never know why, nor could she exactly say when she had first known the stirrings of this strange, unreasonable, satisfying, never satisfied love. But she could trace out where; Margot gave a dinner.

"Odd of Margot to ask you when Darrell is away," Lady Candida had said.

"She needs an extra woman."

At that dinner Margot had talked of a new Swedish film.

"I haven't seen it," Fanny had to say.

"But Fanny, *everybody's* seen it!"

"Who is everybody?" asked Rob. He seemed curiously abstracted. Fanny had wondered what was the matter with this dark stranger. "Dark stranger" sounded like fortune reading in a teacup, but it was as she thought of him. Why was he abstracted? His hand was playing with the roses in a crystal bowl when, suddenly, he had leaned across the table and asked, "Is there a rose called Fanny Clavering? If there isn't, there ought to be."

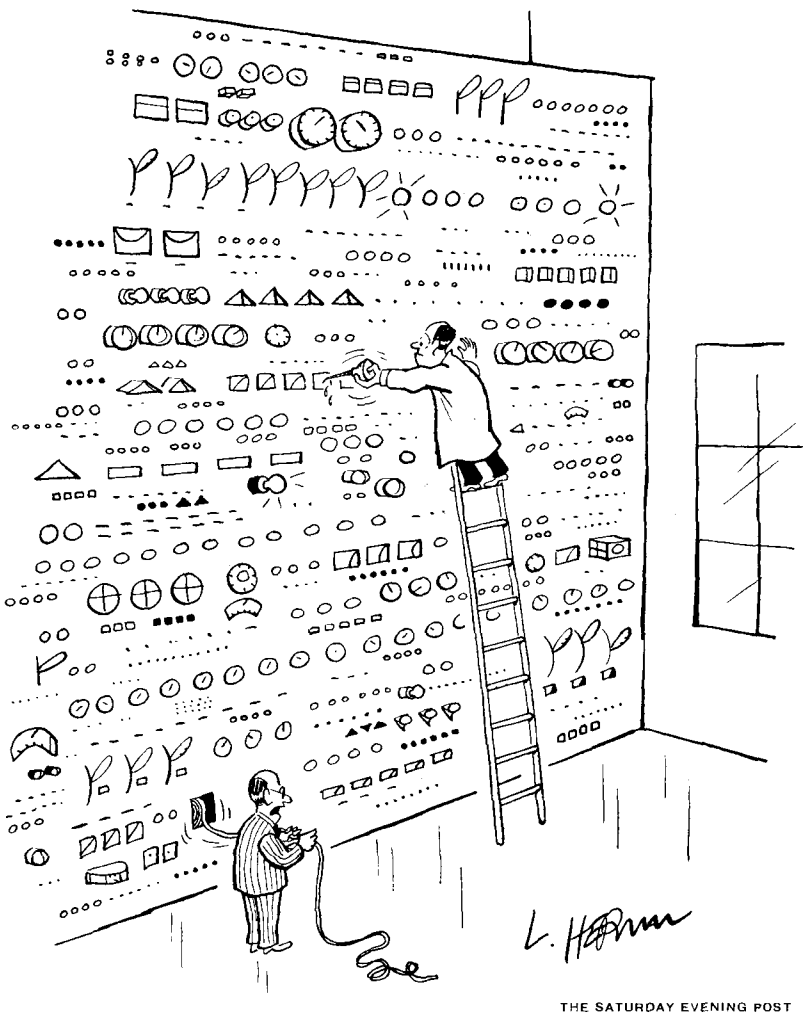
The next morning Rob had telephoned. "Rob Quillet here." His voice had sounded curt. "Will you have dinner with me?"

"I?" Surprise had shown in Fanny's voice. "Perhaps you are confusing me with Margot Davenant."

"I most certainly am not. Will you come?"

There had been a longer pause before Fanny answered him. Clearly and insistently a voice of conscience was saying, *No. Don't go*, and *There will be trouble*, but instead of listening she had scolded herself: You're being ridiculous. It's simply that he's bored in Whitcross.

It had been a Sunday and, as Rob waited for her in the hall, he had glanced at three letters ready for the post on the table. "H. D. Clavering, The School House, Strode, Wiltshire." "Miss Philippa Clavering, St. Anne's School,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... Higher... higher... a little more to the left... that's it!.. Ahhh..."

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NEW V8 POWER We put a 195-horsepower engine (an extra-cost option) under Chevy II's hood this year. The result: Pow! More power for hills. More power for cruising. More power to make Chevy II more exciting than ever before! ∿ This same new V8 teams up with a 4-, 6-, and a new, more powerful extra-cost 6-cylinder engine, a choice of engines you can't get in any other car made today. And no matter which one you choose, you'll find it eager to do just about everything but go through a gallon of gas. ∿ Altogether there are six new Chevy II models with bigger and better self-adjusting brakes, Delcotron generator, and air-washed rocker panels. All more deluxe inside and out. All six-passenger big. All with easy-to-care-for Body by Fisher. All waiting for you at your Chevrolet dealer's. ∿ Visit him today and see why new V8 power is going to make Chevy II harder than ever to keep up with this year. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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'64 CHEVY II by CHEVROLET

NOVA 6-PASSENGER 4-DOOR SEDAN. **'64 CORVAIR? TURN THE PAGE...**

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Bentry, Kent." Miss Candida Clavering, St. Anne's School . . ."

"My children," Fanny explained.

"Do you write to them every Sunday as if you were at school too?" Rob had asked.

Rob never came to Stebbings again. "It wouldn't have been fair," he said. "Though none of it was fair, of course. At least it made me feel less guilty when I had you on my own ground."

"But we didn't have any ground for a long, long time," said Fanny. "Not until you took me to Chirico's and we made it our own. All those out-of-the-way places where we wouldn't meet anybody."

She could not put them into chronological order, tell the dates, the days of the week, but it went on through May and June, into July. Rob was shooting *Haysel to Harvest* every day of those long dry months. He had evening conferences, script changes, meetings, and all the time, behind *Haysel to Harvest*—a small picture for Rob—was looming the big one, *Diamond Pipe*, that would take him to Africa.

Still he found time to meet Fanny—once, twice, three times a week—though she never knew where she must go, by car, by train. Her comings and goings in the Rover were too familiar to be remarked; Whitcross was used to her driving up to London, or to the airport, to meet Darrell.

Each time she and Rob met they grew more tense. If she had come by train he would be waiting for her on the platform—so many platforms, thought Fanny—and they would walk away, not touching each other, we had not touched then, and get in a taxi or Rob's car.

"I suppose we were so furtive," she said to Rob, "because we thought it would pass."

"It was never that," said Rob; "it was just that we decided to be private."

But we did try to stop it, thought Fanny in the villa now. From the beginning she had known that it ought to stop, but she told herself that it was to be nothing but a little light amusement. *I had had no fun for years and I was tempted, but Aunt Isabel would have said, "You are playing with fire, tasting goblin fruit." And been right.*

But she had tried. For more than a month, refusing to see Rob, she had lived in a vacuum, blank, somnambulant. And nobody noticed, except Lady Candida. "You look listless, Fanny. You need waking up."

Then one day Darrell had come in and said, "The film company is leaving. The picture is finished, and they are giving a farewell—Anthea's lending the Big House. She said she had been ringing here all afternoon. Didn't you hear the telephone?"

"Yes," said Fanny.

"Then? . . ."

"I didn't answer it," said Fanny, and Darrell stared at her.

"Are you ill?" he asked. "You don't look very well."

"I'm perfectly well. Tell me about this—is it a party?"

"It's a *Haysel to Harvest* 'thank you' for all the locals. The village has been pretty good, helping and providing. The Red Lion will have a free night, and there will be supper and champagne for invited people up at the Big House. All of them in the picture will be there: Gail Starling, Mark Bennet and this Quillet man, the director. I must say it's decent of them," said Darrell. "I thought film people used you and forgot you as soon as they had finished."

"They must forget," said Fanny. "It's inevitable," but the words seemed to stick in her throat.

"Can't expect them to remember what happened on every picture," said Darrell cheerfully. "This is quite impromptu, and Anthea wants you to help."

"I can't," said Fanny.

"What have you to do?"

"Something I promised." Fanny's voice was near breaking.

"A party would do you good," said Darrell. "You're looking pale. Mother says you need a good tonic."

"I have always been quiet."

"She says ——"

"Darrell! Will you *please* ask Lady Candida to leave me *alone*."

Darrell stared at the exasperation on Fanny's face, the way she clenched her hands. "My dear Fanny! Very well, if you feel like that, we won't go."

"You go," she managed to say. "You don't get much fun out of Whitcross."

"I must say I should rather like to see Gail Starling at close quarters," said Darrell, like a small boy. "If you are sure . . ."

When Darrell had gone, she slipped out through the door at the bottom of the garden, so as not to meet anyone, and up the side lane. It had begun to rain. There was one walk where people seldom went, a path up through the woods. Fanny was walking fast, head bent, rain on her face like tears, and rounded a corner full tilt into Rob.

"We were avoiding one another," she said later.

Rob could not face the party either. "Not to meet you casually. I knew I couldn't see you with another man," said Rob. "I thought I would put in an appearance—I had to do that, it was Renato's party—and leave when you came. You didn't come, but I saw Darrell, and I knew I had to go. And you walked into my arms."

"It was literally into your arms," said Fanny. "Almost before I saw you, you were holding me. You were kissing me."

"It had been so long," said Rob. "I had almost taught myself to think you were right, and we had succeeded in being good. After all, I didn't *want* to break up a home where there were children."

Fanny opened her eyes. She was not on Whitcross hill with the smell of wet chalk and summer grass. She was in the garden of the villa, warm, sunned; not driven, tormented, but quiet and at peace.

I didn't feel guilty anymore, thought Fanny, not after that day. No one in Whitcross noticed what she did—except Gwyneth. August was a doldrum time; most people were away, but the Clavering young never wanted to stir from Stebbings—except Philippa, and she was in France. Hugh had been building a telescope and spent half his time going into High Wycombe or up to London to get parts. Caddie was having riding lessons, beginning to school Topaz. Lady Candida was mercifully vacationing in Switzerland. Darrell came and went; he was in South America for five weeks, delayed. He was always being delayed. Once upon a time that had been exasperating; but now it opened the way to a halcyon time, filled only with Rob and herself; and if any voice spoke or whispered in her, she stifled it at once. It's all harmless, she told herself. A few lunches and dinners, a theater, an occasional kiss. *We are friends—friends. He is going to Africa. Then it will be over.*

Rob was at the studios now, finishing *Haysel to Harvest*. In the evenings he was up in London, or at Technicolor. They could only meet desultorily. All that time Darrell had noticed nothing. It was not that he was obtuse. It simply would not have occurred to Darrell that his wife could fall in love with somebody else.

He gave me all his trust, thought Fanny, and I was not trustworthy. Darrell would not have betrayed her, she knew that, not even if he had fallen as much in love with a woman as she with Rob. He would never have hurt her or the children, and he was bewildered that she could.

"But what did I do wrong?" he had asked in the one time Fanny saw him. "What did I do wrong?"

"Nothing. Nothing ever."

"Then *why?*"

Lady Candida too, in Fanny's last meeting with her, "You weren't on bad terms with Darrell?"

"They weren't bad," Fanny had answered wearily. "Not bad, not good, just terms."

"But I was faithful, technically," Fanny might have said. That began to be the trouble. Restlessness set in. The holidays ended. The children went back to school. Lady Candida came back with her prick-needle eyes. "Do you *have* to be so fidgety, Fanny? I believe you have nerves."

Fanny herself did not know what it was, any more than an adolescent knows—this strange heady excitement, at once miserable and sweet. She was as impatient as Hugh, silly as Philippa, could not bear to be with Rob, could not bear to be without him, rushed up to London to see him—and then did not telephone him but tramped about the streets and came home frustrated. Then driven, thought Fanny, that day I did telephone. We went to Chirico's, the rain came and it happened.

Rob had driven her home that night, too tired to think. "I will come and see Darrell in the morning," he said, but Darrell was still away, and even then, in the month that followed, Fanny shilly-shallied.

Rob had argued. "I must talk to Darrel. It's only honest to leave him, Fanny. Leave now. It isn't right that you should stay there." Fanny didn't know what she was waiting for, only trying to keep everything together, not hurt Darrell too much, not hurt the children. Perhaps she thought that somehow she could have Rob *and* the children and Stebbings. Then Darrell came home, "And he noticed me," said Fanny.

It had dawned slowly. She had heard him talking to Gwyneth. "Is Mrs. Clavering quite well?"

"A little upset," said Gwyneth cautiously.

"Upset? About what?" Darrell was honestly perplexed.

"It's been a trying summer and—ladies get moods. I should leave her alone, sir, and she will come out of it."

But Darrell did not leave her alone; he took more notice of Fanny than he had since they were first married.

It was after dinner, the third night he had been home.

When Darrell was at Stebbings the ritual was always the same. Changed, he and Fanny met in the drawing room for a drink before dinner, a three-course dinner, the table properly laid, "With all the panoply," said Hugh.

Fanny always brought coffee into the drawing room. Darrell read the paper or watched television, while Fanny watched, too, or wrote letters. At ten o'clock they went tamely to bed, usually to read, each putting out his own light, with a kiss on the cheek or forehead, only now and then something warmer, not passionate but kindly. An ordinary harmless married couple; but that October night Darrell did not settle down with the paper. He came over to her and touched her hair. "Isn't it time for bed?"

"It's only a quarter past nine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're wasting my time, Mother."

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VILLA FIORITA

"Damn it all. I have been away for weeks." Darrell put his arm round her and kissed her. "What would you say, Fanny, if we went away? Just you and I, for a few days. Mother says you ought to have a change. You have been alone too long. We could go up to town, do some shows ——"

"No," said Fanny. "No." He bent his head to kiss her again. She tried not to shrink, but she shrank. He held her firmly, closer.

"Darrell, please don't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

This, thought Fanny, is where you use control. He was holding her closer still, and before she could stop herself she had cried out, "Darrell! Please don't touch me."

"Don't touch you?" The blue eyes looked so astonished and hurt that Fanny fought again to control herself. "Not touch you? I'm your husband." She tried to be still, but when that possessive hold tightened the panic came up again.

"I can't." Now the struggling was growing frantic. "I can't. Perhaps never again."

"What *is* all this?" He was still holding her. "Fanny! You're not *afraid?* I'm your husband. Your husband!"

"Then help me." Now Fanny was clinging to him. "Help me."

"Help you? Why? How?"

"Just leave me for a little while. Leave me alone. Then it may be all right."

"This is all nerves," said Darrell.

"It's not nerves. Darrell, perhaps I should tell you . . ."

But he was too sure of himself to listen. "Somehow in the last few months we have lost one another a little, come somehow to be almost strangers."

So he had noticed, thought Fanny.

"It will be all right in a little while," said Darrell.

"No! No!" cried Fanny, but he turned her gently toward the door and into the hall.

"You go up to bed and wait for me." He steered her to the stairs and stood in the hall, watching her go up. Then she heard him shutting up the house. In the bedroom she stood still, listening, her arms goosefleshed. She heard Darrell come upstairs and go into his dressing room, heard the sound as he threw his wallet and his keys on the chest of drawers before he went into the bathroom.

She had stolen into the dressing room, picked up the keys, and quietly closed and locked the door that led into her bedroom. That would make him pause for a minute or two, poor Darrell. Back in her room Fanny pulled on street shoes and took a coat and scarf. As Darrell came into the dressing room, Fanny ran downstairs, unlocked the back door, slipped through it, taking the key, and locked the door behind her. The garage was not locked; the car started at once and she drove out.

She thought she saw the lights go on downstairs; she dared not look back. In a moment she was on the road to London.

In January, up in Scotland, the petition was served on Fanny by post. She, the guilty one, did not have to appear in court, and it was to Aunt Isabel's cottage that the telegram came to say that the case was on the warned list. It was heard on April the third and a decree *nisi* was granted. "In ten minutes flat," wrote Mr. McCrae. Ten minutes, thought Fanny, to undo eighteen years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, at least we came 'Fly now, pay later'!"

Caddie had slept round the clock, the drugged unrefreshing sleep that comes with unhappy exhaustion. When she woke, she saw that someone had unpacked her grip; clean clothes were put out. She dressed but did not bother to put on her shoes. There was a glass door opening from the room. It opened easily and she stepped out onto a small loggia.

The lake moved gently in the morning sun; the top garden was full of birds and even from here she could hear the shrilling of Celestina's caged ones; below on the terrace Caddie saw Rob, Mr. Quillet, in shorts and singlet, his bare arms and legs looking deep brown. He was not erect, like Darrell, but he was . . . graceful? It seemed an odd thing to say of a man. His face was too thin and—he hasn't very much hair, she thought. It

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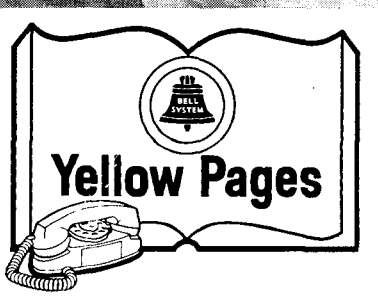

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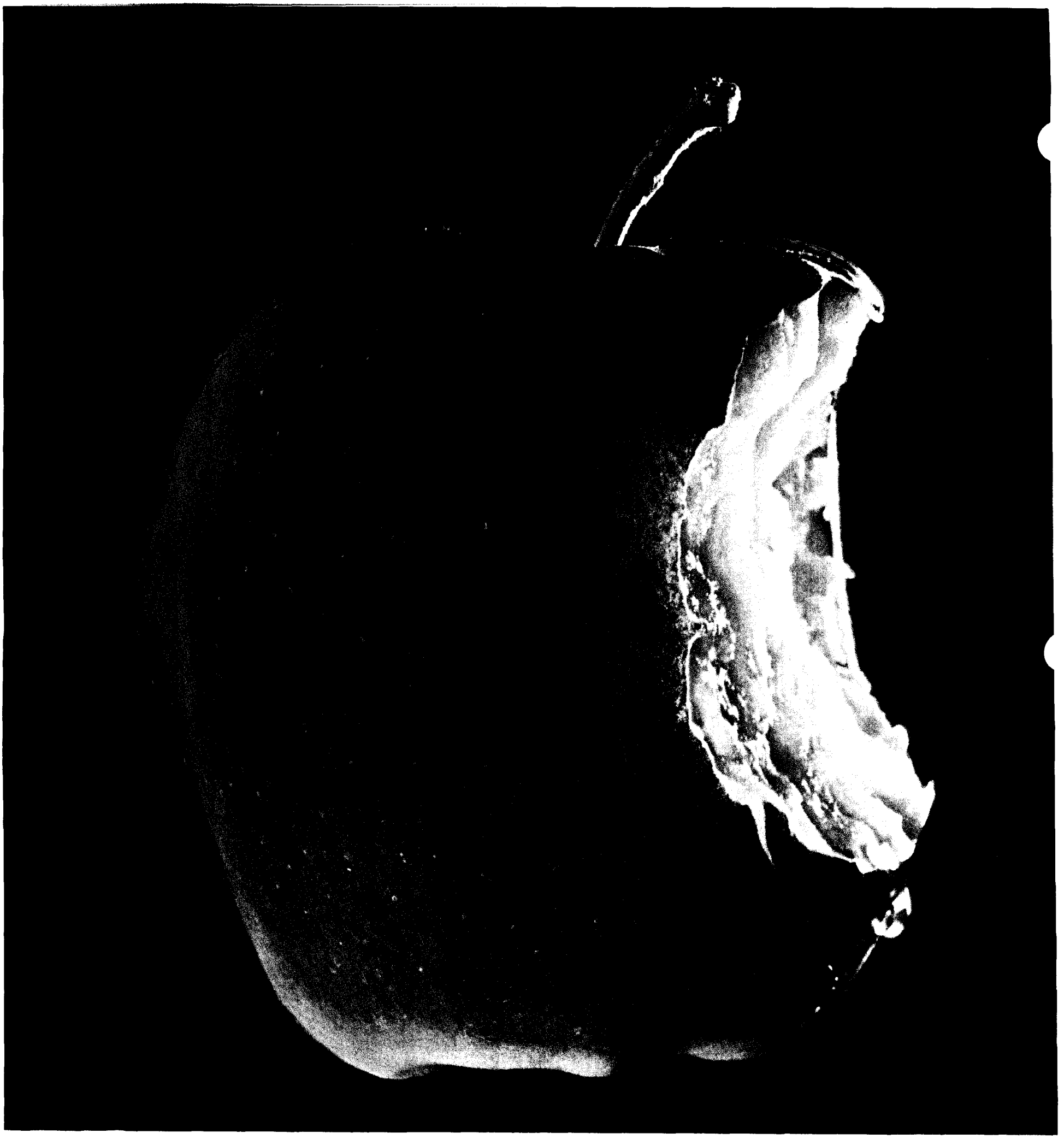

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grew far back, giving him a high forehead.

Without giving herself time to think, she ran downstairs and out to the terrace.

"Hullo," said Rob.

"Good morning," said Caddie. She had meant it to sound distant, but it trailed off into uncertainty.

Perhaps he was even more formidable than he had seemed last night, and what do we call him? Mr. Quillet or Rob? What did people call Fanny now? No one knew what to call anyone. She walked past Rob to the balustrade and stood with her elbows on it, feeling the sun on her neck.

"Are you feeling better?" asked Rob, Rob Quillet, Mr. Quillet.

Caddie nodded.

"Coffee will be here in a minute. We are having it on the terrace this morning." He lifted his face to the sun. "Smell the lilacs," he said.

She was not going to give in to anything Italian. "The lilac would be out at Stebbings too," she said.

Fanny had had to try most of all not to think of Stebbings garden. That had been all hers, while the house was Lady Candida's, who had ceded it to Darrell and Fanny when they were married.

"The house felt comfortable," Rob had said. "Easy and content."

"It was," said Fanny. Stebbings had ample rooms, wide sills on which a child could sit. There were always log fires, bowls of flowers, plenty of food for children's guests, plenty of children. Rob had said gloomily, "I can never give you that again. One can't buy a house like that."

Rob was curt as he asked Caddie, "Is Hugh getting up?"

"I don't know."

"Well, tell him to get up and come down. After coffee, your mother and I want to talk to you."

There was no doubt about it, when this man Rob—Mr. Quillet—told you to do something, you did it. Caddie went back upstairs and woke Hugh.

He did not want to get up. "You must. He says so," said Caddie. Hugh said he had a headache, and a bad taste in his mouth. Caddie brought him a glass of water, but when he tried to drink it, he retched. "I have a hell of a pain. My inside's all upset."

"It's the strain," said Caddie.

"It isn't. I have eaten something."

There was one thing he had eaten that Caddie had not, a piece of pork pie an Englishwoman had given him on the bus. "Can't Mother come up here?" he said with a groan.

"I don't think so," said Caddie, remembering Rob's voice, and Hugh reluctantly got up.

When Rob had said "coffee" instead of "breakfast" Caddie should have been warned. "Don't you have cereal, or porridge or eggs either?" she asked when she saw the table.

"Not in Italy," said Fanny.

"They can if they like," said Rob. "They have only to ask Celestina."

Though Caddie would dearly have liked an egg, she was not going to take sides with Rob, and she ate doggedly through two rolls, though their crust was very hard. Hugh ate nothing at all.

"Hugh, have at least a roll," Fanny said.

"Don't pester him to eat if he doesn't want to," Rob said.

"I'm not pestering." There seemed an edginess between Rob and Fanny.

When Giulietta had taken the tray, Rob lit a cigarette and began, "Now ——"

"Yes, we must hear all about it," said Fanny, covering Hugh's hand with her own. She meant to make up for Rob's curtness, but Hugh took his hand away.

"How did you come?"

"Train. Bus. Walked."

"Yes, but ——"

"Oh, begin at the beginning," interrupted Rob. "How did you get away without being missed?"

"Where was—Father?" asked Fanny.

"He went the day before Philippa ——" And even in the midst of his unwellness and antipathy, Hugh could not help smiling at the thought of Darrell's face when he came home. "He should be back today."

"But Gwyneth was there, and she was always so careful."

"She was," said Hugh.

The thought of her left alone in the flat to face Darrell's questions made Caddie ache. "It was dreadful in the flat," she said. "You don't know how dreadful it was."

Philippa and Hugh had quarreled incessantly. Philippa was high-handed, even with Gwyneth; Hugh was rude, and Caddie, babyishly tearful. There seemed to be no room. Caddie was ordered out of the sitting room and had to stay in the kitchen. At Stebbings, Hugh had had a workbench in the garage, but in the flat the only place big enough for setting up his telescope was on the dining-room table. No sooner had he started work than someone wanted to lay the table. "But we must have meals," said Gwyneth.

"Why can't we have them in the kitchen?"

"The colonel in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I'm ashamed of you, Hugh," Gwyneth said. "Your father's an officer and a true gentleman. I have never known anyone more—more upright."

"Oh, Father's upright, outside and in." Hugh had to concede that even in his bad temper.

"It would have been much, much better if Father had let Mother have Hugh," said Philippa.

Yet Darrell had never been more indulgent. He stayed away from his club, took them out to lunch to save Gwyneth, gave them tickets for matinees, tried to show them London. "He's trying to make up," said Hugh.

"He can't," said Caddie. Her heart ached for her father; every night she turned down his bed and laid out his pajamas.

Day after day was bleak, angry, miserable and empty. "She's missing her mother," Gwyneth said, but it was not Fanny whom Caddie missed.

"Father, may I speak to you? What—what is going to happen to Topaz?"

"Well, we can't keep him in London, can we?" The false heartiness in Darrell's voice made Caddie's heart sink.

"Do we have to live in London?"

"It's the easiest, Caddie, for the most people. I have to come and go. Besides we couldn't manage Stebbings without . . . Mother."

"Couldn't you—" Caddie had to say it "—couldn't you make her come back?"

"Because of Topaz?" Darrell tried to make his voice light but did not succeed.

"Topaz—and other things. Everything!" said Caddie in a burst of misery.

"I wish I could, Diddie, but ——" He used her baby name, and it was the first time Caddie had ever seen big, powerful Darrell helpless. He looked as if he, too, might cry. Father cry? "You have done very well with that pony," he said. "Do you know that Will Ringells says he will give you twenty-five pounds for him?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He doesn't look familiar to me, either."

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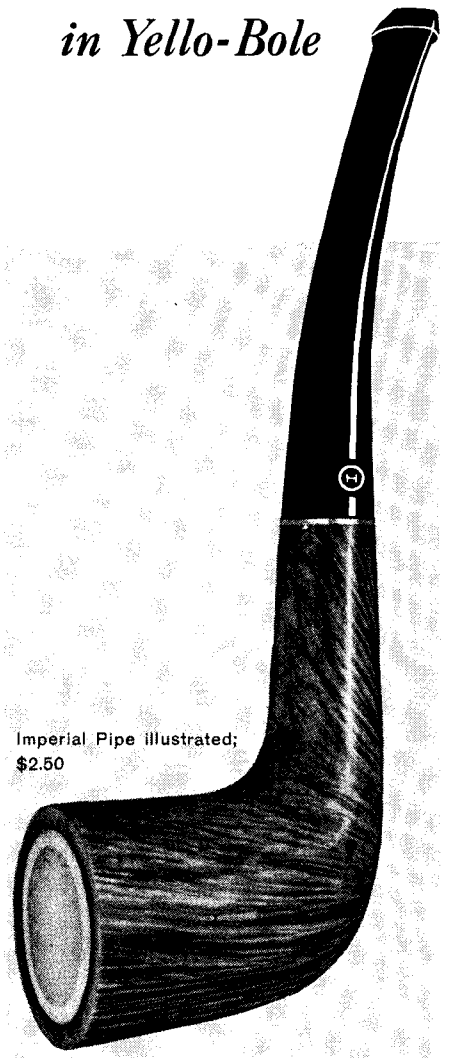

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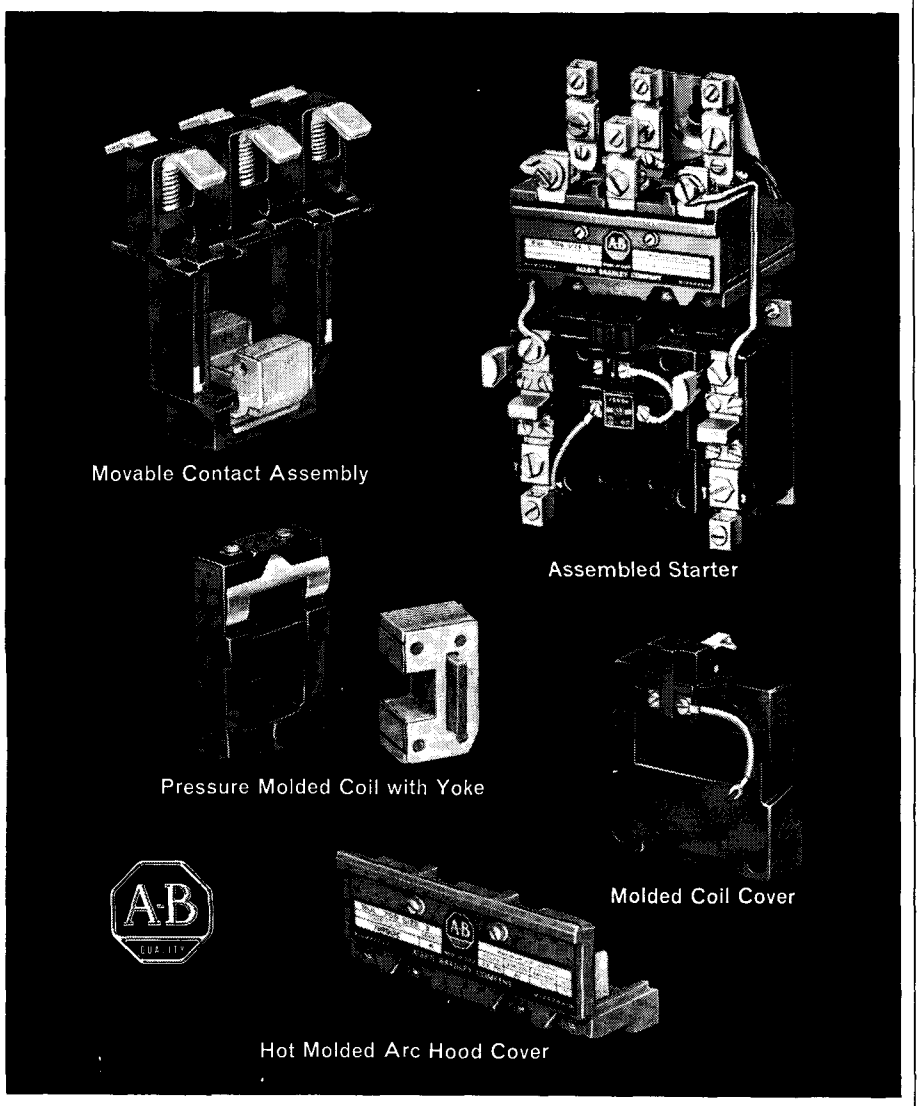

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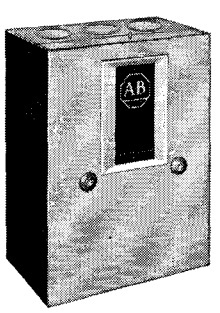

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VILLA FIORITA

"I don't want twenty-five pounds," said Caddie.

"Then one day, when perhaps I can arrange for you to be in the country again, you could buy an even better pony."

"I don't want a better pony."

"I see," said Darrell. "Well, we'll leave him where he is with Ringells for the present, shall we? He's happy there."

"It's three guineas a week," whispered Caddie.

"We can run to that for a little while; then we can see." Darrell's voice had been very kind, but it was a knell to Caddie. *They will sell Topaz when I'm away at school.*

School was getting near when Darrell had had to make one of his sudden absences. "Conveniently, as it turned out," said Hugh.

There had been trouble over Philippa's going to Paris, because she had wanted to travel in trousers. "Trousers!" Lady Candida had been horrified.

In the end Philippa had to give way, because Lady Candida threatened to withdraw the twenty pounds she was giving her as a parting present. All the same, Lady Candida would not come up to see her off, and there were only Hugh and Caddie at the Paris train, "In a horde of girls," said Hugh.

Hugh and Caddie had stood at the carriage door, but Philippa had taken little notice of them, "Except to guy us," said Hugh.

"This is my little brother Hugh. This infant with the freckles is Caddie."

"That's what we get for coming. Let's go," Hugh had said, but Caddie insisted on staying.

"She must have someone to wave to," said Caddie. "All the others have fathers or mothers, fathers *and* mothers."

They had come back to a flat that seemed more desolate than ever and found Gwyneth worrying about their school clothes. "The colonel asked me to do them, but I just don't know," said Gwyneth helplessly. "Your mother has always done this. 'Three regulation gingham dresses,'" Gwyneth read out from Caddie's list. "I have found the dresses, but they will need letting down. Oh, dear! There isn't much time."

"I can wear them short," said Caddie miserably.

"And be all legs," said Hugh.

"Hush, Hugh. Two cotton dresses . . ." Gwyneth's finger came down the list. "You had better shop tomorrow."

"By myself?" asked Caddie in alarm.

With one of his sudden turns of sweetness Hugh had said, "Don't worry, Diddie. I will choose your clothes."

He had, and, "They were the prettiest dresses I ever had in my life," said Caddie. It had almost been happy until it came to the shoes. "Regulation summer sandals," said the school's list, and, "Good Lord!" said Hugh when they appeared. "Your feet can't be as big as *that!*"

The sandals looked like boats. It was not only their flatness, it was their childish shape. If Fanny had been there she would have found a way out, but Fanny was not there and Hugh was tiring. Anyway Caddie was due at the dentist's for a preschool checkup. "I will drop you," said Hugh. "You can come home by yourself, can't you? I want to get on with my telescope," and he had paid for the sandals.

I shall have to wear them, thought Caddie. With them and the too-short uniform dresses she would be what Hugh said she was, all feet and legs, knees, elbows and freckles. Fanny would have shed a ray of hope: "It's only a phase. Your feet will shrink. Philippa's did," and the dresses would have been let down. Fanny would have gone with Caddie to the dentist, but Fanny was in Italy, and suddenly Caddie had rebelled.

It was a violent storm of rebellion, hatred of her sandals, of the dentist, of going back alone to the flat, of Fanny's absence, of Mr. Quillet, Darrell and all grown-ups; such hatred and despair, confusion and misery that she cast her parcels on a chair, and, "Let's not have it," said Caddie in a choking voice. "Let's refuse."

"Refuse?"

"Absolutely refuse."

"My good child, what are you talking about?" Hugh had looked calm and slim, leaning back in the shop chair waiting for his change, in his gray-flannel suit, his hair brushed, his shoes shining. Beside him Caddie felt shabby and tousled. Now she was so angry that she did not care.

"Let's refuse to allow Mother to go away like this. Just not have it. Refuse."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good morning, dear."

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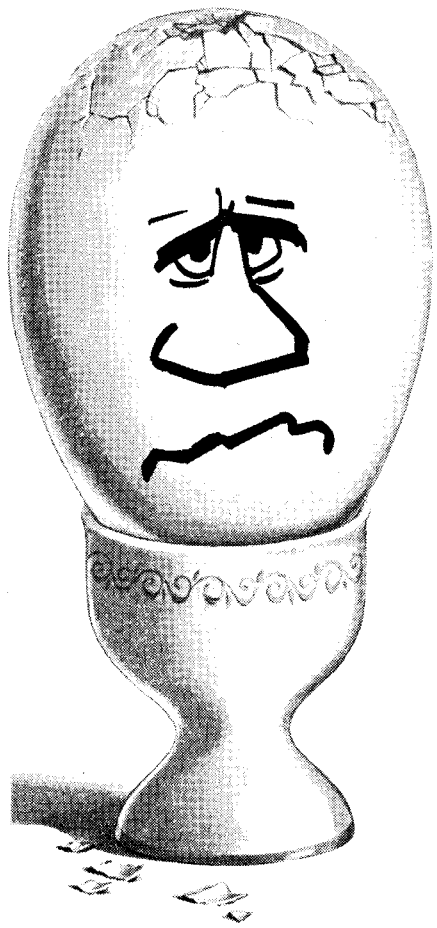

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SPEEDY IS
ITS MIDDLE NAME

VILLA FIORITA

"How?" But Hugh had sat up in his chair.

"Refuse to go to school," said Caddie. "To go to school or stay in that ghastly flat. Refuse to live with Father alone."

"But how do we do it?"

"We won't go back to school," said Caddie breathlessly. "We will leave. Run away." And then she had had her inspiration. "Let's go to this place in Italy and fetch her."

Caddie had had some vague idea of walking, of stowing away on a cross-channel steamer, then walking again through France, cadging lifts, with their food done up in a handkerchief, Hugh carrying a bundle. She blushed now to think of how childish that had been; Hugh, once he had accepted her idea, became a master planner.

"The plan was to leave the day we went to school," he told Fanny and Rob now on the terrace. "Luckily it was the same date for both of us." Piece by piece he had thought it out.

"I think we should send a telegram to our schools," he had told Caddie. "Writing is too risky. We could never make a letter sound like Father or Gran." Perhaps Hugh's strength lay in knowing his limitation. "'Regret Candida unable return today suspected measles writing signed Clavering.' The same for me, to Strode."

"'Suspected' was clever," said Rob. "It kept them hanging about."

Caddie's school train went from Victoria. "It was awkward being in the same station," said Hugh. "One of the Saint Anne's girls might have seen Caddie, even though our train left from another part. For continental trains one uses a different entrance," he explained to Rob. It had, too, been tight for time. "Caddie's school train left at a quarter past two, ours left at half past. I had to run."

"Does she count you?" he had asked Caddie.

"Who?"

"The woman who takes you down to Bendry. There is a mistress with you?"

"Usually Miss Prescott. She has a list and ticks us off."

"Hell!" And Hugh exploded, "Girls' schools! She may not have heard about the telegram, and if you aren't at the station, someone might telephone the flat."

"Could you take a note?" Caddie had asked. But a note held the same risks as a letter.

"No. We will get to Victoria an hour early," Hugh had decided. He would deposit Caddie in the refreshment room on the continental side. In the taxi she was to put on a head scarf to cover her hair—"It's so ginger anyone would recognize it"—and hide her school hat, a panama. She had to leave the flat in her panama because of Gwyneth, "And anyone could see that ghastly emerald band right across the station. Dark glasses," Hugh had said, enjoying himself, "and you can hold up a newspaper."

He would leave her at a table—"You can buy sandwiches for us to eat on the train"—and he himself would arrive breathless on the school-train platform. "I can say Father sent me. Too late to telephone, and we're a bit disorganized," said Hugh, and he rehearsed: "'I'm Hugh Clavering. Caddie, Candida, my sister, is in bed. The doctor thinks it's measles. She won't be traveling.' I shall just have time to shoot back, and pick you up and get us on the train. And that's how it was," he told Rob and Fanny.

"But how did you know where Malcesine was?" asked Fanny.

Here Caddie had been of some help. "Remember when we used to go to Hamley's toy shop?" she asked. "Opposite Hamley's there was an Italian traveling place."

The clerk asked, "You will be traveling alone?" Caddie's heart beat uncomfortably. Hugh said, "Yes," in as chilly and grown-up a way as possible.

"I see," said the clerk. "For Malcesine you must go by train to Desenzano. You can take the bus or ferry on from there."

Caddie asked, "How do we get to Desenz—Desen——"

"Desenzano? You can go by air to Milan, the tourist fare is twenty-three pounds, thirteen shillings single. Or by air to Paris, nine pounds eleven shillings, and catch the night express, ten-forty-four from the Gare de Lyon."

"Isn't there a through train?" Hugh had asked to Caddie's admiration.

"Ah, yes, but that is slow. You leave Victoria at half after two in the afternoon, change at Paris. Leave there at midnight, arrive in Milan at one-thirty next day and on by the same train to Desenzano. You get there at three o'clock. The single fare is ten pounds, four shillings. As Miss, I think, is not fourteen years old, she would be half."

"That will suit us," said Hugh, and the clerk asked, "You have passports?"

"Naturally," said Hugh.

They had all three been given passports when they went to Switzerland for that Christmas holiday. Most children under sixteen traveled on their mother's, but for the reason that had not been divulged to them then, they were not on Fanny's.

"But didn't anyone stop you?" asked Fanny. "I thought children were not allowed to leave the country."

"They go backwards and forwards so much, to schools, service families, U.N.," said Rob, "that long ago they ceased to be remarkable. Children think nothing of it now."

The passports were kept in a pigeonhole in Darrell's desk. Here, too, were what Hugh had his eye on: envelopes in which Darrell kept the bits and pieces of foreign currency left over from his travels, not large sums but odd coins and small notes. There had been no Italian small money, only a ten-thousand-lire note. "Ten *thousand* lire?" asked Caddie.

"It's only about six pounds."

"It wasn't stealing," Caddie said now to Rob and Fanny. "We put our school money in to make it even. Hugh had four pounds, and I had two, which made it nearly right."

They would need, Hugh said, French and Swiss francs, Italian lire. "We had a few of our own Swiss from Christmas."

"How much did you have altogether?" asked Rob now.

"Nineteen new French francs."

"And sixteen centimes," said Caddie.

". . . . in bits and pieces. Twelve Swiss francs. And seventy Swiss centimes."

"And we had some English," but Caddie was silent about the English money.

"Do we go through all those countries?" she had asked with dismay. To her the many different countries only magnified her dread of going, and moments of that journey stayed with her forever. At Folkestone, for instance, they had had to pass a man checking passports. He looked to Caddie's imagination like a detective, and she flinched. Hugh gave her a sharp blow in the back. "Go *on*, donkey," and, "If you look like that, someone will think something is wrong and stop us."

On board the boat Hugh took Caddie to the cafeteria and gave her a cup of tea. He had a cupcake and she had a fruit pie. It was disappointing, purple juice oozing through gray pastry, and inside it were hard cherries and chips of apple. The cafeteria smelled of rubber, steam and wet apple.

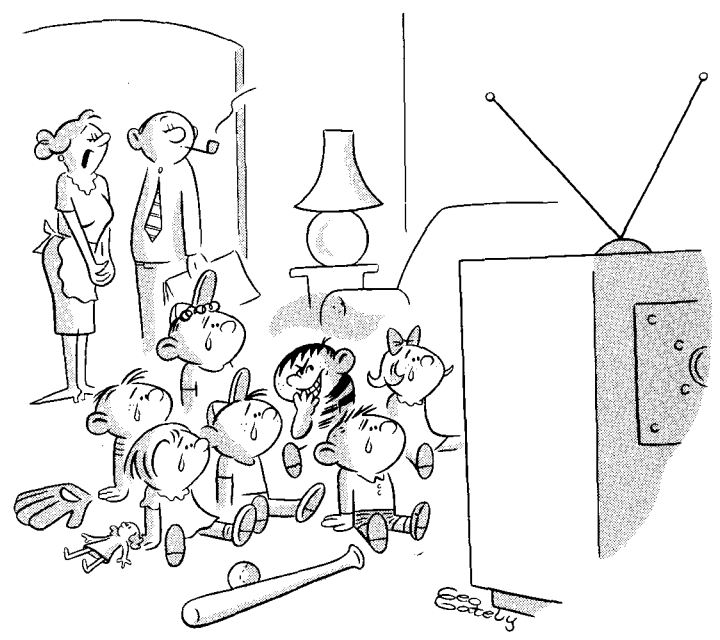
"I wish I hadn't had that fruit pie," said Caddie suddenly, and, "Oh, I wish Mother was here."

When they docked at Calais, the loudspeaker blared, "Passengers for train thirty-two."

"That's us," said Hugh. He had their tickets, two pieces of pink paper in a folder.

"Train thirty-two, and *all* passengers for Paris, turn *right* at the bottom of the gangway," said the loudspeaker. "For these passengers, passports and customs will be on the train."

Then there were the porters, terrifyingly big men in blue blouses and black caps, pushing through the crowd, shouting in French. On the quayside French notices hung all along the big shed: DOUANE, PASSEPORTS ICI, CALAIS DEPART



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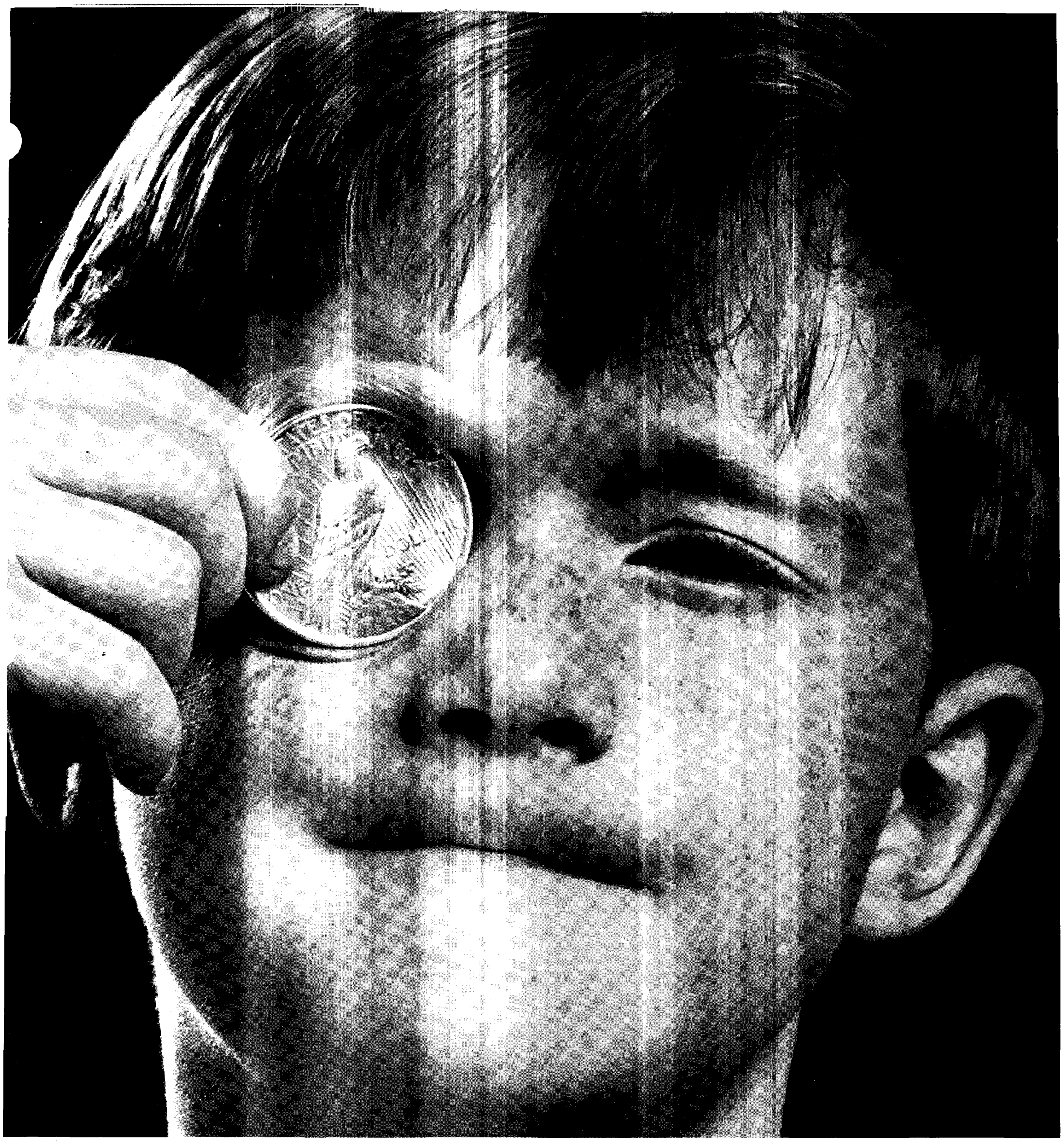

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IN THE YEARS following the establishment of the church in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2), many gradually departed from the original teaching of Christ and His apostles, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the apostle Paul (II Thessalonians 2:1-10; I Timothy 4:1-3). Sincere men at various times tried vainly to lead their fellowmen back to the right way by seeking *to reform the abuses* that grew out of this departure. Their efforts, however, led only to the formation of different religious bodies, each one guided by its own distinctive creed, and to the popular expression, "Join the church of your choice."

Christians throughout the world in this twentieth century, as their brethren have done in centuries past, continue to plead for a complete *restoration* of Christianity as taught by the apostles under the divine guidance of the Holy Spirit. They advocate the elimination of all human creeds and the restoration of the Word of God alone as a complete and adequate rule of faith and practice (II Timothy 3:16, 17). They call for a recognition of the *New Testament church—Christ's choice!*

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When the Word of God is sown as "seed" (Luke 8:11) in the hearts of men, it will produce the same fruit today that it did in the first century. It produced Christians then; it will produce Christians now (Acts 11:26; 26:28; I Peter 4:16).

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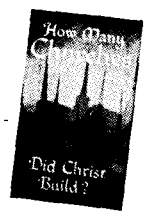

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VILLA FIORITA

7.40; but in the train the notices were in four languages:

DO NOT LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW
NE PAS SE PENCHER EN DEHORS
PERICOLOSO SPORGESI
NICHT HINAUSLEHNEN

"We shall have to say '*Pericoloso sporgesi*,'" Caddie whispered to Hugh, "and '*Vietato fumare*.'" That was exciting, but as the evening came, the journey had taken on a strange loneliness.

There was a scene in the dining car which even now made her hot to remember. A man had come down the corridor ringing a little bell. "Dinner," said Hugh, and they had followed the other passengers down the long train, past couchettes where whole families had seemed to be encamped, and luxurious *wagon-lits*, but when Hugh saw the dining car, he stopped short, looking at the red carpet, red plush chairs, the white tablecloths, white-coated waiters.

"It's terribly expensive," he had whispered, but the headwaiter had already motioned them to a table, handed them the menu, and vanished to the next people.

"*Suprême de colinelino Eloise . . .*" but they got no further. "*Prix fixe*," read Hugh. "Eighteen N.F."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we don't have any dinner."

"But—oh, *Hugh!*"

"Eighteen new francs, eighteen hundred old. More than thirty shillings each."

"Thirty shillings for *dinner?*"

"Yes. Let's go. We haven't that much French money."

"Couldn't you ask if we could just have *one* thing? Even soup."

"You have to have the whole dinner."

Caddie was desperate. "Couldn't you say we are children?"

The look Hugh gave her was annihilating. He threw down his napkin and rushed past the headwaiter. Scarlet in the face, staggering against tables as the train rocked, Caddie followed him. They ate the refreshment-room sandwiches from the net bag. The bread was sodden.

Of the night, Caddie remembered chiefly the long way through Paris from one station to the other; in an eternity of slow bumping motion they sat silent in their corners, lights and shadows brushing their faces. Caddie fell asleep and woke to a grinding stop. It was the Gare de Lyon and the middle of the night. "How shall we know which train?" she had asked in panic.

"It's that one," said Hugh, nodding opposite.

"Are you *sure?*"

"People are going into it, but we can walk up to the front and see its number."

"Its number? What's its number?"

"Five-nineteen."

"How do you know?"

"It's on our tickets." Hugh was being patient. "Come on. Then we can walk down and find the right coach."

Once again, Hugh's resource had filled Caddie with awe. He looked almost a little boy, red-eyed, his hair on end, dirt on his cheek, his shirt collar crumpled, but he knew what to do, and the train opposite was five-nineteen.

It was in the early hours that regrets had begun. We shouldn't have come, thought Hugh. It was stupid. Typical Caddie! He looked at his sister on the seat opposite and almost hated her. Caddie, in those uneasy wakings, had thought it would have been better even to be in the flat. "It was silly, silly," the wheels seemed to hammer in her head. "Silly. We shall never get there."

Once she woke startled. "Hugh! Hugh!"

"Go to sleep," growled Hugh, but Caddie only slept in snatches. They woke to a dawn of eerie daylight and snow, with the train standing still. They were at Vallorbe, which Hugh said was the frontier. "Frontier of Italy?" Caddie had asked hopefully.

"No, you clot. Switzerland."

"But we did have breakfast in Switzerland," Caddie told Rob and Fanny. She thought well of that country ever afterward.

This time the dining car had not looked as expensive; it had wooden and leather chairs, the tables laid with blue plates. A man came round with a basket of rolls calling: "*Deux pour chaque personne. Deux.*"

"Only two," Hugh cautioned Caddie. Coffee and milk were poured into each cup and for each person, too, there was a miniature saucer of jam, two curls of butter. It was not much but it was good, and the whole world seemed curiously lighted. "They won't turn us back now. We have gone too far," said Hugh. They sat side by side, breaking the crisp rolls and drinking the good coffee and they felt almost happy, but the breakfast was inordinately expensive: three francs fifty for a cup of coffee and two little rolls.

"And jam and butter," said Caddie.

At the Italian frontier, Domodossola, "What a name!" there were passports and customs, but this time even Caddie was quite fearless, and, "We're in Italy—in Italy," she chanted as the train went on; but now tiredness was catching up with them, and the morning became a jumble. Then they were in Milan under a domed roof like a hangar, crowds on the platform, shoutings, hissing of steam.

It was now that Hugh failed to change the 10,000-lire note. On the platform were trolleys, "Selling lovely things to eat," said Caddie. "And the man wouldn't take our note. He told us to go to the ticket office to get change. The ticket office, when the train might have gone any second, and we were *starving*."

Milan, Brescia. All the hot white afternoon the train bumped over a flat cultivated plain, by low mountains; in the distance were other mountains, disappearing into cloud. Oxen were plowing in orchards of blossom; there were little villages, then, "Tidy yourself," said Hugh. "We're nearly there."

In the graveled Desenzano station courtyard a blue bus had been standing. Beside it was a yellow notice board: SALÒ, GARDONE, LIMONE, RIVA.

"Not Malcesine?" asked Caddie, stretched with anxiety.

"This goes the other way round the lake," but Hugh's quick eyes had seen another board: SIRMIONE, GARDA, MALCESINE, RIVA. "That's the one we want," he said.

"But when does it go?"

"It's the next board, so it must be the next bus. They won't change ten thousand lire either. I had better take our note to the ticket office."

It seemed an hour to Caddie, but in twenty minutes a second bus rolled up, and sure enough the board went up. SIRMIONE. GARDA. MALCESINE.

It was a long way. They both went uneasily to sleep. Only once did they wake right up—when an Englishwoman

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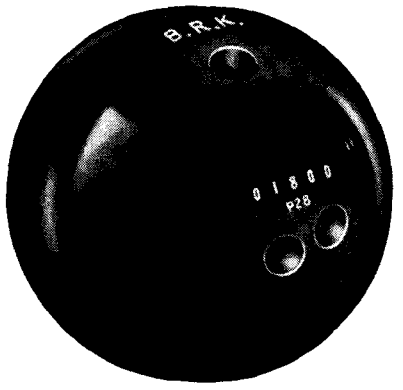

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who had come nearly all the way from Desenzano with them offered Hugh a piece of pork pie. "I thought she was going to give you a piece too," he told Caddie. "Or I shouldn't have bolted it like that."

At last, "Malcesine. Malcesine," the conductor called out. Caddie brought the coats and bag, and they were left standing on a dusty road bordered with shops.

"You got out at *Malcesine*," said Fanny. "My poor darlings! Why, the bus goes past our gate. We're two kilometers from Malcesine."

"I know," said Hugh, "because we walked."

"What I don't understand," said Fanny when it was all told out, "is where you got the money. You had a few French francs, some Swiss ones, and the notes. You say you put your school money in the desk for compensation, I think that was very honest of you, but you had to pay your fares, and in English money. They must have been nearly twenty pounds."

"Sixteen pounds, fifteen shillings, and sixpence," said Caddie.

"Where did you get it?"

There was a silence. Hugh looked at his feet. Caddie sank lower and lower in her chair until her face was hidden.

"Caddie sold Topaz," said Hugh.

"Sold Topaz!" It was a cry from Fanny.

Hugh had been so clever in planning every detail that there had been no escape. "Dear Mr. Ringells," Caddie had written, "My father says you would like to buy my pony, Topaz . . ."

"I can't, Hugh. I can't write it."

". . . for twenty-five pounds," dictated Hugh, and he said, "You must—it must be in your writing, because Topaz is yours."

"As we have to live in London now we think it would be wise . . ." There were big blots on the page, but Hugh let it go; perfectionist though he was, even Hugh did not make Caddie write it twice. "My brother and I will come down and see you on Friday, about twelve o'clock. Yours sincerely, Candida Clavering," wrote Caddie, and Hugh dictated: "N.B. Would you be able to pay me in cash as I want to buy a tennis racquet and a bicycle." But Caddie would not write that final treachery.

Hugh had everything planned: "We will tell Gwyneth I'm taking you down to Whitcross to say good-bye to Topaz before school." It was so reasonable that Gwyneth even gave them the money for their tickets.

Topaz was in a stall. Mr. Ringells had brought him in, "So your sister can see him," he told Hugh. "Nice little pony."

"His legs are muddy," Caddie whispered to Hugh.

There was no denying Topaz was not the shining little pony he had been under her care. His coat was rough, his ears dusty; his feet were filled with caked mud and dung. "He will get thrush," Caddie said severely to Mr. Ringells.

She spoke once in the train on the way back. "He's used to being loved. What will he *think?*" Hugh did something that Caddie had only known him do once before; he put his arm round her and squeezed her. Long ago, on the day he went to that first school, suddenly turning from the car, he had run back and given Caddie a violent wordless hug. The small faraway Caddie had been filled with love and wonder. In the Whitcross train she felt nothing at all.

Now, on the villa terrace, it was Fanny who was weeping. She had jumped up. "Caddie, we must get Topaz back, make Mr. Ringells sell him back to us. Rob and I will have a house soon and probably in the country. We will buy Topaz back and keep him for you. I promise." But the figure bowed in the chair at the end of the table never moved.

"I should leave her alone just now," Rob said.

"But you don't know what this means, Rob."

"I can guess."

"Hugh, how could you? How could you?"

"What do you mean, how could I?" Hugh's head came up. He looked fierce. "It wasn't I who made Caddie sell Topaz," he said. "It was you."

"Precisely," said Rob. "All the same, we mustn't promise what we can't do. By the time we find a house, Caddie may be too big for a pony and ——" But Fanny could not bear the way Caddie sat silently bowed in the chair.

She broke away from Rob, and went to Caddie, kneeling down by her. "Perhaps we can't buy Topaz back," she said. "But I shall never forget, never, what you have done to get to me. To sell Topaz." Fanny's voice was broken. "And that long, long journey." She held out her hand to Hugh. "Oh, my darlings, if you knew what it means—that you ran away to me."

Hugh was silent, but Caddie raised an indignant face. "We *didn't* run away to you," said Caddie. "We came to fetch you." TO BE CONTINUED

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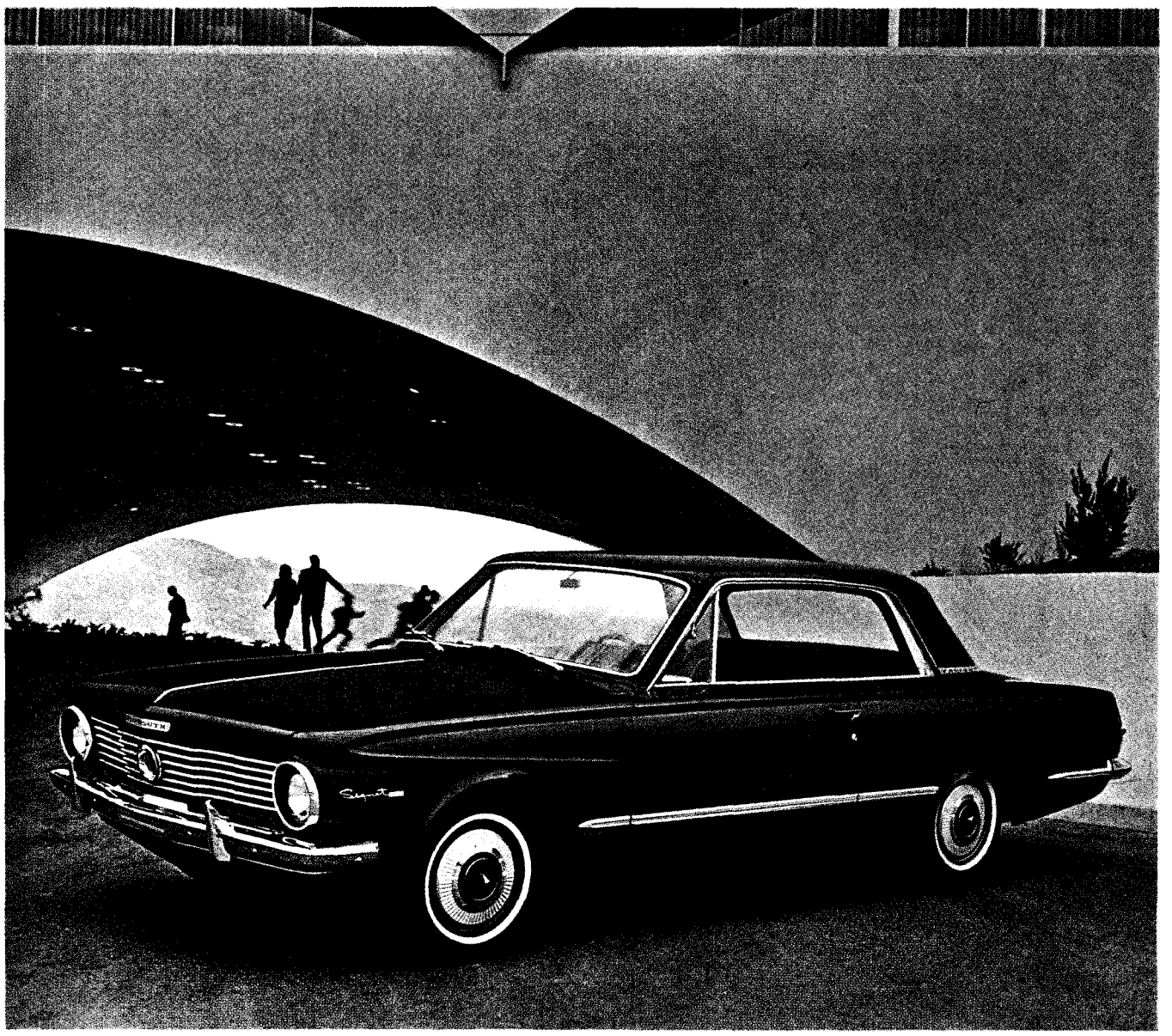

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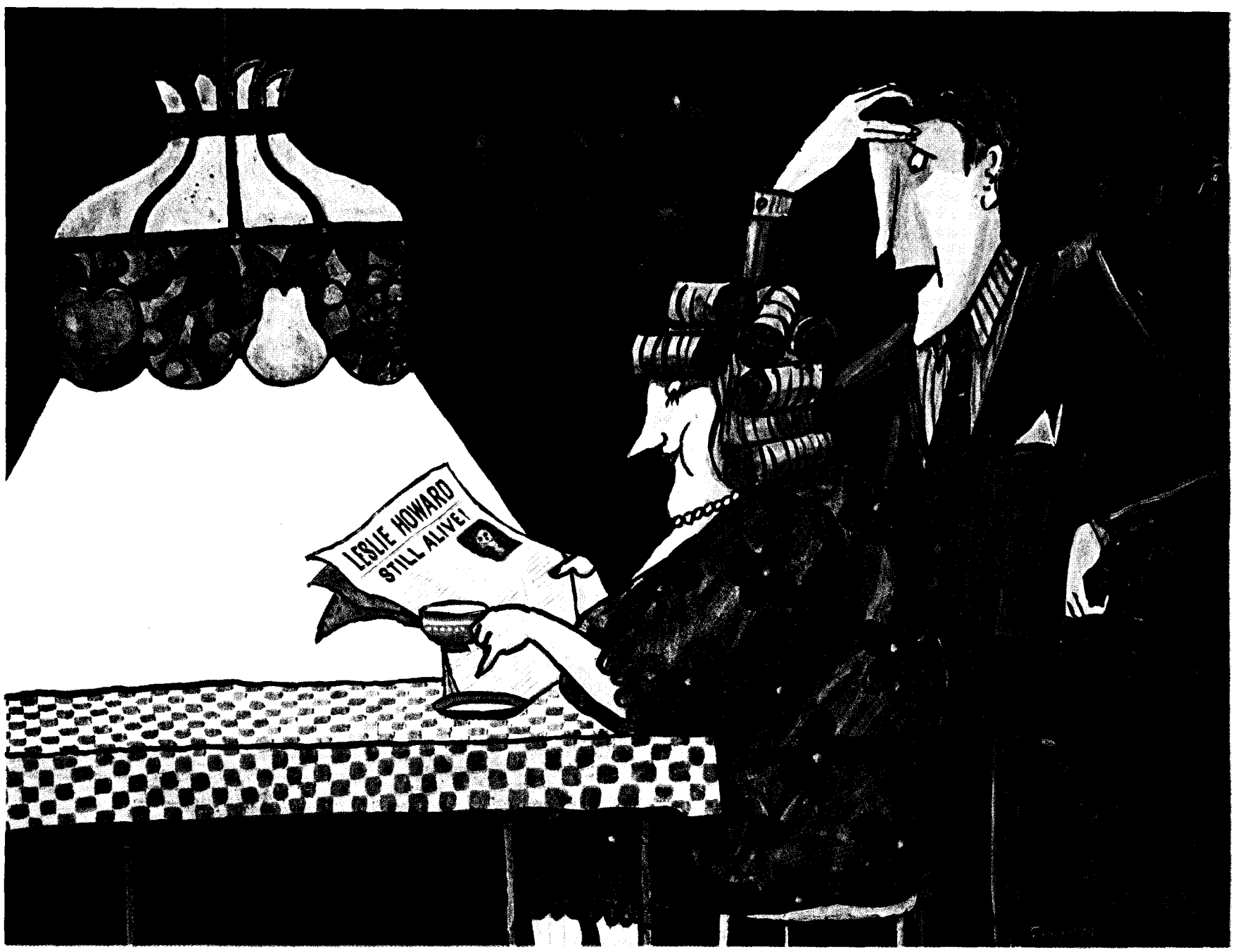

CHAOS, DISORDER AND THE LATE SHOW

By WARREN MILLER

I am a certified public accountant and a rational man. More exactly, and putting things in their proper order, I am a rational man first and an accountant second. I insist on order; I like the symbols of order—a blunt, hardy plus sign or a forthright minus delights me. I make lists, I am always punctual, I wear a hat. Maltz believes this has caused my hairline to recede. Maltz is one of my associates at the office. He married too young and he regrets it.

In fact, there is no scientific foundation for his view that wearing a hat causes the hairline to recede. Such things are largely a matter of heredity, although my father has a luxuriant head of hair. But what of my grandfathers? I have no doubt that one of them accounts for my high forehead. Talent, I believe I have read somewhere, often skips a generation or jumps from uncle to nephew. Studies have been made. Naturally there are exceptions. But it provides one with the beginning of an explanation. The notion of having been an adopted child is a fancy I have never indulged. I have never doubted that my parents are my true parents. But I sometimes suspect they think I am not their true son.

Let me say just this about my father: He is a high-school history teacher, and every summer for twenty-five years he has had a three-month vacation. Not once has he ever put this time to any real use. He could have been a counselor at a camp, taught the summer session, clerked at a department store or . . . any number of things. I recall that he spent one entire summer lying on the sofa, reading. Some years he goes to the beach. Once he went to Mexico. His income is, to be sure, adequate, but I am certain that one major illness would wipe out his savings. I have tried to speak to him about preplanning; he listens, but he does not seem to hear.

My mother—I think this one example will suffice—my mother believes that Leslie Howard, who was a Hollywood actor killed in the war, is still alive. My father merely smiles when she speaks of Leslie Howard—I believe he actually enjoys it—but I have brought home almanacs and circled references in *Harper's* and other magazines attesting to the fact that Leslie Howard is, in fact and in truth, dead. Definitive proof.

Not that I care; not that I care very deeply. It is a harmless-enough delusion; but it is sloppy. I believe that the world

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Bette Davis was on television, but Leslie Howard was in his mother's heart.

tends naturally to chaos and that we all have to make our daily—even hourly—contribution toward order. My parents, in my opinion, are unwilling to shoulder their share of this responsibility.

I have, once or twice, discussed the matter with Maltz, whose wife has proved to be unreliable in some ways and who has a sympathy in matters of this kind. Maltz agrees that my father is mistaken in his indulgent attitude; on the other hand, he believes it would, perhaps, be better psychologically if I ignored my mother's pitiful little delusion—as he called it.

But it is like a pebble in my shoe or loose hair under my shirt collar. Chaos and disorder in the world, in the natural scheme of things, is bad enough; one does not want to have to put up with it at home too. The subways are dirty and unreliable; the crosstown buses are not properly spaced; clerks in stores never know where their stock is.

The extent of the breakdown is incredible. Every year at this time I rent an empty store on upper Broadway and help people with their income-tax returns. These people keep no records! They have no receipts! They lose their canceled checks! They guess! The year just past is, to them, a fast-fading and already incomplete collection of snapshots. It was full of medical and business expenses and deductions for entertaining, yet they remember nothing. Believe me, the chaos of subways and crosstown buses and our traffic problems is as nothing compared to the disorder in the heads of *people*. Every year I am struck with this anew.

This extra-time work continues for three months and becomes more intense as deadline time draws near. It is amazing how many people wait until the last possible moment. Often I am there until nearly midnight.

At the beginning of March I hire Maltz and pay him by the head. He is not as fast as I would like, but he is reliable and, because of his wife and her extravagances, he needs the money. "It would embarrass me," he says, "if I had to tell you how much she spends every week on magazines alone."

Poor guy.

I live with my parents. The store I rent is near their apartment, a matter of three blocks, walking distance. It is a neighborhood of small shops and large supermarkets which once were movie houses; their marquees now advertise turkeys and hams. Maltz occasionally will walk me to my door.

That night, the night of the incident, it was snowing. It had been snowing all day. No one had cleaned his sidewalk, and it made walking treacherous. I almost slipped twice.

"Isn't there a city ordinance about people cleaning their sidewalks? Isn't it mandatory?" I asked.

Maltz said, "There is such an ordinance, Norman, but it is more honored in the breach than in the practice."

The sadness of his marriage has given Maltz a kind of wisdom. The next time he slipped I took his arm, and I thought Here is a man who might one day be my friend. The loneliness of the mismated is a terrible thing to see. It touches me. I believe I understand it. At the door of my building I said good night and I watched for a moment as Maltz proceeded reluctantly toward home.

The elevator was out of order again. When a breakdown occurs, tenants must use the freight elevator at the rear of the lobby. I had to ring for it three times and wait more than five minutes; then I had to ride up with two open garbage cans. It was not very pleasant. The elevator man said, "How's business, Mr. Whitehead?"

"Very good, thank you, Oscar," I said.

"I'll be in to see you real soon, Mr. Whitehead."

I nodded. I knew he'd wait, as he did last year, until the last possible moment. I tried to shrug it off. It's no good trying to carry the next man's share on your own shoulders, I told myself. Forget it, I thought.

Because I had come up in the freight elevator, I therefore entered our apartment by way of the kitchen. I took off my rubbers and carried them in with me, my briefcase in the other hand. As a result the door slammed shut, since I had no free hand to close it slowly.

"Is it you?" my mother called.

She was at the kitchen table having her midnight cup of tea; she said it calmed her and made sleeping easier to have tea before bed. I have tried to explain to her that tea has a higher percentage of caffeine than coffee, but she continues to drink it.

She was smiling.

"What is it?" I said.

"Mr. Know-it-all, come here and I would like to show you something."

She had a newspaper on the table. I did not move. "What is it?" I asked.

"Come here and I will show you, Norman," she said, still smiling.

At this point my father shouted something unintelligible from their bedroom.

"What did you say, dear? What?"

"Bette Davis on the late show. *Dark Victory!*"

My mother put her hand to her heart. "I remember the day I saw it," she said. "At the Rivoli, with Millie Brandon." She sat there, staring at nothing; she had forgotten all about me.

"What was it you wanted, Mother?" I said.

"Twenty-five cents if you got there before noon, would you believe it," she said.

I looked at the newspaper. I was astonished to see that she had brought such a newspaper into the house. There it was, beside her teacup, one of those weekly papers that always has headlines such as: MOTHER POISONS HER FIVE BABIES or TAB HUNTER SAYS "I AM LONELY." The inside pages, I have been told, are devoted to racing news.

"Mr. Know-it-all," she said and began to smile again.

"What are you doing with *that* paper, Mother?"

"Millie called me this afternoon and I ran out and bought it. Look!" she cried, and with an all-too-typical dramatic flourish she unfolded it and showed me the front page. The headline read: LESLIE HOWARD STILL ALIVE.

"So much for your almanacs and your definitive proof," she said. "Now what have you got to say, my dear?"

"Two minutes, dear," my father called in to her. "Commercial on now."

"Coming," she called back.

"Mother," I said, "you know very well what kind of paper this is."

"Why should they pick this subject?" she said, tapping the headline with her fingernail. "Why should they pick this particular subject right out of the blue? I would like to ask you that."

"Did you read the article itself, Mother? Is there one iota of hard fact in it?"

"There are facts, and there are facts, my dear boy."

I was very patient with her. "Mother," I said, "he is dead. It is well known that he is dead. He went down at sea in a transport plane. . . ."

"First of all, Mr. Smart One, it was not a transport. It was a Spitfire. He always flew Spitfires. He and David Niven."

"Well, then, Mother, just tell me this," I said. "If he's alive, where is he? Where is he?"

"It's starting, dear," my father called.

"The loveliest man who ever walked this earth," she said.

"I have never had the pleasure of seeing him, Mother."

"Steel-rimmed glasses. A pipe. Tweed jackets."

"Well, where is he, Mother?"

"So gentle. Gentle, yet dashing. If everybody was like Leslie Howard, wouldn't this be one beautiful world. Oh, what a beautiful world it would be!"

"Under no circumstances would I trust that particular newspaper," I said.

"This newspaper, my dear boy, is like every other newspaper. It is sometimes right."

I put my rubbers under the sink.

"The year you were born I saw him in *Intermezzo*, Ingrid Bergman's first American movie. Produced by Selznick, who was then still married, I believe, to Louis B. Mayer's daughter Irene." She sipped her tea and looked at the headline. She said, "These days they don't even name boys Leslie anymore. *Girls* are now named Leslie. Before the war people had such lovely names. Leslie, Cary, Myrna, Fay, Claudette. What has happened?"

She looked at me as if it were all my fault. "*I* don't know what's happened, Mother," I said, perhaps a little testily.

"It's your world, my dear; therefore you should know," she said. "Nowadays they even name them after the days of the week."

"I have named no one after any day of the week, Mother," I said, but she was not listening.

"You could always find a parking place. People were polite. Self-service was unheard of. Frozen food was something to be avoided at all costs."

"I can put no confidence at all in that particular newspaper," I said. "Absolutely none."

"Then I am sorry for you and I pity you," she said in a manner that I thought entirely uncalled for.

"Why? Why should you be sorry for me and pity me?" I asked.

I waited for her to answer, but she went back to sipping her tea and reading the headline.

"I have a good job," I said, "and I am doing the work I like."

"Nevertheless, Norman, I feel sorry for you."

I had not even taken off my overcoat, and I was forced to put up with an attack of this nature! I was struck by the unfairness of it. I said, "You *know* what a silly newspaper that is, Mother. What is the matter with you? You know he is dead. I know you know it. Everybody knows that he is dead."

She banged down her cup. "He is not!" she said. "He is not dead! He is not!"

"What's going on in there?" my father called.

"He is alive!"

"Then where is he?" I demanded, and I raised my voice, too; I admit that I raised my voice. "Where is he?"

"Oh," she said as if she were completely disgusted with me. "Oh, Mr. Born Too Late, I'll tell you where he is," she said, getting up from her chair, the newspaper in her hand. And she began to hit me on the head with it. She hit me on the head with it. Every time she mentioned a name she hit me. "I'll tell you where he is, I'll tell you where he is. He is with Carole Lombard and Glenn Miller and Will Rogers and Franklin . . ."

I ran out of the room. Why argue? She has a harmless delusion. From now on I will try to ignore her when she gets on this particular subject. Maltz may be right about this. I hung up my coat. Fortunately it is only when I stand at my closet door that I can hear the sound of their television set, which often goes on until three in the morning. Once I shut that door, however, my room is perfectly silent. THE END

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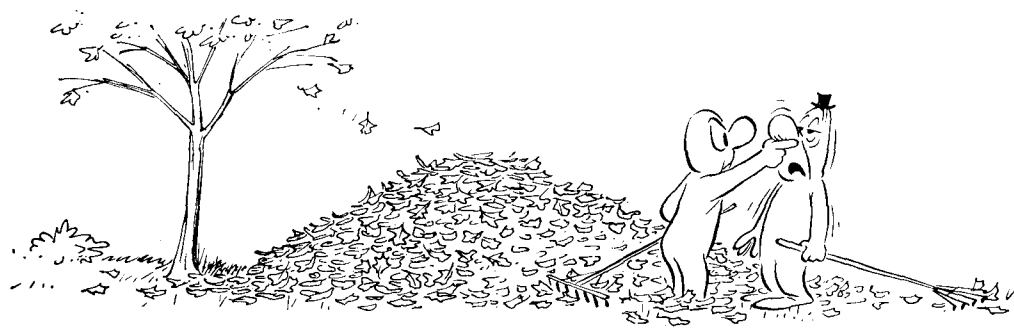

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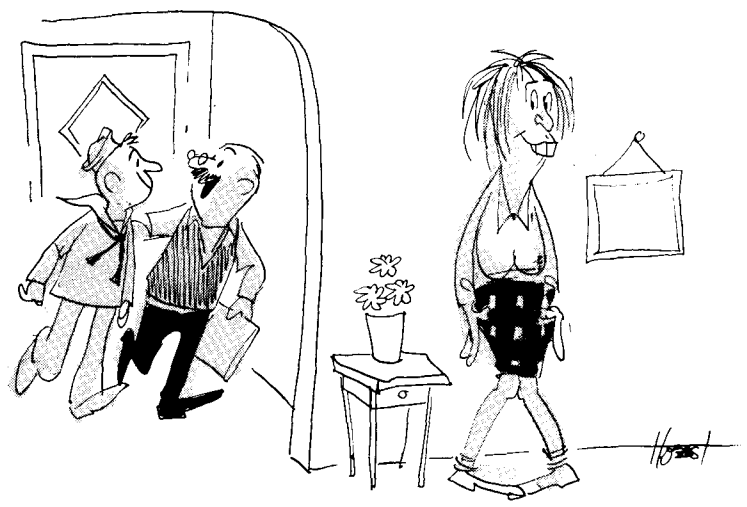


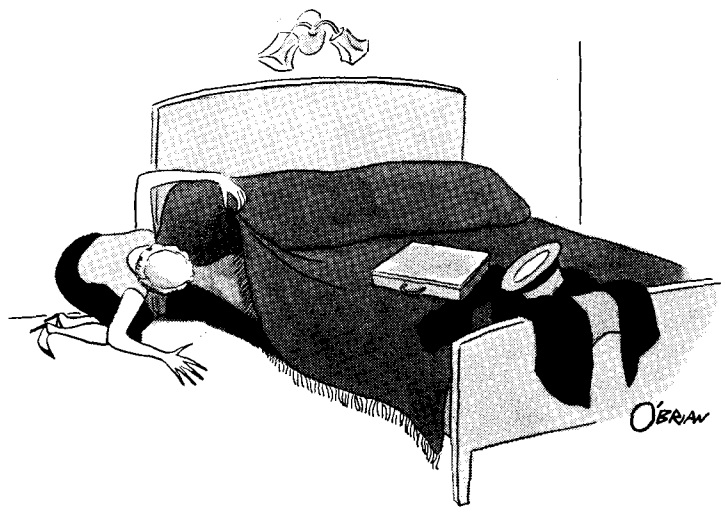
"Remember little knock-kneed, buck-toothed Audrey? Well, she's a big girl now!"

"We don't want to offend them. Why don't you stand up and pretend your broken leg is healed?"

PROOF POSITIVE

The scoffers said I couldn't do it.
You should have heard those jerks pooh-pooh it.
I fretted through the night.
Next day I toiled with brain and hand;
I said I'd show those skeptics, and
I showed them. They were right.

RICHARD ARMOUR



"Now, what went wrong at the office today?"

"I'd like to enroll a very difficult dog."

"The toughest part is making all those P.T.A. meetings."

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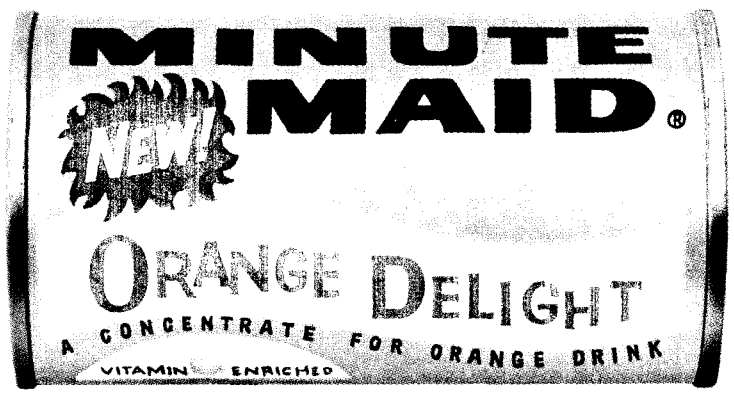
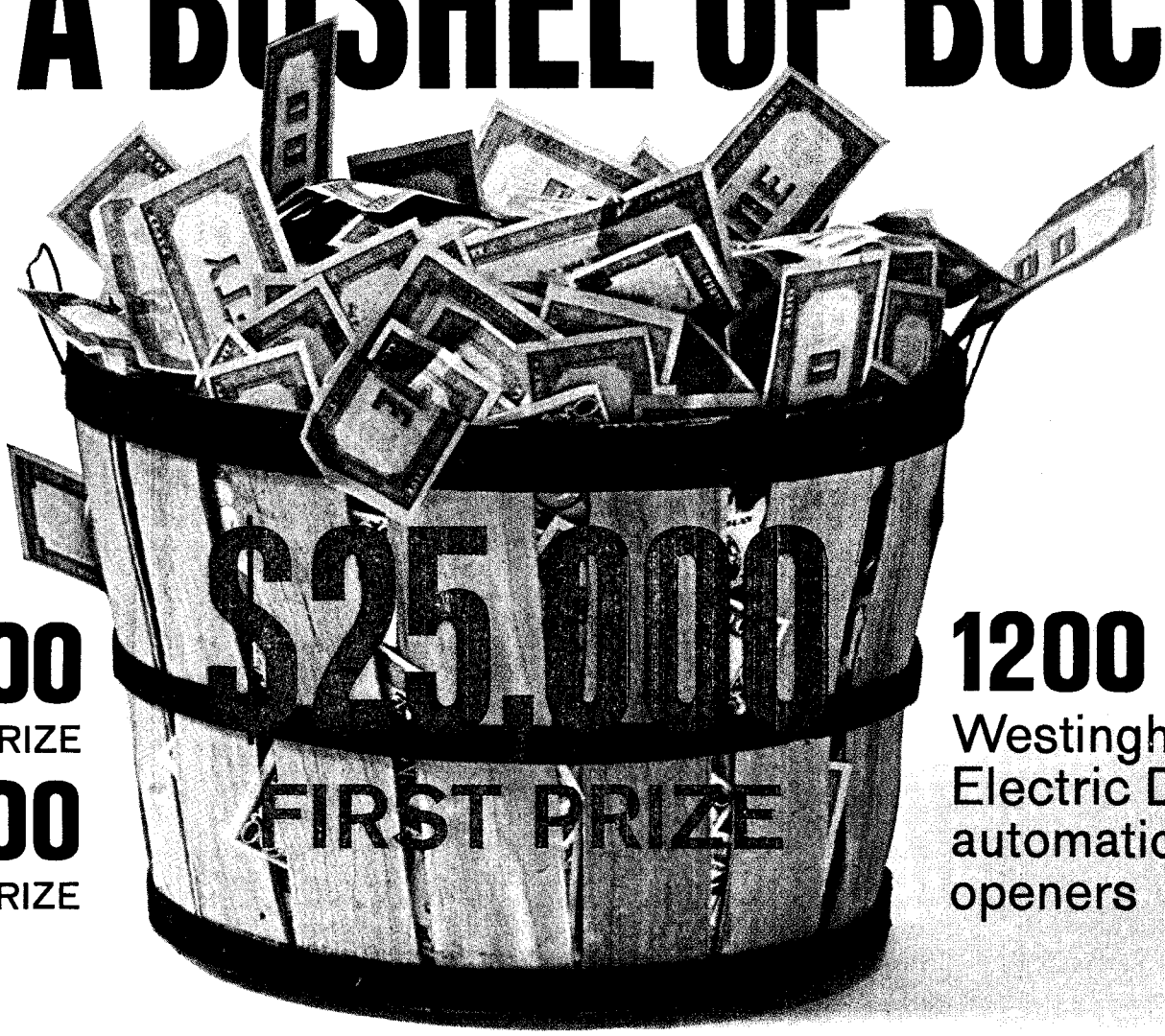
MINUTE MAID COMPANY CASH-STAKES



WIN A BUSHEL OF BUCK$



$10,000
SECOND PRIZE

$5,000
THIRD PRIZE

1200
Westinghouse Electric Deluxe automatic can openers

Nothing to write! No contest to enter! It's easy to do! Just guess the number of times the word "orange" appears on a can of Minute Maid Orange Delight—accuracy doesn't count. Then fill in the blank at the right. That's all you do to qualify to win a whole bushel of bucks —$25,000. And if you haven't tasted Minute Maid Orange Delight, isn't it about time you did? It's the delightful new drink for snacks, breakfast or any time of day. Contains as much Vitamin C as orange juice, but costs much less. You'll find Orange Delight in your grocer's freezer. Enter the Minute Maid Company Cash-Stakes today!

CASH-STAKES RULES

1. On a Cash-Stakes entry blank or a plain piece of paper, print your name and address and the number of times you guess the word "orange" appears on the Orange Delight can—accuracy doesn't count. Mail to P.O. Box 643, New York 46, New York.

2. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately. Additional entry blanks can be found at your grocer's freezer. Entries must be postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1963.

3. Winners will be selected in random drawings by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. All decisions will be final. Only one prize to a family. No substitutions will be made for any prize awarded.

4. Cash-Stakes not open to the employees and families of: Minute Maid Company or its affiliates and advertising agencies or the D. L. Blair Corporation. Offer void in Missouri, Wisconsin, Florida or wherever prohibited or restricted by law. (Residents of these areas are eligible to enter a special contest.) Offer good in Canada.

5. Winners will be notified by mail. A list of winners will be sent to anyone who sends a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Cash-Stakes Winners, P.O. Box 39, New York 46, New York.

ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE. EACH ENTRY MUST BE MAILED SEPARATELY. ALL YOU DO IS FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON.

Send to: Minute Maid Company Cash-Stakes,
Box 643, New York 46, New York.

Please enter me in the Minute Maid Company Cash-Stakes. I guess the word "orange" appears on the Orange Delight can ( ) times.

MY NAME _____

MY ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____ **STATE** _____

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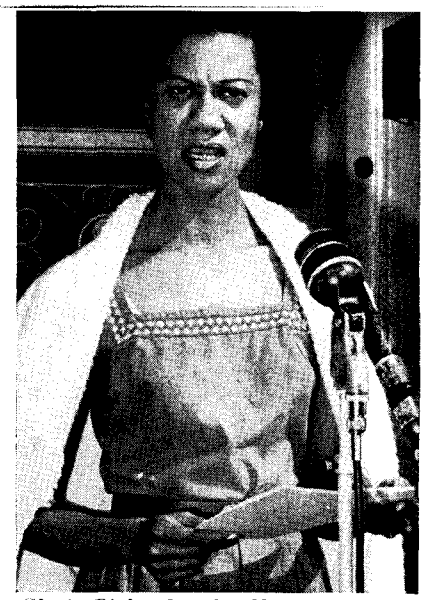

Gloria Richardson led Negro movement.

By Robert A. Liston

Who can we surrender to?

The untold story of why race riots shattered Cambridge, Maryland—and why they may erupt again.

A jeep bearing two armed soldiers rolls past the armory and turns left onto Race Street, the flat, arrow-straight thoroughfare which separates the Negro section of Cambridge, Md., from the rest of the town. It was on this street that Cambridge lived its summer of discontent. Mobs of both races converged there. Hundreds of rounds of ammunition were fired, and 10 persons were wounded. Beatings, burnings and stonings were common, and Cambridge knew more racial violence than any American town had seen since the Civil War. The uncontrolled disorder did not end until troops were called in to keep the peace at bayonet point.

The Maryland National Guard has been in Cambridge, except for four violent days, since June 14. In recent weeks the guardsmen have tried to be unobtrusive, and when they drive up Race Street, they look neither right nor left, nor do they stop. They simply want to let the town's 12,500 residents know that they are still around.

Aside from the troops, Cambridge is outwardly normal. Children go to integrated schools. Negro and white leaders work together to resolve mutual problems. Plans proceed for a Negro housing project, and when Mrs. Elaine Bennett begins another day as the first Negro hired in the state employment office, she is but one of hundreds of members of both races working side by side.

But Cambridge is not normal. It is merely quiet. The mood of the town is a mingling of hope, fear, shame, disbelief and raw anger. In what proportion these feelings exist will determine whether Cambridge continues its uncertain peace or whether it reopens its race war.

The decision is to be made this week—on October 1—when the voters are being asked to ratify an amendment to the town charter making it illegal to refuse service to Negroes in restaurants, motels and other places of public accommodation.

Ratification of the amendment is vital. It is the key to the agreement hammered out by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy which ended violence in Cambridge last July. If the amendment is not ratified, Negroes have promised to resume demonstrations. Mobs will again head for Race Street, and this time things could be even worse.

Negroes are understandably worried about the vote, for whites have a four-to-one majority, and there are many organized groups which bitterly oppose the civil-rights amendment. Adding substance to their concern is the fact that more than one quarter of the registered voters signed the referendum petitions which forced the amendment to be brought to a vote. Had they not, the public-accommodation amendment would have become law weeks ago, and the new crisis would never have arisen.

But as Cambridge drew closer to voting day, the campaign for approval of the amendment intensified. Every city official had endorsed it—with fervor. Businessmen were almost unanimously behind it. Clergymen of all denominations had made their pulpits reverberate with appeals for brotherly love. The newspaper and radio station had cried out daily in support of approval, and volunteer citizen groups endeavored to ring every doorbell in town with a simple but powerful message: "Have pride—Vote Yes!"

Notably silent was the person you would most expect to support the amendment, Negro leader Mrs. Gloria Richardson. She stayed in her white frame house on Muir Street and made no effort to gain passage of the very legislation for which she fought so hard.

It was on the broad front porch of Mrs. Richardson's home that she entertained the press during June and July. She held press conferences from it, reading statements and telegrams she had dispatched to the President, Attorney General and governor. Photographers' flashbulbs warmed her there, and cameramen pointed their newsreel lenses at her. St. Joan leading her people to freedom, the Washington *Post* called her. Now, on the edge of victory, she is silent.

Those scores of newspaper, radio and television reporters who converged on Mrs. Richardson's doorstep all sought to answer one question: "Why Cambridge?" They expected to find their answers in the town's one-third Negro population, in its 27 percent Negro unemployment and in its virtually complete segregation of the race; they looked for clues in its history, its leaders, its remoteness on the isolated, strongly independent Eastern Shore of Maryland. But when all the words were written and uttered, they explained nothing, for Cambridge differs only in degree from every other small town in America in which the two races have not yet learned to live together amicably. It is basically like every place else, and what happened there could happen anyplace else.

The question, "Why Cambridge?" persisted because the violence of the civil-rights struggle there seemed out of proportion to the grievances. Negroes did not live as well as they have a right to expect, but their housing seemed better than Negro housing in nearby Baltimore or Washington. School integration was not complete, but it had at least started. All the nine new factories brought in during the last four years were integrated, and both races traditionally worked together. Negroes sat on the City Council and Board of Education.

Mrs. Richardson and the young Negro leaders working with her argued with some logic that this was token integration and much, much too slow. Their use of picketing, sit-ins, jail-ins and the other devices now common for calling attention to unequal rights seemed understandable and predictable. But the shooting of 10 white men and the prolonged violence didn't figure. So many places were so much worse than Cambridge. Why had it happened here?

The real answer lies in the tall, thin, almost gaunt form of 41-year-old Gloria Richardson. She is the one basic ingredient which made Cambridge different from all of the other cities where the Negro has stood up to fight for his rights.

Mrs. Richardson, who is now divorced, was born a St. Clair, the leading Negro family in Cambridge. Her grandfather was for a half century the town's Negro councilman, and many people will tell you that she would like to replace Negro businessman Charles E. Cornish, who now holds that seat.

Whether or not this is true, she is a woman of extreme emotional intensity—unsmiling, driven, impassioned. People who have known her all her life attest to her fierce ambition. A Negro member of a civil-rights group who worked with her for 18 months remembered her promise that "one day she would own the Eastern Shore of Maryland." Another associate told me, "Even some of her own people look upon her as a social snob. They say she seemed to consider herself better than them because of her family and having graduated from Howard University. She apparently wanted to be socially accepted by whites. When she wasn't, she became bitter."

"I have never known anyone so antagonistic toward the white man," one informant said. "She is the only person I have ever known who never seems to have anything good to say about any white man."

And it is this woman who is the key to the real, untold story of Cambridge.

It was, in the beginning, the story of a courageous, repressed Negro minority fighting for equal rights. Somewhere along the line it became, as one Negro leader told me, "not a battle for civil rights, but a war between the white man and the black."

Early in June the racial unrest which had been riling and seething and boiling for a year and a half erupted. Peaceful demonstrators, both white and Negro, suddenly turned into mobs. Guns blazed. Fire bombs were hurled. Then, on one dreadful night, the mobs started for each other. They marched up Race Street bent on combat. A score of state troopers, badly outmanned, raced between them and formed a cordon across Race Street. The mobs turned back, vowing to meet again the following night.

The next day, June 13, Gov. J. Millard Tawes called in leaders of the Cambridge movement: Mrs. Richardson, Reginald Robinson, 22-year-old field representative of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNICK) and Philip Savage and Stanley Branche of the N.A.A.C.P. He also summoned Mayor Calvin W. Mowbray, city councilmen, other officials and a number of leading businessmen. In all, about 20 were gathered in the ornate, rococo gubernatorial offices in Maryland's 18th Century State House.

The governor, a small, round man with a cherubic face and a deep, incongruous voice, announced he was sending in the National Guard to keep the peace. The soldiers were not to enforce the status quo of segregation, but to create a climate for peaceful settlement. "I'm a busy man," he said, "but I'm prepared to sit here all night if necessary, until we reach a settlement of this thing."

Negro leaders listed their demands for better jobs, housing, education and equal accommodations legislation. Prodded by the governor, the mayor and city councilmen made an offer. It might be political suicide, they felt, but they would integrate the remaining four grades of school, see that a Negro was hired in the state employment office, make application for a federal loan for a Negro housing project, pass a public-accommodations ordinance and name a biracial commission to work on the other problems which could not be solved immediately by legislation.

In return, the city officials wanted a year's moratorium on demonstrations. The governor backed them in this. The

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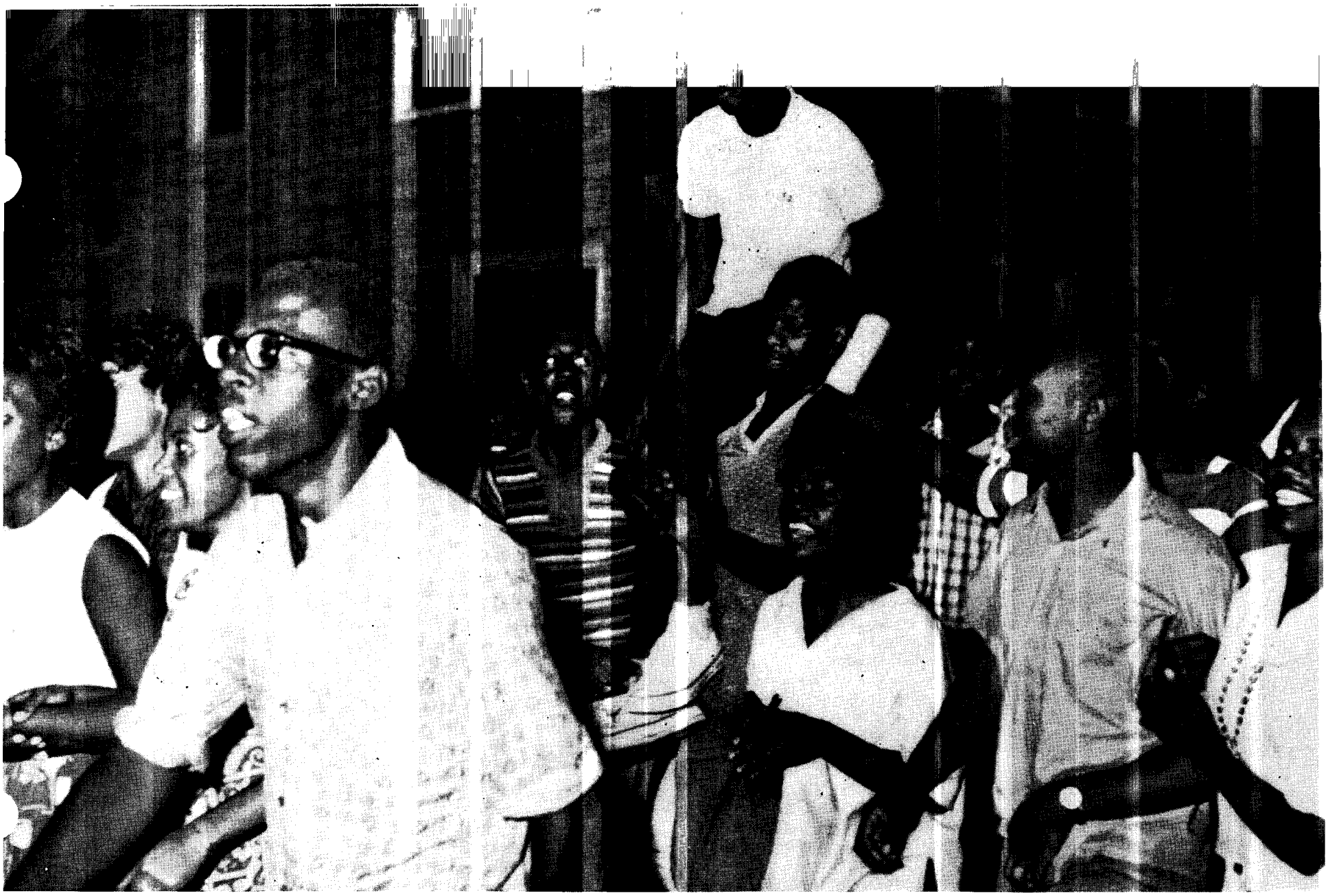

Rioting broke out again after "breach of faith" had wrecked first settlement. Here a demonstrator is carried off in triumph after release from jail.

offer was argued at length. Finally Mrs. Richardson said she had to discuss it with her executive committee. After agreeing to keep their talks confidential, the participants went home.

The next morning some 500 members of the National Guard moved into town. That same day Mrs. Richardson met with her group to present the city's offer. But somehow, the terms which seemed to offer the Negroes so much of what they wanted were apparently not enough. It is not known exactly what Mrs. Richardson told her group—it may have been that she did not clearly present the terms of the offer—but it is clear that the agreement bogged down on the vital matter of demonstrations. The Negroes simply would not agree to a year's moratorium. As my informant put it, "The street demonstration is the only weapon these people have. You can't ask them to give it up."

A man of influence

Just why Mrs. Richardson did not try harder to work out this problem with the city, knowing that these terms were probably as good as she could expect, is open to several theories. It is clear, at any event, that she was strongly influenced in ' of her decisions by the militant, strong- ıded Reginald Robinson, with whom ..e had been working closely for about a year and a half. Not only was she working with Robinson, but over these difficult months they had become close personal friends.

The next morning Mrs. Richardson told the city officials that the most her group would offer was a 30-day moratorium. With that statement the agreement was just about dead. It was buried for good when she went on television and discussed the meeting in the governor's office in direct violation of their agreement. Red-necks howled at the "surrender." "Nigger lover" and the other epithets of hate were hurled at the councilmen. The city officials withdrew their offer and broke off negotiations, charging Mrs. Richardson with a "breach of faith."

Cambridge then settled down to the "routine" of martial law, while state and federal officials worked behind the scenes for a settlement. Of the Negroes' original demands, they obtained action on school integration, public housing, hiring of a Negro in the employment office and creation of a biracial commission. The only stumbling block was the public-accommodations legislation. City officials now bucked at the binding ordinance. They would, however, pass a charter amendment. The difference was vital. The amendment would be subject to a referendum. Councilmen could thus pass the buck to the people.

The Negro spokesmen were at first adamant against the amendment. But when most of the leading white organizations in town promised to work for its approval, should it come to a vote, Mrs. Richardson reluctantly agreed to accept.

Police arrest white girl who joined demonstrators during height of the violence.

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"If I lose control, if I am forced to leave, this town will burn and blood will run in the streets."

CAMBRIDGE RIOTS

This deal was not as good as the one she had originally been offered, but it was obviously the best that could now be obtained. She promised Burke Marshall, head of the civil-rights division of the Department of Justice, that demonstrations would be halted. In view of this, Governor Tawes announced he was withdrawing the Guard on the morning of July 5.

Thus the stage was set. By prearrangement the City Council met, heard the Negro protests, then adopted the charter amendment. Still by prearrangement, Mrs. Richardson and other Negro leaders protested and threatened, but formally agreed to accept the amendment. The crisis seemed ended. On July 8 the Guard was removed. Savage, the tri-state director for the N.A.A.C.P., packed his bags and left town, believing his job in Cambridge finished.

Within the hour of the Guard's departure, Gloria Richardson led a demonstration down Race Street to the Dizzyland, a restaurant whose owner, Robert Fehsenfeld, was well-known as a militant segregationist. Fehsenfeld, encouraged by a mob of jeering whites, ground a raw egg into the face of a white integrationist, then poured pitchers of water on him. This incident launched a race war. Guns crackled through the night. Six more whites were wounded. Mobs roamed the streets. Fires were set, and firemen refused to enter the Negro sector without protection. A state-police officer, his 200-man force outgunned, called it "real warfare."

On July 12 the Guardsmen hustled back to town; this time they clamped down hard. All stores were closed at seven o'clock. Streets were cleared at nine. All cars were searched. Liquor sales were forbidden. Soldiers patrolled the streets and sealed off the Negro section.

An American town under military occupation is a strange sight. Approaching the town on U.S. 50, the motorist was confronted by a Guard outpost on a bluff overlooking the blue and beautiful Choptank River and the causeway that spans it. Across the bridge all cars heading for Cambridge were stopped. ID cards had to be shown. Trunks were opened in a search for liquor and weapons. At night, if you stepped out on the street, a jeep pulled up beside you, two men halted you with rifles and demanded that you state your business. All night Guardsmen stood at parade rest, bayonets at ready, barring every street leading to the Negro section.

The Guard also banned demonstrations. On July 16, Mrs. Richardson decided to demonstrate anyway, and she and 13 others were arrested. That night an angry crowd of Negroes gathered. To prevent further violence, Guard officers released the demonstrators. This enraged the whites, who felt the Guard applied restrictions only to them and not to Negroes. The next day several hundred whites demonstrated on Race Street. Once again tension was building toward an explosion.

On that afternoon, July 17, President Kennedy went on radio and television to make a personal demand for an end to the demonstrations. ". . . they go beyond information—they go beyond protest and . . . the cause of advancing equal opportunities only loses," he said.

The next day I sat on Mrs. Richardson's front porch. I asked her what she thought of President Kennedy's remarks. "He just doesn't understand," she said. "He sits over there and reads a lot of reports that have no substance to them."

I pointed out that she had made several trips to Washington. Hadn't *she* given correct information? Her reply: "I'm not going back. They just give you those silly, vacant smiles."

That same day Mrs. Richardson and John F. Lewis, national chairman of SNICK, who had joined the fight, stated their terms for ending the crisis. With one exception they had already been met. Commitments had been made for school integration, a housing project, a worker in the employment office and the public-accommodations legislation. Mrs. Richardson had already attended meetings of the biracial commission.

The one demand which had not been met was for the release of a boy and a girl, both 15, who had been arrested while demonstrating and sent to state training schools. The state's high court had reviewed the facts and found that the children were being properly held, but Mrs. Richardson still got crowds out to demand their release.

I asked her which demand she was prepared to give up to reach an agreement. "None," she said. "Our demands are quite reasonable."

That afternoon I talked at some length to one of the Negro civil rights leaders who had been working hard to effect a settlement. We had to go out into the woods behind his headquarters so that we would not be overheard. I told him that the whites were saying, "We'd surrender if we only knew who to surrender to and what to surrender."

"I know they've surrendered," he told me. "They've surrendered three or four times. They've given us nearly everything we've asked for." He said he was trying to end the struggle. I asked what I could do to help. He replied, "Just don't write anything that builds me up. Don't make me reasonable or fair or intelligent. Don't make me a nice guy. Make me the biggest bastard in the world. It's the only way I can control these people. And if I lose control, if I am forced to leave, this town will burn and blood will run in the streets."

On Saturday, July 20, Mrs. Richardson scheduled a demonstration in defiance of the Guard. Brig. Gen. George M. Gelston, troop commander, tried to reason with her. He failed. The rally began in a church. Singing, chanting, speechmaking were heard. Soon the demonstrators began to form out in front. Then a smallish man dressed in khaki walked up the middle of the street and stopped a half block away. General Gelston had taken his stand. Slowly, two squads of Guardsmen marched up behind him. They formed a phalanx across the street, bayonets on their M-1 rifles.

Mrs. Richardson and the other Negro leaders came up to meet the general. They went into a Negro shoeshine parlor for a conference. General Gelston put one foot on a chair, and with his back to the door he eyed Mrs. Richardson. "Are you keeping me a prisoner?" she asked.

After accord: Md. Atty. Gen. Finan, Mrs. Richardson, Robert Kennedy, Mayor Mowbray.

No one remembers General Gelston's answer because at that moment a group of Negroes began pushing against the troops outside. An officer barked an order: "On guard!" A score of bayonets were leveled at the mob.

"Charge!" came the second command. The Guardsmen lunged forward with precision. The demonstrators leaped back, screaming. Two tear-gas canisters were thrown. General Gelston, Mrs. Richardson and the others rushed out of the shoeshine parlor. They restrained the crowd, tears from the gas streaming down their faces.

Mrs. Richardson called off her demonstration, but promised another one for Sunday night. Sunday morning, however, one of her strongest supporters, the pastor of the church where her rallies were held, spoke from the pulpit against continued demonstrations and violence. Mrs. Richardson called off her Sunday-night demonstration.

Bob Kennedy takes over

Monday at noon she and the other Negro leaders were whisked to Washington by jeep and swept up to Robert Kennedy's office on the fifth floor in the Department of Justice. No Cambridge city officials were present at this meeting. Nothing was negotiated. Mrs. Richardson and the SNICK people were simply forced to accept the terms already carried out. They fought this for nine hours but finally gave in.

The settlement was printed and signed the next day, as if it were an international treaty rather than a pledge between fellow citizens. Mrs. Richardson signed with obvious ill humor.

Little wonder. She was now settling for less favorable terms than the city had freely offered 40 days before. City officials had originally promised a binding public-accommodations ordinance. Now she had accepted a charter amendment which would probably have to be approved by popular vote.

At that moment the utter senselessness of the Cambridge crisis was exposed. There had been 40 days of shootings, burnings and beatings. Battalions of armed soldiers had occupied the town. Hundreds of thousands of tax dollars had been spent. Cambridge's hopes for economic recovery had collapsed. And it had all been for nothing.

So why had it happened? My Negro informant, who was involved from the beginning, offered several reasons. Cambridge leaders were rather young, he said, and lacked the maturity and restraint to consolidate the gains won with their demonstrations. And the nature of the street demonstration itself caused some trouble, he feels. To get people out to demonstrate, they have to be whipped up to emotional peaks. Then they are hard to control. Being beaten and arrested is a badge of courage. They have to keep proving their courage, long after the demonstration has served its purpose.

But these criticisms of the techniques of integration could apply to most of the towns which have been struck by the Negro revolution. Yet these places did not suffer the violence of Cambridge.

So ultimately the answer to the question, "Why Cambridge?" rests with Gloria Richardson.

How many people, for even a brief time, are able to defy the President of the United States, the Department of Justice, a governor and two battalions of National Guardsmen?

How many women can bring a whole town to its economic knees, make its leaders surrender and then refuse to accept the surrender? How many people have a group of supporters so loyal they will go out in the streets to be beaten and arrested just because you tell them to?

How many can turn on their television sets almost nightly and see themselves being interviewed, giving speeches, leading a demonstration? How many have a photograph printed all over the country showing them stopping violence with their own slender bodies?

June and July were heady days for Gloria Richardson. They were her days of wine and roses, when power and fame were hers, when she was a household word, an object of widespread admiration, when she was the St. Joan of the civil-rights movement.

But those days did end, and they will not return if the charter amendment is approved. Leading citizens of both races, mindful that Mrs. Richardson will have her people out in the streets demonstrating within an hour of defeat, are confident the amendment will pass. If it does, the bitter words of a Negro integrationist who fought to defeat her will be prophetic: "Now she goes back to being just another woman in a small town." THE END

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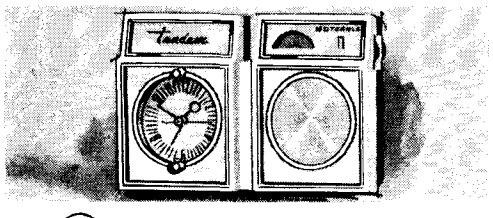

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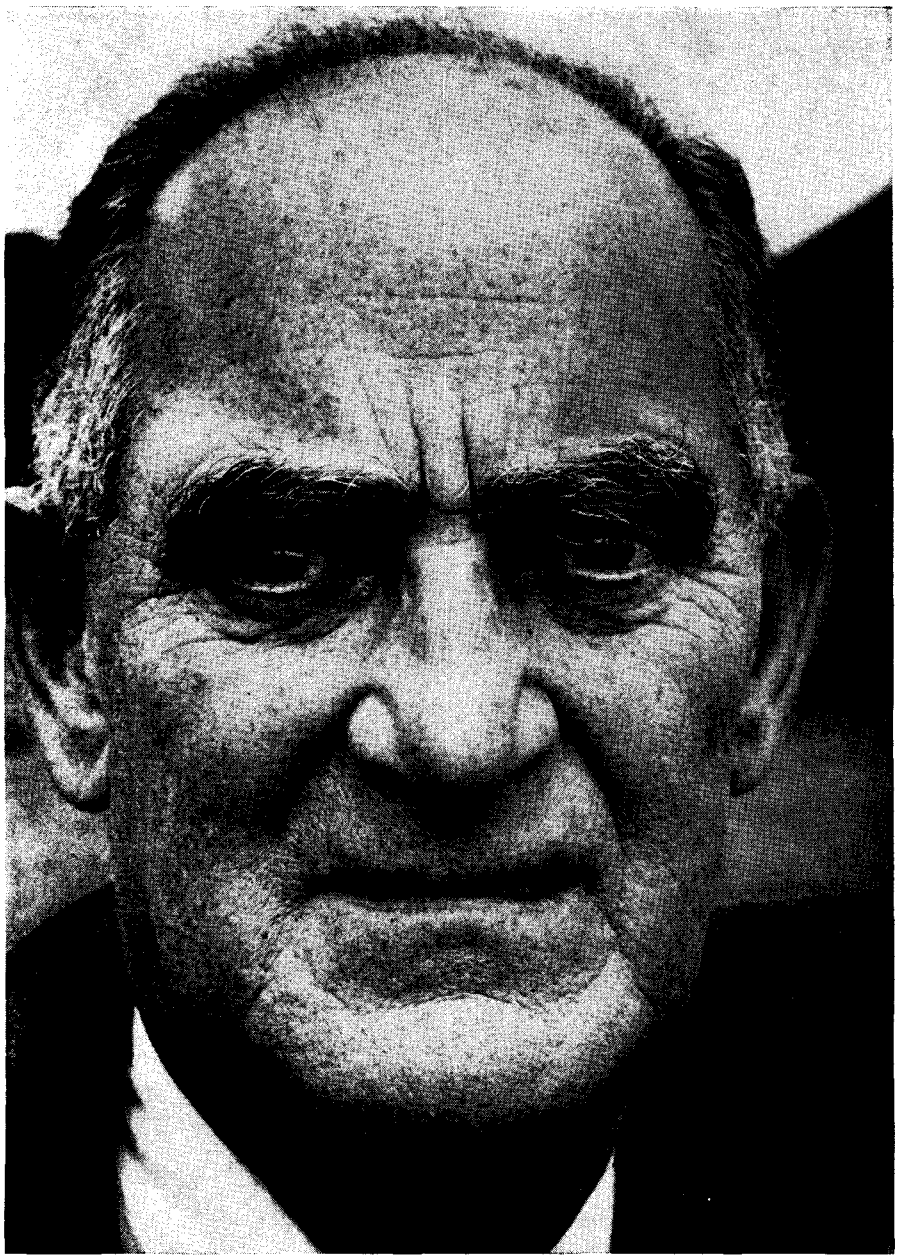
By HOWARD M. GREENWALD

ORDEAL OF AN INNOCENT MAN

Police photo of Bernstein, 1932.



Today, at 66, Bernstein still has nightmares of his two agonizing years on death row.

False testimony twice convicted Charles Bernstein of crimes he did not commit. He cannot get back 17 lost years, but he still seeks redress—so far, in vain.

On a cool spring morning in 1932 Milton White (Milsie) Henry, a well-known gambler, was nonchalantly driving his convertible roadster through the streets of Washington, D.C. As he turned a corner, Henry found the road blocked by a milk wagon.

A neatly dressed man leaped from a Hudson sedan parked behind him. He was carrying a sawed-off shotgun. Crouching low and running on the tips of his toes, the gunman approached Henry, fired a shot into his head and another into his body, then vaulted onto the roadster's running board and coolly fired three more times. The shots tore Henry to pieces.

Later that morning the Washington police found the abandoned murder car. In it were match folders bearing the name of a Philadelphia theater. Within two months the Philadelphia authorities arrested a man named Charles Bernstein and charged him with the murder.

In court one witness identified Bernstein as the man running from Henry's car, shotgun in hand. Another witness testified he had seen Bernstein in the murder car on three separate occasions the day before the slaying. With the Washington newspapers screaming for blood, Bernstein was found guilty of first-degree murder. The verdict made the death sentence mandatory. Charles Bernstein was taken to the District of Columbia jail to await execution.

Thus began the ordeal of a man who spent 26 agonizing months on death row, watching the lights dim 15 times as fellow inmates were electrocuted, while his own date of execution was set eight different times—for a murder he had not committed. Moreover, this was the second crime of which he had been wrongfully convicted. Earlier he had served nearly 10 years for a bank robbery he did not commit. Today he remains the only person in the country who has been twice convicted, twice imprisoned and twice pardoned, once by a governor and once by a President. His case has attracted the attention and the active support of many prominent Americans.

Yet Charles Bernstein, now a balding, soft-spoken minor federal employee, has repeatedly been denied redress for the injustice done him. The courts have declined to set aside his conviction. Four private bills for his relief—he seeks $25,000—have died in congressional committees for lack of support by the Department of Justice.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy has reopened the file on his case but has declined to support either the private bills or a court motion now before him.

"The evidence is all in his (Kennedy's) files," declares Joseph L. Rauh Jr., a prominent Washington lawyer and one of Bernstein's attorneys. "All he has to say is 'I consent,' and it's over. The court and Congress can act. If Bernstein doesn't get the money soon, the poor guy won't be able to spend it."

The third of nine children born to an immigrant tailor, Charles Bernstein grew up in the slums of New York's Lower East Side. At 18 he was arrested as he skipped out of a drugstore, his arms laden with stolen goods, and sent to the Elmira Reformatory for 14 months.

During the next two years he worked where he could—in his brother-in-law's Minneapolis shoe store and in New York printing shops. Then, one night in February, 1919, he was watching a card game in a New York saloon when four policemen walked in and arrested him for the robbery of a Minneapolis bank.

In court a bank teller claimed Bernstein was the holdup man, and a second eyewitness testified that she had seen him come out of the bank with a satchel which he tossed into a waiting car.

Despite the testimony of three other eyewitnesses who swore Bernstein was not the robber, he was found guilty in two successive trials—a retrial had been ordered because of the prosecutor's inflammatory comments to the jury—and given a sentence of five to 40 years.

For the next nine years his home was the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater, then considered America's most brutal jail. Minor infractions were severely punished. Bernstein was twice hung by his thumbs, once for eight hours a day for 10 days and again for two weeks.

After his conviction, however, prosecuting attorney Floyd B. Olson—later governor of Minnesota—became convinced of Bernstein's innocence. Time and again Olson went to the parole board to plead for Bernstein's release. Finally, in 1928, the board granted Bernstein a parole. Four years later he was back in the hands of the law.

On the June afternoon in 1932 when Philadelphia police arrested him for the murder of gambler "Milsie" Henry, Bernstein was in that city on a one-day visit from New York. At first he refused to take the charge seriously. Then, in a Philadelphia jail, he was confronted by government attorney Carroll Rhodes, an alleged eyewitness to the killing. As Bernstein entered the visiting room, Rhodes told detectives, "That's him." The government attorney insisted that he had seen Bernstein sprinting away from Henry's roadster, shotgun in hand.

Bernstein was stunned. "You're a damned liar," he snapped. "You've never seen me before and you know it." But Rhodes stuck to his story. On the advice of an attorney, Bernstein waived extradition. Edna, his attractive common-law wife, begged him to change his mind. "I was afraid," she recalls, tearfully. "They had already done so much to him."

"Ed," Bernstein told her, "if I go to Washington, I'm sure I can clear myself. If I refuse, they'll think I did it for sure and keep me here all summer."

Had Bernstein read the Washington newspapers while in the Philadelphia jail he would certainly have preferred to remain there. His arrest, as far as the papers were concerned, was tantamount to guilt and conviction.

"It was a time," recalls the U.S. Senate chaplain, Dr. Frederick Brown Harris,

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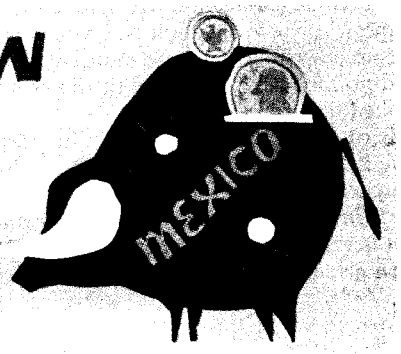

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"Who is it I should hate? The police? Public pressure forced them to get someone."

INNOCENT MAN

"when there was a general revulsion against gangsterism. When police caught an alleged member of the underworld, people wanted him given the works."

Bernstein came to trial nine months later, on March 21, 1933. White-haired Justice Daniel W. O'Donoghue sat on the bench. Julian Richards, a youthful, blond assistant district attorney, served as prosecutor. Bernstein was represented by Denny Hughes of Washington and Arthur Sager of New York.

Prosecutor Richards, reading the indictment, called the case that of "the United States versus Charles Harris, otherwise known as . . ." and rattled off a string of eight aliases. Bernstein had steadfastly denied he was Charles Harris or had ever used these aliases. Denny Hughes made a halfhearted objection to the indictment, but it stood as read.

It was the first of many halfhearted moves by Bernstein's defense attorneys. Sager, who shouldered the bulk of Bernstein's defense, spent only a few hours with him before he came to trial. In court, Sager confused names. He had to ask witnesses which direction was which on the street where Henry was murdered. He had no idea what the scene of the crime looked like.

Bernstein wanted to testify in his own defense, but Sager wouldn't permit it; he feared the prosecution would bring up the former convictions and imprisonment. Yet Bernstein's prison record had already been given to the newspapers, and it was common knowledge in the courtroom that he was a convicted bank robber—his pardon for that crime did not come through until 1945. Nor would Sager let Edna Bernstein take the stand, even though she had been with him in their Brooklyn apartment all during the morning when Henry was murdered. Sager argued that her status as Bernstein's common-law wife would prejudice jurors against Bernstein.

Sager was frequently absent from the courtroom. Bernstein's brother, waiting in the witness room, found out why. Each time Sager left the courtroom and as soon as the doors had closed, he would produce a flask and gulp a few drinks.

Sager did manage to produce three witnesses on Bernstein's behalf. Bernstein's Brooklyn landlady testified he had been home the evening before the murder. A New York shoe dealer who employed one of Bernstein's brothers said Bernstein had come to the store at 10:30 A.M. April 21—five hours after Henry was shot to death 225 miles away.

The third defense witness was Samuel Goldstein, a Bronx attorney. Goldstein said Bernstein had been in his office between 9 and 9:30 the morning of April 21—less than four hours after the murder—to help a client of his named Cometo. As proof he offered in evidence a diary notation which read "nine, Cometo." Judge O'Donoghue was unimpressed with the notation and said so. "It does not connect the defendant as being there at that time," he said. Thus, because the physical exhibit did not fully support the attorney's testimony, the judge cast doubt on Bernstein's best alibi.

The prosecution first called "eyewitness" Rhodes, the government attorney who had previously identified Bernstein in the Philadelphia police station. Rhodes, whose bedroom overlooked the scene of the murder, said he had heard the shots. "As I looked out of the window," he continued, "I saw a man across the street at a point about 50 or 60 feet from where I was. . . . I noticed he had . . . a sawed-off shotgun."

"Do you see that man in court today?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?" asked the prosecutor.

Rhodes pointed at Bernstein.

Sager cross-examined, but in doing so only damaged his client's chance. Under the defense attorney's prodding, Rhodes added that he had seen Bernstein—he called him Harris—several hours earlier at the scene of the murder. Rhodes testified he had been driving home with his wife from a party at about midnight.

"We noticed this car parked just a little beyond our residence," he said. "My wife remarked, 'It's strange those men would be sitting there this time of night.' One of the two men sitting in the car's front seat, facing my window, struck a match and lighted a cigarette or cigar or pipe or something, and their faces were revealed."

"And you say positively it was Harris, do you?" asked Sager.

"It is my conviction," said Rhodes.

As his second key witness, Prosecutor Richards called laundry driver James Hughes. Hughes claimed that he had made a number of calls to the neighborhood on the day before the crime, and had seen the murder car, with two men in it, parked there on three occasions.

"Do you see either of the men in court today that you saw in that car?" asked the prosecutor.

"I do," said Hughes—and he pointed to Bernstein.

Bernstein was convicted on March 24. Confident of acquittal until well into the trial, he broke down and sobbed when he was committed to death row. It was a night of terror and despair. But by the next day Bernstein had regained his composure. To reporters he said, "I'm no gunman, and they'll find it out. Gunmen are kids. I'm a man."

Attorney Denny Hughes immediately prepared a motion for a new trial. He filed affidavits from five people who had seen Bernstein in New York on the night of April 20; this conflicted directly with the laundry driver's testimony that he had seen Bernstein at the murder scene three times on April 20.

Bernstein added his own statement to the appeal. He declared his innocence, then wrote, "I am willing to go before the district attorney . . . and subject myself to any examination . . . I beg the court to set aside this verdict. . . ."

The motion failed. But the sincerity of Bernstein's words moved the conscience of many prominent citizens. Minnesota's Floyd Olson, the former prosecutor who had become governor, made good on his six-year-old pledge to help Bernstein if

Bernstein discusses recent efforts on his behalf with one of his longtime supporters, Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, chaplain of the U.S. Senate, outside the latter's office.

On their small farm in Front Royal, Va., Charles and Edna Bernstein wait and hope for compensation. During his many years in prison, Edna loyally tried to help him.

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he ever got into trouble again. He came to Washington, visited Bernstein in jail, and sent for his attorney general to review trial records.

Edna, who talked to Olson at his hotel, says the governor literally cried on her shoulder. "It was no act. He said over and over again that if Charlie had not been convicted wrongly in Minnesota, he would never have gotten into this trouble. Floyd was all right; he tried."

Doctor Harris, then pastor of Washington's Foundry Methodist Church, talked to Bernstein, pored over the trial transcript, and came away certain there had been an appalling miscarriage of justice. Attorney Neil Burkinshaw, former U.S. assistant district attorney, prosecutor in the Teapot Dome scandal of 1929 and by 1933 one of Washington's most prominent lawyers, offered his help. With his partner Nugent Dodds, former assistant attorney general, Burkinshaw started reviewing the case in an effort to find incontrovertible evidence of Bernstein's innocence. The filing of appeals won some time. Bernstein, at first sentenced to die July 21, 1933, was granted four court-ordered stays of execution in the next year. And during this period Burkinshaw and Dodds made some startling discoveries.

They learned that Prosecutor Richards had traced the murder car to an auto agency in Camden, N.J., and had brought the agency salesman and secretary to Washington—but had never called them as witnesses. The reason soon became clear. Both remembered the purchase of the Hudson by two men and flatly stated Bernstein was not one of them.

They uncovered laundry-company records which showed that driver Hughes, who claimed he had seen Bernstein casing the neighborhood, had had no calls to make to the neighborhood that day. Hughes's landlady, a former roommate and his employer all declared he was "an inveterate liar."

The attorneys found two more eyewitnesses the prosecution had known about but had not produced in court. Both insisted Bernstein was not the man they had noticed at the scene of the murder.

But the biggest break came when Burkinshaw and Dodds turned their searchlight on the Government's star "eyewitness," Carroll Rhodes. They learned he had once been discharged from the Internal Revenue Bureau for accepting a bribe. A fellow attorney at the Federal Trade Commission told them Rhodes had spoken of the murder the next day at work, but had said he had not seen the crime or heard the shots.

Furthermore, they learned Rhodes was severely astigmatic and normally wore glasses; he had to wear them in court to read documents shown him. Yet the morning he said he saw Bernstein racing from the murder scene, some 60 feet from his second-story bedroom, he was without his glasses.

Then came the most telling point of all. Between Rhodes's bedroom window and the murder scene was a sizable tree. Government experts reported that on April 21, 1932—the day Henry was murdered—the tree would have been in full leaf. It would have substantially obstructed Rhodes's view.

No one ever found out whether Rhodes was lying or had convinced himself he actually saw Bernstein. He died in 1956 without making any further statement.

Despite all this new evidence gathered within a year after Bernstein's conviction, the Court of Appeals in May, 1934, supported the lower court's finding. And in October of that year the U.S. Supreme Court decided against reviewing the case. Bernstein's final date of execution was set—January 11, 1935.

Burkinshaw and Dodds put everything they had learned into a detailed brief and sent it to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Disturbed by the conflicting evidence, she appealed to the President. On January 7, just four days before the scheduled execution, President Roosevelt granted Bernstein executive clemency—a 30-day reprieve to permit further investigation by the Justice Department.

By now Bernstein's case was known from coast to coast. Letters poured into local newspapers urging commutation.

"Ingenious, but . . ."

Telegrams and letters flooded the White House, including one from the famed lawyer Clarence Darrow.

Meanwhile, in the recesses of death row, Bernstein gradually lost the power to hope. As time passed he became even more unstrung, more drawn, more haggard. He wrote from his cell, "I have become so accustomed to the idea of dying that I don't know whether I would know how to live."

At noon on May 28, 1935—12 days before Bernstein's eighth execution date—prison superintendent Thomas Rives entered Bernstein's cell. He read Roosevelt's commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment. Bernstein stared blankly at the wall. "There was no reality to it," he says now. "I was numb." Then he got to his feet, his eyes brimming with tears, and wrung Rives's hand. He was transferred to the Lewisburg, Pa., penitentiary.

Under constant prodding by one or another of Bernstein's friends, principally Doctor Harris, the Justice Department continued its investigation. The case was assigned to Alexander Holtzoff, then a special assistant to the attorney general and now a U.S. district judge in Washington. Holtzoff pored over the known facts, explored new avenues of investigation, and concluded Bernstein's guilt had not been sufficiently proven. On June 13, 1940, in a clemency move unprecedented in a first-degree murder case, President Roosevelt commuted Bernstein's sentence to the time already served. He had spent a total of 17 years in jail for crimes he had not committed.

Why did injustice twice strike Charles Bernstein? James V. Bennett, long-time director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons and a staunch believer in Bernstein's innocence, thinks his youthful indiscretion and dubious contacts directed suspicion toward him. Bernstein agrees. "It was a rough neighborhood I lived in," he says, "full of petty thieves, burglars and pickpockets. These men were heroes, men to emulate. But after Elmira I was never a party to what was going on."

Doctor Harris blames the murder conviction on the climate of fear at the time. "Washington in the early thirties," he says, "was a wide-open town. Its frightened, outraged citizens sought revenge wherever they could find it."

Thus, Bernstein and the times collided, creating a bizarre chain of events. Probably it could not have happened to another man or to Bernstein in another era.

Reprieved the second time, Charles Bernstein married Edna. The marriage ceremony was conducted by Doctor Harris, who for 30 years has been convinced of Bernstein's innocence. Edna had stood by loyally during his imprisonment. She had kept in touch with his lawyers and sent him money she earned as a waitress and salesgirl. She had even lived on the fringe of the underworld hoping to learn something about the murder which might help him.

In 1942, two years after he was freed, the White House hired Bernstein for its mailroom staff, then made him a statistician. There followed a succession of appointments to government positions with increasing responsibility in the Office of Government Reports, the War Production Board and the Maritime Commission. His superiors found him cooperative, loyal, conscientious, honest. He worked his way up to a top-secret government clearance. And on April 30, 1945, President Truman signed a full and unconditional pardon for Bernstein.

The story might have ended here. But after a five-year leave to manage a resort lodge in Front Royal, Va.—it failed—Bernstein found his return to the civil service barred. His record had caught up with him. Only strong pressure from friends in other areas of government finally got him a government job as a proofreader. Again and again Bernstein was denied promotion to better jobs he could have handled. He decided to seek relief from the government, but so far all efforts in his behalf have failed.

The stumbling block is that at no time—even when President Truman pardoned him in 1945—was Bernstein officially declared innocent. In 1962, a court motion was prepared to set aside the conviction and sentence and to dismiss the murder indictment. U.S. Attorney David Acheson supported the motion and forwarded it with a recommendation that Attorney General Robert Kennedy indicate "no contest." Nothing happened. Then, last January, the late Senator Kefauver introduced the fifth private bill for Bernstein's relief. He had the backing of Senators Douglas, Morse, Javits and Keating. More recently Senator Humphrey added the weight of his support. But so far Kennedy has reiterated the stand of his predecessors that there is no cause to make a declaration of innocence.

In the meantime Charles Bernstein waits and hopes. He would like to buy a new water pump for his small farm in Front Royal, and a comfortable armchair for Edna. In recent months she has been in and out of the hospital with a heart condition.

It is Edna who sees most clearly what her husband's ordeal has cost him. "He wakes up screaming," she says. "Sometimes he cries in his sleep. He flinches at every loud noise, quivers when jet planes boom overhead."

But Charles Bernstein is not bitter. "How can you bear rancor against a soulless machine?" he asks. "Who is it I should hate—the seventy-five-dollar-a-week gunman who murdered Henry on order? Rhodes, who died with a lie in his heart? The police? Public pressure forced them to get someone. My defense attorney? I was no model defendant, and we had no money to work with. The prosecutor, who died in a rest home at forty-four?

"Fate *has* pawed me around," he says. And then he adds, "But someday the scales will balance." THE END

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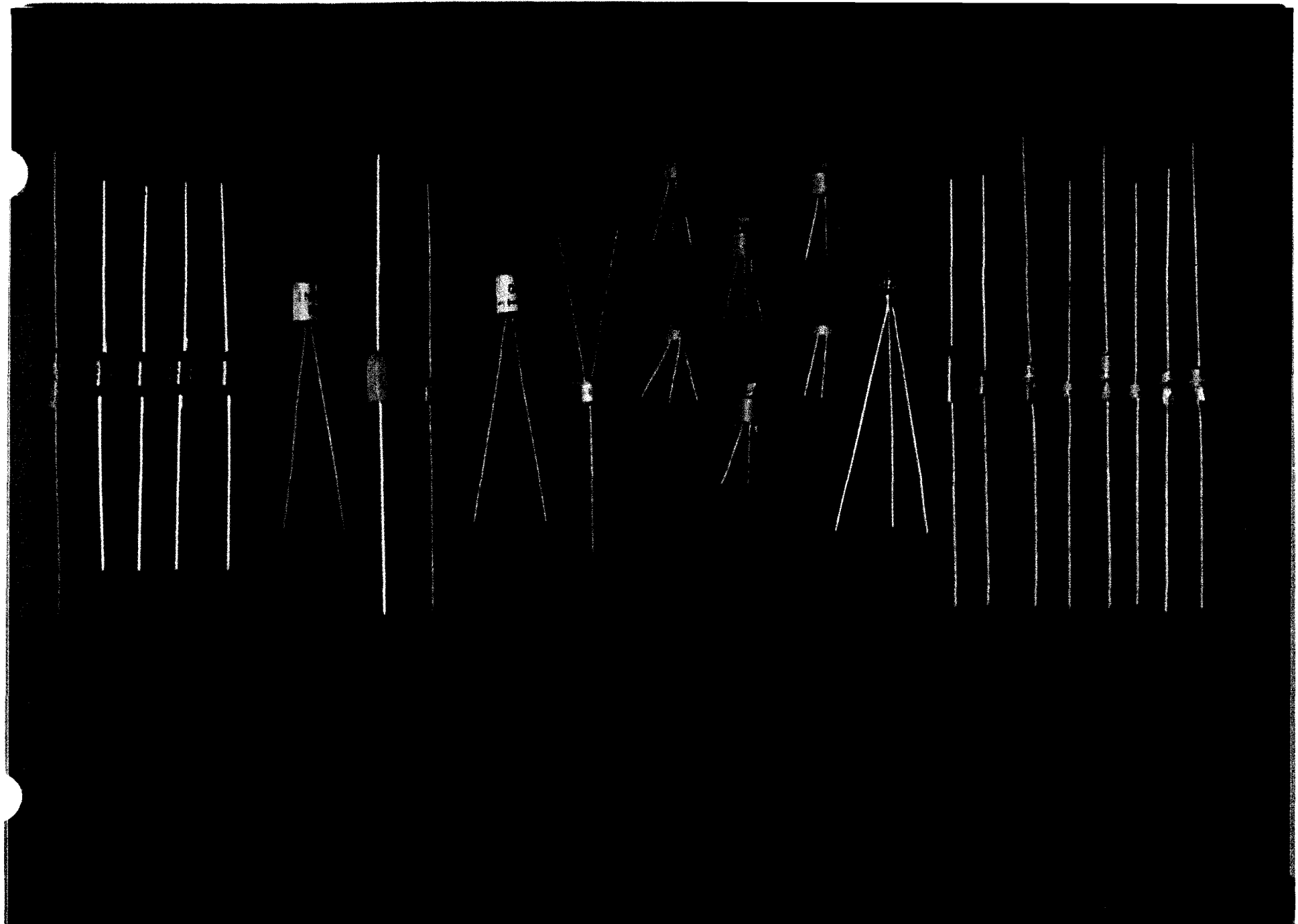

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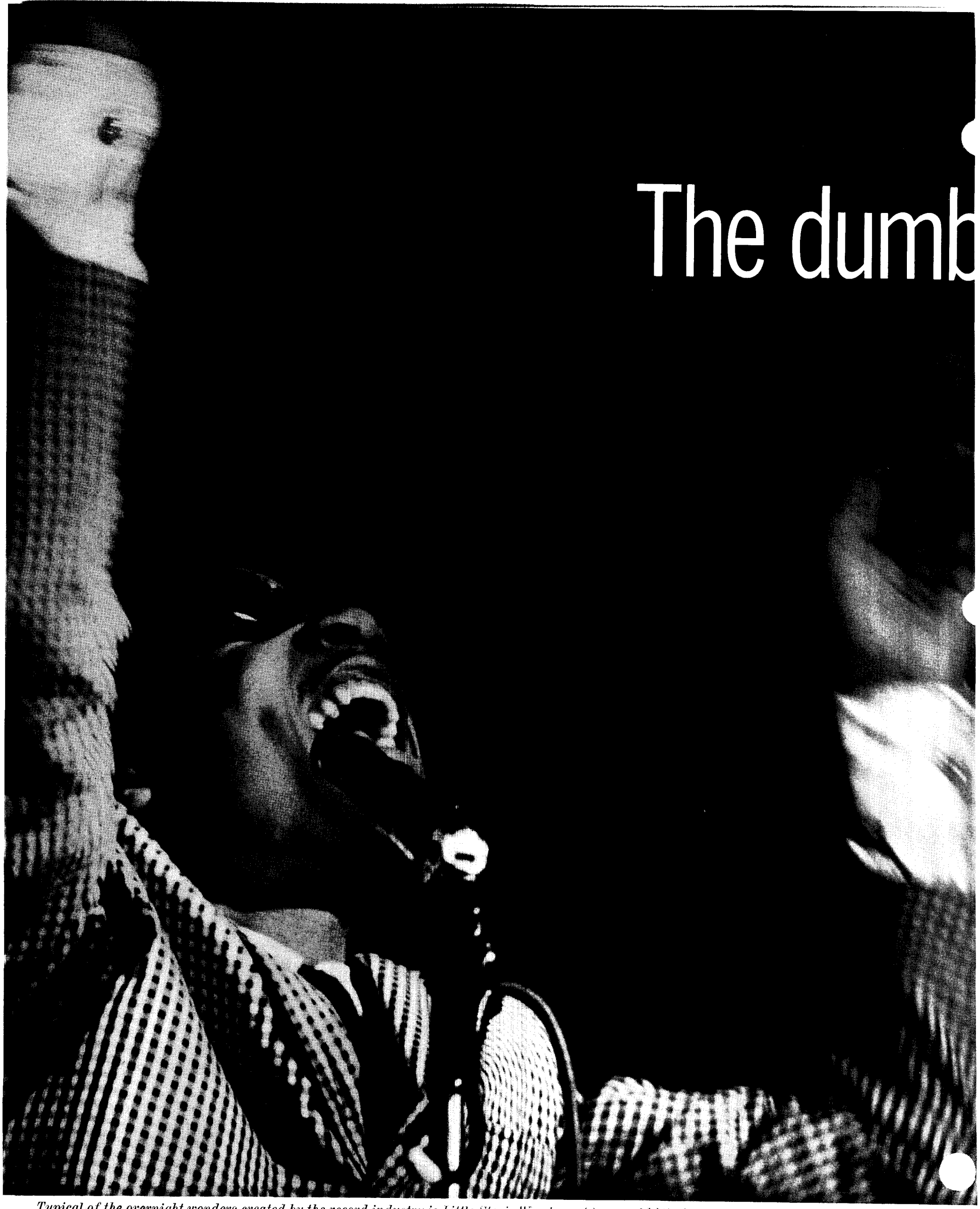

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By Alfred G. Aronowitz

sound The weird noises teen-agers call music have bred a zany new generation of nonsingers who are laughing all the way to the bank.

Dion, a 21-year-old singer, works as an executive for Columbia Records.

Once upon a time in a fairy tale called *The Pop-Record Business*, a 17-year-old Negro girl named Eva Boyd applied for a job which both she and her employers delicately agreed to refer to as baby-sitting. Under the conditions of her employment she also was to sleep in, dust, polish, clean, pick up and otherwise maintain an apartment of five rooms for $35 a week.

Now, since *The Pop-Record Business* is a fairy tale, the girl's employers happened to be songwriters, a profession which is rumored to involve some sort of sorcery, and right from the beginning they enchanted the girl. While the lady of the house, a 19-year-old composer named Carole King, walked about the apartment bouncing her daughter to the rhythm of melodies hatching in her head, Eva Boyd dusted, polished, cleaned and picked up to the same bounce. One day, as Carole sat at the piano inventing a tune, Eva improvised a dance to it.

"What you're doing reminds me of a locomotive," said the husband of the household, a 22-year-old lyricist named Gerald Goffin. Then, with a pad and pencil, he conjured up a set of lyrics to describe Eva's steps. The result was a song called *The Loco-Motion*, and, as a reward to Eva for her part in its creation, her employers took her to a studio and made a record of her singing it.

Today Eva Boyd, onetime baby-sitter and sorcerer's apprentice, is Little Eva, one of the princesses that make the pop-record business the fairy tale that it is. Her recording of *The Loco-Motion* sold more than one million copies, earning Eva Boyd approximately $30,000, her own four-room apartment in Brooklyn, the title of recording artist, and immortality in that chronicle of passing fancies, the record-popularity chart. It also earned her employers, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Goffin, approximately $30,000, leaving them with more than sufficient funds to hire a replacement for Little Eva. Their new baby-sitter, of course, has yet to be heard from, but the moral of the story is that anybody can become a prince or a princess in the pop-record business, which is as populated with zipper workers, golden-gloves champions, dress-rack pushers, schoolteachers, skin divers, messenger boys, broncobusters, busboys, waitresses and ninth-grade pupils as it is with baby-sitters.

Chubby Checker, for example, used to pluck chickens in a poultry market. Adam Wade was working as a lab technician for Dr. Jonas Salk when a songwriting friend asked him to help cut a demonstration record. Brook Benton used to contrive lyrics while driving a truck, sometimes double-parking it outside a publisher's office so he could rush upstairs to try to sell his music. Neil Sedaka was on his way to a career as a serious concert pianist. Dion used to be a door-to-door magazine salesman. Brian Hyland was a messenger boy. And Fabian, in one of the classic legends of the fairy tale, was a duck-tailed juvenile when an aspiring manager, bent on finding what the trade calls a property, discovered him sulking on a South Philadelphia stoop. "Can you sing?" the manager asked. "No," Fabian replied. "That's all right," said the manager, "you look like a singer," and a singer is what Fabian became. As an appendix to the legend, Fabian has since graduated from the pop-record business to become a movie star, proving that even fairy tales have fairy tales.

"The point," explains one record-company executive, "is that outside of records there are no other Canaverals left in show business. A record is the last launching pad a kid has left if he wants to shoot for the stars. Vaudeville died, and nobody can even find the grave. I think the nightclub business is buried in the same cemetery. Burlesque went the way of all flesh, and the borsch belt, which was break-insville for more names than you can shake a marquee at, now is only interested in big potatoes, name acts, stars. And even in TV the screen's becoming too small for the new kid who wants to sing and joke and just be an all-round entertainer. When you want to get on a television show, any producer worth his shades, the very first question he asks a new kid is 'What records you got going for you?'"

Probably the most recent and outstanding example of a thrust to stardom via records is that of Little Peggy March, who has become as big as Little Eva. A few months ago Little Peggy was a 14-year-old freshman at a Philadelphia parochial school and needed special permission from the nuns every time she was hired to sing at a wedding. Under Pennsylvania law she also required a special guardian to collect her fees. One day the guardian, hoping for a record contract, took her to RCA Victor. For some reason a secretary mistook Peggy for an orphan and took it upon herself to force Little Peggy through the otherwise impenetrable door of Hugo and Luigi, two RCA Victor executives who are so single-minded in their musical efforts that they refuse to be photographed separately. The outcome of this confrontation was a two-minute-and-25-second recording of Little Peggy's *I Will Follow Him*, which climbed to the No. 1 position on the record-popularity charts and stayed there for five weeks. On the basis of this success Little Peggy found herself the starring guest on two Perry Como TV shows, the object of Hollywood contractual proposals and the signatory of a promising contract with General Artists Corporation, one of the foremost talent agencies in show business. She was invited by RCA Victor to cut an entire album and was booked on a concert tour of Europe, where *I Will Follow Him* also ranked as No. 1 on the charts. "And it all happened," says Little Peggy, her eyes agape, "in just three short months."

Sellers cut in cellars

Though the pop-record business is, indeed, a fairy tale, it should be pointed out that it also is very much a business. For every dollar and a half that the American public spends for a movie ticket, it also spends an estimated 50 cents for a record. In 1962 those 50-cent pieces added up to $651 million, which is another explanation of why a whole generation of stagestruck teen-agers is now frantically engaged in recording audition records. "Dubs," as the trade calls them, are made not only in such makeshift studios as cellars, attics, garages and gymnasiums, but in penny-arcade booths where for upward of a quarter an aspiring singer can have his voice handed back to him on an acetate platter. "Of course," says disc jockey Scott Muni of New York's radio station WABC, "those penny-arcade recordings make it sound as if you're singing underwater, but don't laugh. One of the biggest hits this year was something called *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport*, by an Australian named Rolf Harris, and the main gimmick on the record is a something that sounds like a bathroom plunger."

The main gimmick on any pop record, in fact, is the sound. "That's what the kids listen for," says Dick Clark, who, as conductor of ABC-TV's *American Bandstand* since 1957, has been in the business of helping to decide what the kids listen to. "The more different, the more original, the more unique the sound is, the more chance a record stands of becoming a hit." One of the sensations of recent months, for example, was a Japanese recording called *Sukiyaki* by a rock-'n'-roller named Kyu Sakamoto, who is billed as Japan's Bobby Darin. According to a legend too charming to contradict, a West Coast disc jockey played it on the air one night just as a joke and then found himself deluged with requests to play it again. The record, which had been No. 1 in Japan, quickly became No. 1 in the United States, where it was purchased by 750,000 Americans who couldn't understand a single word of its lyrics but who simply liked its sound.

The new sounds that Dick Clark says the kids listen for are often regarded by parents as nothing more than noise. But then, the sounds of popular music are not designed for the parents, they are designed for the kids, or more specifically, for that patroness of the pop-record business, a sometimes tomboyish and sometimes entirely feminine creature with an identity as vague as her years and as elusive as her tastes. *Billboard*, one of the chief trade publications of the business, says she is about 14 or 15 years old. Other market surveys show her to be 13 and getting younger. One magazine describes her as "desperate, unhappy, twelve years old." Desperate and unhappy though she may be, she still contributed the major share of the $161 million that the pop-record business collected for the 210 million 45-rpm records it sold last year.

Even a cursory examination of the top 10 on a sample week will show the teen-age taste at work. Although occasional non-rock-'n'-roll platters do manage to sneak in—Allan Sherman's novelty, *Hello Muddah, Hello, Fadduh*, and Peter, Paul and Mary's commercialized folk treatment of *Blowin' in the Wind* are recent examples—the bulk of the charts reflect what the industry calls the teen feel. The No. 1 record a good part of this summer was something called *Fingertips* by Little Stevie Wonder, a 12-year-old

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Sometimes the sound is so dumb, reviewers mistake boys for girls

Singer Lesley Gore, a 17-year-old heiress, plinks mandolin in park near Jersey home.

blind Negro boy from Detroit, who sings in a small, nasal and preadolescent soprano. Little Stevie, who bills himself as "The Genius," also plays the harmonica, and manufacturers say his record has zoomed sales of that instrument.

High on the charts, too, in recent months was *Devil in Disguise* by Elvis Presley, who over an eight-year career has collected 33 golden records (a trade term for sales of over one million), coined more than $100 million for RCA Victor, and who has a minimum of three quarters of a million palpitating fans waiting for his records even before they are released. Another recent smash seller was *Wipe Out* by the Surfaris, a group that embodies one of the new fads on the pop charts, the so-called "surfing sound." Inspired by the current California surfboard craze, the songs with the surfing sound celebrate the sport with intricate tales of beach buggies, old hearses and station wagons which boast the right dimensions for carrying a surfboard to water, or speculate ecstatically about a United States which has been turned into an entire ocean.

Another best seller was *My Boyfriend's Back* by The Angels, three young white girls whose popularity stems from the fact that they sound like Negroes. The Negro influence, in fact, has become the dominant one in contemporary pop music—even white composers are trying to write songs that derive from Negro gospel music. A preponderance of today's young recording artists are Negroes, usually singing in groups. The main overtones of what is known to the trade as the "New York sound," for example, are those of a soft, sweet, feminine and conspicuously New York Negro accent that can be heard in such groups as the Shirelles, the Cookies, the Crystals and the Chiffons.

Still another hit was *Judy's Turn to Cry* by Lesley Gore, a 17-year-old New Jersey heiress who began singing as a hobby and then found, to the amazement of her father, the president of Peter Pan Swimwear International, that a half dozen record firms were wooing her. *Judy's Turn to Cry* is an example of a rock-'n'-roll offshoot which embodies what the trade calls "the dumb sound."

"The dumb sound," explains one record-company executive, "is the teenage sound, the sound that lets a kid identify with a record because it sounds like himself. It doesn't have that technical, glib, heartless perfection of older music. Sometimes, in fact, the sound is so dumb that the trade publications print record reviews that mistake boy singers for girls. Also there's a lot of fabrication in the business, people trying to fabricate the dumb sound. Even an established singer like Connie Francis sometimes comes out with a fabricated sound."

Some analysts in the business feel that the true dumb sound is attainable only by youth, accounting for the abbreviated longevity of recording stars. By getting on in years a singer simply outgrows the dumb sound and his audience.

Such is the current state of the pop-record business, in fact, that many of the new songwriters are striplings. Most are under 25, and many earn $50,000 a year and more. A large number of today's pop-song hits also are written by the recording stars themselves, with Bobby Darin, Paul Anka, Neil Sedaka, Brook Benton and Barbara Lewis some of the most notable examples. Tin Pan Alley already has been renamed Teen Pan Alley, and its headquarters, Broadway's Brill Building, once the home of jelly-jowled, gray-headed music publishers, is now being refurbished with youthful executives who have grown up to no other kind of music than the beat of today.

Even the so-called "majors," the large, established record companies such as RCA Victor, Columbia, Capitol, and Decca, which at first tried to ignore rock 'n' roll, have begun to hire youngsters as high-priced artist-and-repertory men presumably on the theory that nobody knows what the kids want better than the kids themselves. The majority of these A-and-R men are themselves recording stars, a fact which facilitates their search for talent because they often find it among their following. A 21-year-old singer called Dion, whose full name is Dion Di Muci, is the new A-and-R man for Columbia's pop records. And five Brooklyn boys who call themselves the Tokens—one of them still is in high school—have been signed to produce records for Capitol. Even the most conservative adults in the business agree that this influx of youth has injected a kind of freshness into the recording industry. One executive at RCA Victor recalls one member of the Tokens jumping on top of another executive's desk recently and demanding, "Where's our money?"

Comes the revolution

The cultural revolution by which America's youth established its new fairy-tale kingdom was actually the outgrowth of a technological revolution in the recording industry—the advent of the long-playing record and of the enlarged market which responded to it. Until 1948, when Columbia introduced the 33⅓ rpm and RCA Victor countered with the 45 rpm, the recording industry consisted of the four majors, who accounted for some 75 percent of the total U.S. production, and about 200 independents, who split the remaining 25 percent. Today there are about 5,000 labels, with new ones going into business or going out of it at the rate of a score each month. Anyone with $300 can put out a 45-rpm record and, if it's a hit, his investment can bring him a return of more than $100,000. It was the competition from these independent labels that forced the majors into becoming active participants in the pop-record business and, therefore, giant characters in the fairy tale.

One of the typical—and prime—fi ures in youth's take-over of the po record business is a onetime unsuccess ful songwriter named Donald Kirshner,

Photographs by Vytas Valaitis

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The five Brooklyn boys who call themselves the Tokens gather round the mike in New York studio. The Tokens also work as record producers for Capitol.

whose knack for picking hits has earned him a $225,000 palace in suburban New Jersey. The son of a Bronx tailor, Kirshner first formed his own music-publishing company, decided to produce his own records and then became the first independent record producer to sell master tapes to the major record companies, which, of course, are best equipped to package, promote and distribute records. This is a procedure which has set a new pattern in the pop-record business. Last year the 29-year-old Kirshner produced 41 records that wound up in the top ten. A few months ago he sold his various music companies to Columbia Pictures in a deal that involved more than three million dollars, and today he is executive vice president of that firm at $100,000 per year. "I used to go round to those other publishers, and they would tell me, 'You'll never be any good,'" says Kirshner. "But I knew they didn't have the ears. I knew they were wrong, that I was better than they were. I knew I had the knack of picking hits."

The spectacle of so much youth overrunning the moneyed halls of record production has been, to some pillars of the industry, like the sight of a gang of teenagers playing kick the can in the Senate chamber. When, for instance, the Tokens, operating as the highly capitalized firm of Bright Tunes Music Corp., produce a record by the Chiffons, a female singing group that has notched two hits in two times at bat, the atmosphere is not unlike that of five boys and four girls at a party. During their recording sessions, the Tokens and the Chiffons spend as much time chattering back and forth over the loudspeaker system or chasing one another around the studio as they do in running the tape machines (at a rental of $80 an hour). The Tokens are not precisely awed by the reputations of old-line A-and-R men. "Like, in August of 1962, we produced a record with the Chiffons called *He's So Fine*," says 21-year-old Philip Margo, a member of the group. "First of all Capitol turned it down. They wrote us a letter to tell us how bad it stunk. Then Victor turned it down, Columbia turned it down, ABC-Paramount turned it down. The master stayed in the can for six months before a small, independent company named Laurie took it. The record ended up on the charts for fifteen weeks. Not only that, it was Number One for four weeks."

Although singers and musicians seem the most natural choices as A-and-R men, a technical knowledge of music is not necessary to go into the business. One of the most successful new entrepreneurs is 26-year-old Nick Venet, whose musical training is that of a listener and who began auditing melodies at the age of five from a jukebox in his father's Baltimore diner. With a sixth-grade education, Venet is now an independent producer under contract to Capitol, which pays him a base salary of $50,000 a year and also rewards him with a two-percent royalty on every record he sells.

"Shall I tell you about the record business?" says Venet. "The record business is where you can take a group like the Beach Boys and in eighteen hours they become stars. When I found them,

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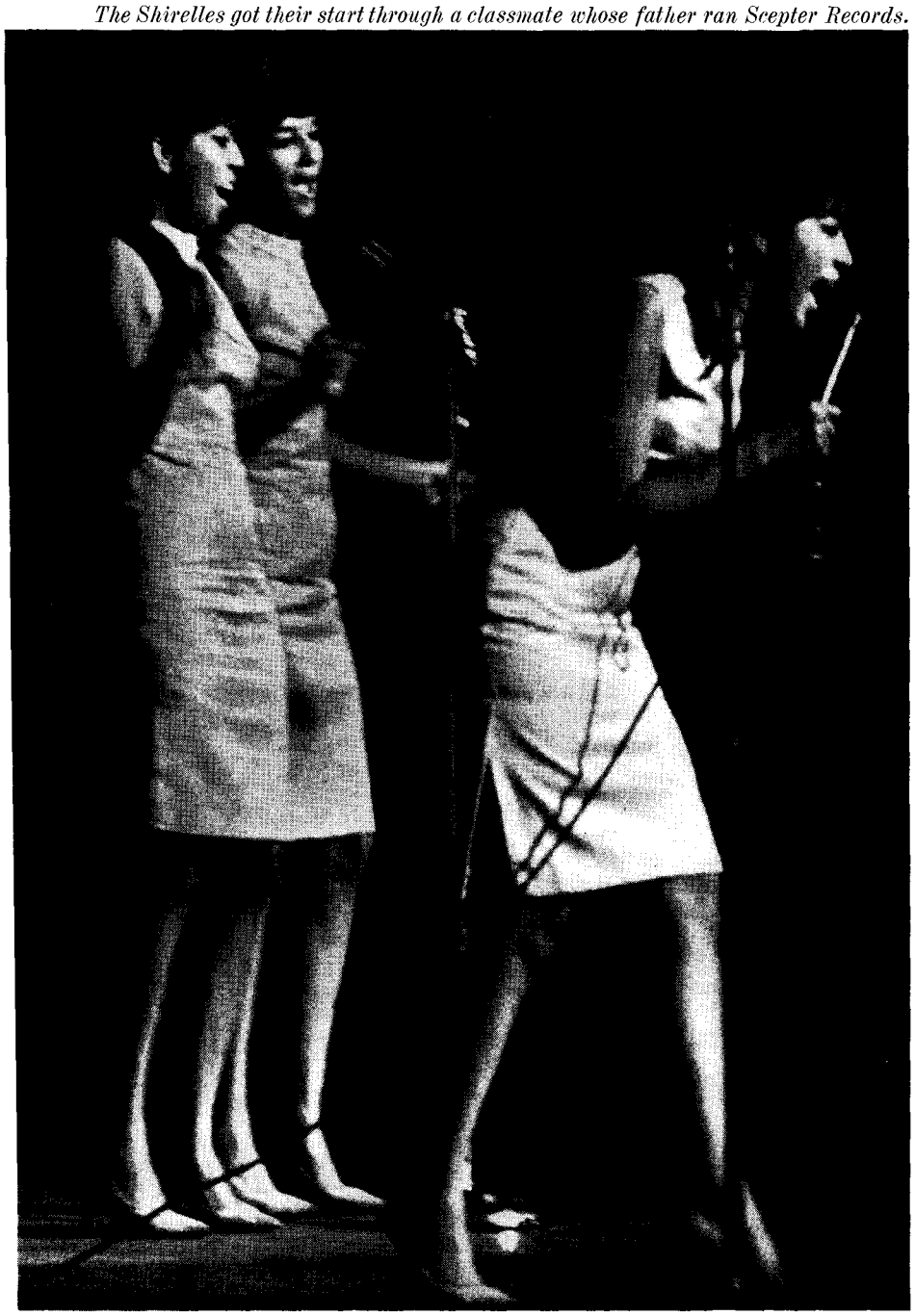
The ego of a singer may keep climbing long after his disc has slipped

The Angels, preening in dressing room, clicked with record, "My Boyfriend's Back."

The Shirelles got their start through a classmate whose father ran Scepter Records.



they had made one record on a one-shot label. It had been a local hit, but all they got for it was a thousand dollars. Eighteen hours after I found them, I A-and-R'ed them in a session, and we produced a record called *Surfin' U.S.A.* and it was a smash.

"When I found them, it was 'Mr. Venet this' and 'Mr. Venet that.' But eighteen hours later you can't even talk to them, you've got to talk to their manager. Their hats couldn't even fit on their heads. What they don't realize is that—well, take the Weavers, the Lettermen and the Kingston Trio. They're like copper, bronze and gold. The Beach Boys, they might turn out to be plastic. That's what so much of the business is—plastic. Copper, bronze and gold, it lasts a long, long time. Plastic, you keep it around for a while, and then you throw it out."

The illusion of self-importance, as a matter of fact, is one of the occupational hazards of the fairy tale. When a singer's record climbs to the top of the charts, it usually climbs hand in hand with the singer's ego, and sometimes the ego continues to escalate long after the record has tumbled by the wayside.

"It's like, wait'll they hear about room service," says one middle-aged record-company executive. "They come in, they're still in their teens, they're scuffling. They're so nice and polite and grateful. They cut a record, and to push it they go out on record hops with disc jockeys. The jock will play their record at a teen-age dance, and they'll move their lips and make believe they're singing it. They don't get paid for these appearances, but they're glad as hell to be out there. And then the record starts moving up the charts and they start making a little loot, and they're booked into clubs on the strength of the record, and they start to travel and they stay at good hotels, and then, all of a sudden, they find out about room service.

"Then they want to know why they didn't get paid more, and they want their own music-publishing company, and if the contract doesn't allow it, they start their own music-publishing company anyway. And the guys who discovered them and got them started are bums and exploiters living off their fat.

"Talk about room service. There was one 14-year-old kid who was booked into a top nightclub after he got a couple of hit records going for him. So he's up in the dressing room and he starts screaming, 'I want broads, bring me broads.' So these jerks around him, what do they do? After all, he's a star now, so they bring him broads."

Stardom in the record business is often fleeting. "You see them coming from the cities, mostly groups, off the streets, hanging around Tin Pan Alley on Broadway near the Brill Building," says Phil Spector, the 23-year-old owner of Philles Records. "They're usually between sixteen and nineteen, anxious to record, anxious to make a hit. A singer doesn't last long, three years, maybe—Elvis Presley's the exceptional phenomenon. A group, you can keep it sustained close to three years if you handle it properly.

"But one reason the groups disappear is that they record on one-shot labels and the labels disappear. A one-shot label usually has trouble getting paid from the distributors, so it goes bankrupt, and everybody ends up in court. And the artists are signed up at a very, very low rate, because they're right off the street, and before you know it, there's lawyers and a mother, and the artists are unhappy and they break up.

"Take the group I was in, the Teen-Age Teddy Bears," says Spector, who used to wear a short beard, but now just wears long hair. "We had a Number One record four weeks, *To Know Him is to Love Him*, a typical rock-'n'-roll song. I wrote it and sold the master for forty dollars to a label, and the record sold over two million. I received a writer's royalties of twenty, twenty-five thousand dollars, but I could have gotten another thirty or forty thousand dollars as a producer. Well, the same things broke us up as everyone—stardom, money, pride."

Ended as lost chords

Spector, owner of a record company which does two million dollars' worth of business a year, is not, of course, the best example of what happens to a member of a group which falls apart. "What happens to them?" says Jerry Wexler, executive vice president of Atlantic Recording Corp. "They just disappear. We had one group, the Chords, that had a big hit record for us in 1955 or 1956. It was called *Sh-Boom*, and it was Number One for a long time. But of all their subsequent records, none sold. Now I think that one is working as a house painter, one is a pants presser, one is writing songs and one is trying to get back into the business as a singer."

Although it does create princes and princesses, then, the fairy tale is often no more than a dream. Or, as Wexler puts it, "Do you know how many kids there are in this business who make a record or a dozen records and nobody even heard of them? Or how many kids there are who make a hit record that sells for a few weeks, and then they disappear? There are thousands. You can't even remember the names after a while. They're here today and gone tomorrow."

To which Donald Kirshner, who is regarded as the grand wizard of the fairy tale, adds somewhat wistfully, "These kids, they love to sing, they don't care about money. When they do make money, they blow it. What happens to them when they drop out of sight? They go home, they find jobs. Around their block, in their neighborhood, though, they're stars, they're still important. They once made a record, maybe a couple, maybe even had a hit or two. But it's a flash-in-the-pan type of glory. Inside they're empty, they're never satisfied to go back to that kind of existence. They're always regretful they never were able to make it or keep on making it."

The point, sad to say, is that in *The Pop-Record Business*—unlike most other fairy tales—not everybody does live happily ever after. THE END

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Phil Spector, 23, once a member of the Teen-Age Teddy Bears, puffs a stogie in the New York record office where he grosses two million dollars annually.

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U. S. INTERESTS IN A CHANGING WORLD

The Sino-Soviet rift (page 38) has achieved such dramatic proportions that overoptimism is a serious problem. Peking's charge that the Soviets "coerced and enticed" tens of thousands of Chinese to desert the Sinkiang Province for the Soviet Union goes so far that the Red Chinese are now talking of the "brink of a split" with the Russians.

Khrushchev's signing of the test-ban treaty, his espousal of peaceful coexistence, and the rift itself are encouraging developments. But before we envelop ourselves in another "spirit of Geneva" or conclude that Khrushchev, like Stalin, is a "good old Joe," a few important points should be recalled.

The kindly badminton-playing Russian boss is the same Khrushchev who deployed his tanks in East Berlin, who ruthlessly crushed the Hungarian revolution and who caused the most dangerous crisis of the postwar era by sneaking his missiles into Cuba. He is the same Khrushchev who stubbornly refuses to take his troops out of Cuba or to reduce tensions in Europe by acknowledging our right to be in West Berlin.

Does this mean we can't do business with Khrushchev? Not necessarily. As former ambassador George Kennan says in his article, the Russians "realize that, in addition to the weapons race itself, there are certain political conflicts with western powers which are dangerous to everyone concerned, and where it is to their interests to reach some sort of compromise settlement. . . . Our greatest hope for the future lies in the possibility that as time goes on, more and more things which seem to us to be in our interests will also seem to various Communist leaders to be in theirs."

The key word is *interests*. Our task is to pursue *our* interests as vigorously as the Communists pursue theirs. Instead of lapsing into euphoria now, we should be pressing our interests in Cuba, where we want the Russians to withdraw their weapons and troops; in Laos, where we want the Communists to live up to their agreements; in Hungary, where we want the Russians to withdraw their troops. It may be that there is some identity of interests in these areas. We should be exerting every effort to find it.

HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN ERA

On television recently, as we watched a program called *Hollywood: The Great Stars*, the golden era of motion pictures flashed before our eyes. From glimpses of such glittering greats as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis, we understood a little better why much of the excitement has gone out of the movies.

Each of these old-time stars was a vibrant personality with his own distinctive style. He snarled, fumed, raged, stormed, fought, loved, bled and died with a gusto that today's pallid actors cannot match. Gable was Gable in every role, and Bogart was Bogie from Casablanca to the Sierra Madre. But Gable and Bogart and all the rest were exciting personalities, larger than life in everything they did. Every gesture and every mannerism set them apart from ordinary men, creating about them the aura of a star. Compared with these flamboyant personalities, today's actors are a dreary lot. Debbie Reynolds, Bobby Darin, Pat Boone—most of them are about as exciting as a glass of milk. No wonder the old, old movies on the late, late shows are so popular.

MARRIED MEN NEED NOT APPLY

Are American women slipping?

The Government announced recently that it would no longer draft married men into the armed services. It seems that President Kennedy, whose curiosity encompasses every level of government operations, wondered out loud why married men were being drafted when there were so many bachelors around. It was a good question, and there was no good reason at all. The President therefore issued an executive order excusing married men from the draft. The order immediately affected 340,000 men who didn't have to be fathers to qualify.

We might have expected that such an order would set off a stampede for the marriage bureaus. Marriage, we believe, compares very favorably with military service. But there was no great rush. Perhaps—and this is a disturbing possibility—today's young men prefer KP, the rifle range and close-order drill to marital bliss.

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He'd start cold as a clam, with something everybody agreed was so. Then he'd build his case, calling on their common sense, their better natures, on the names and deeds of heroes past. Finally he'd work up to a crashing climax that, like as not, had folks all choked up and dabbing at their eyes.

The god-like Daniel, they called him. He was a lawyer with the soul of a poet. He was a Senator who could have been an actor. And he was a farmer with a passion for the ideas of freedom under law. He'd put them into words while he was whipping a trout stream, or holding the plow handles behind a six-ox hitch.

For most of all, Daniel Webster loved America. Again and again Webster spoke up for a Union that would endure through any differences. Out in Illinois, a young man named Abe Lincoln read and pondered, then adopted that view as his own.

Daniel Webster showed Americans that brilliant logic is at its best when it appeals to men's hearts as well as their heads — when facts are touched with compassion and reason with human understanding.

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